SPY

November 1991 Volume 6 Number

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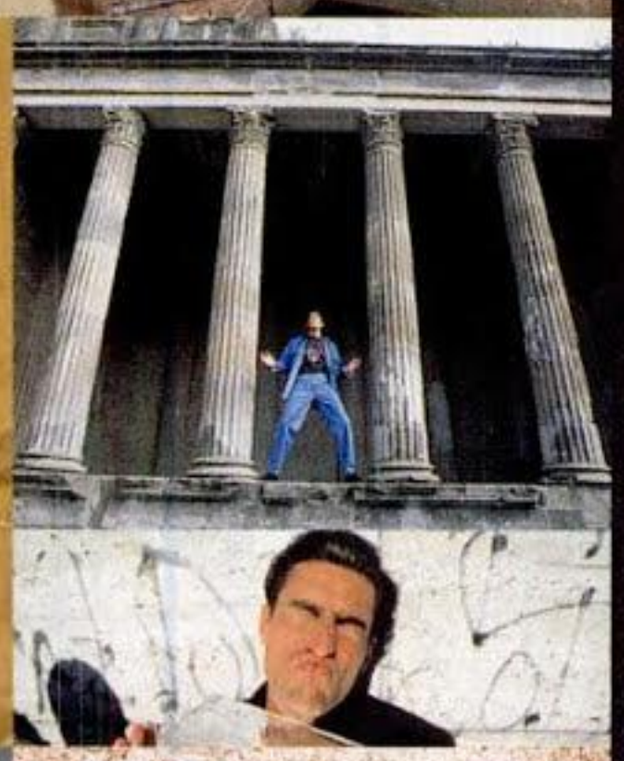




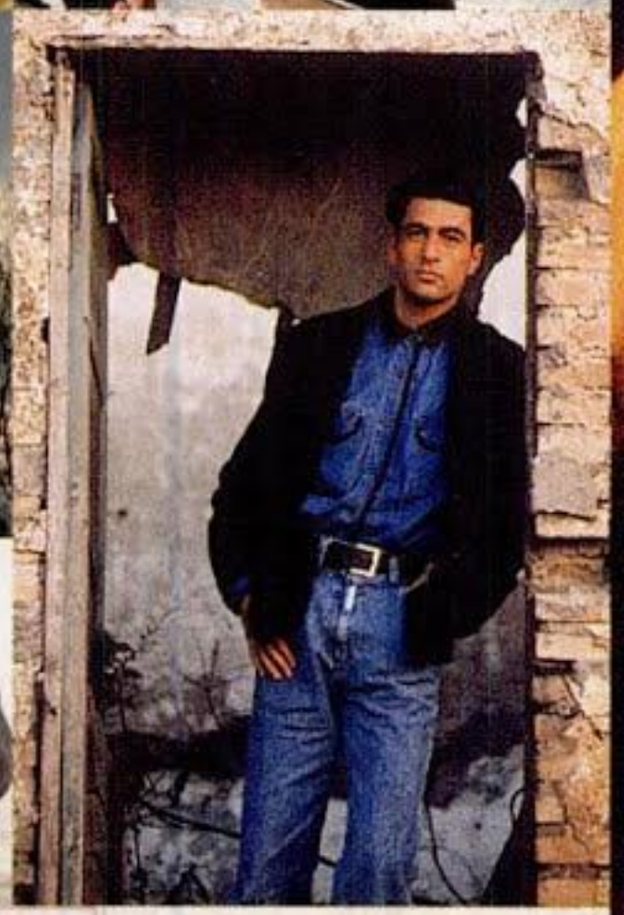




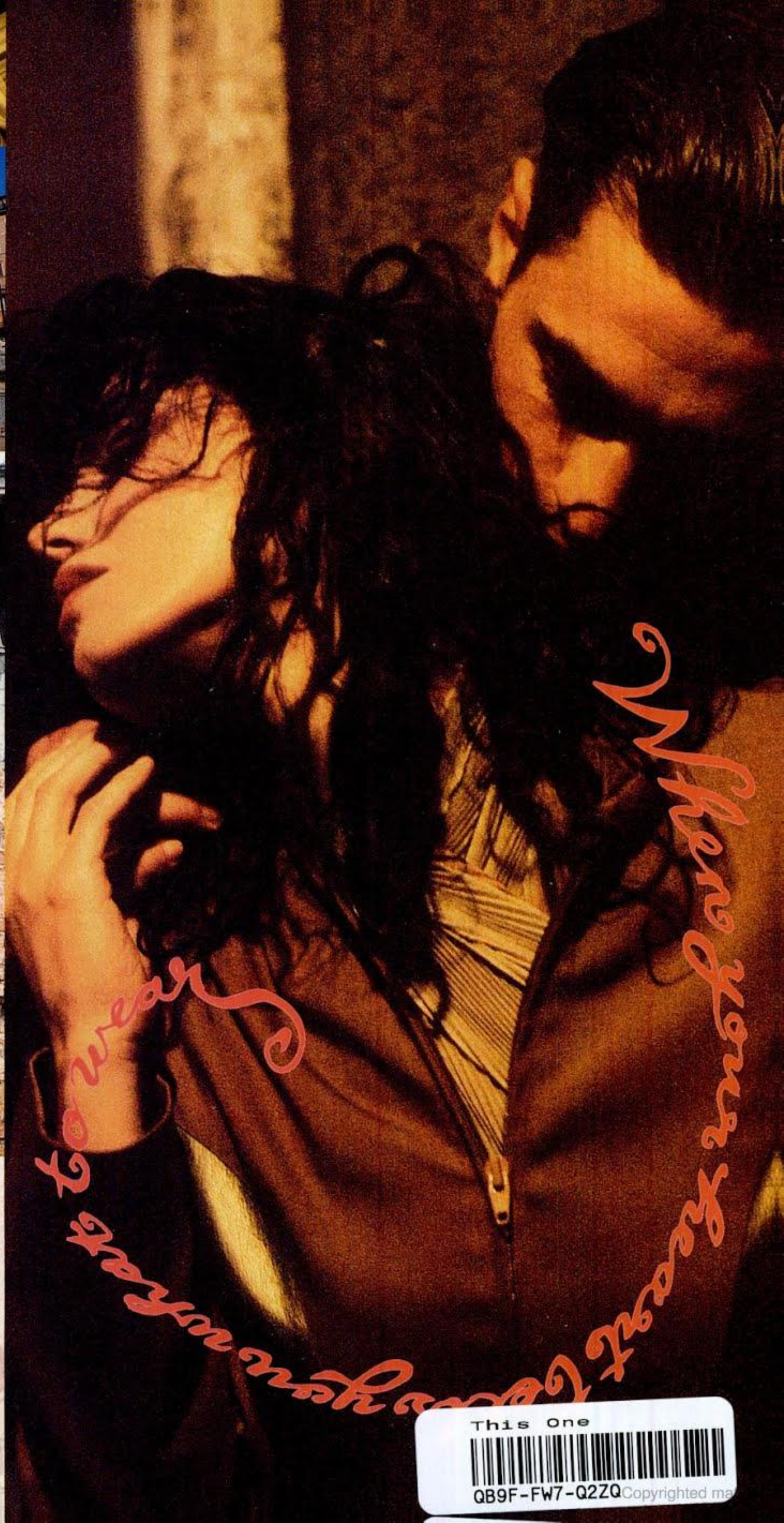


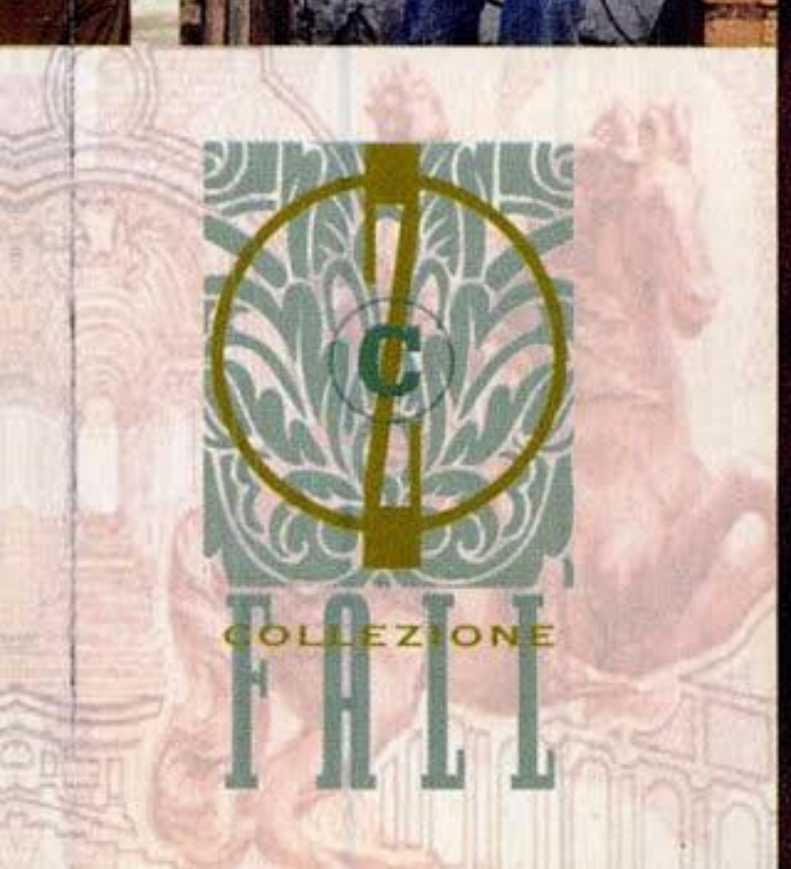






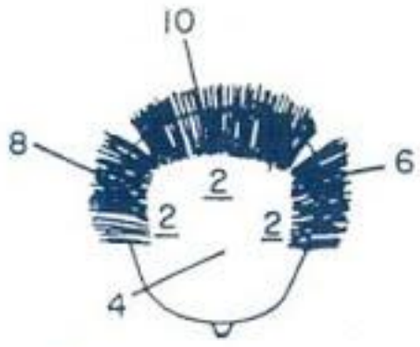






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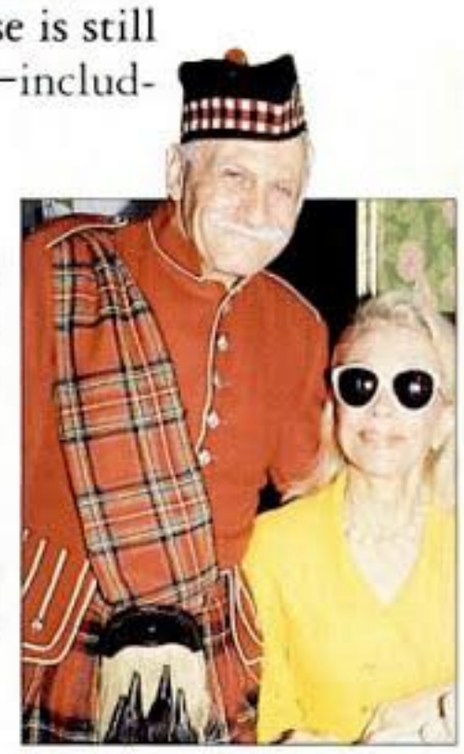
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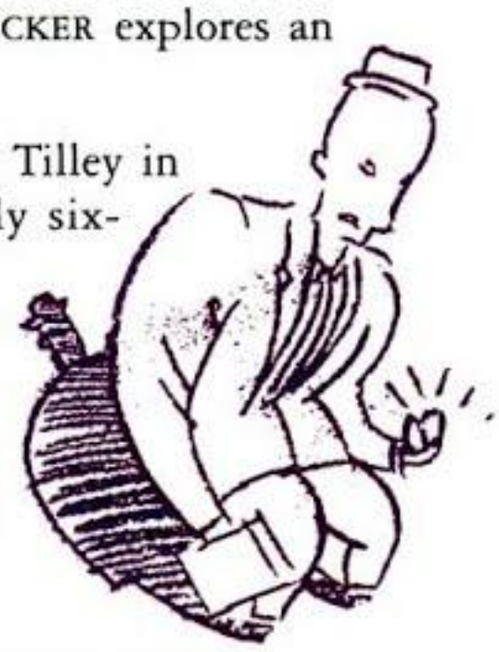
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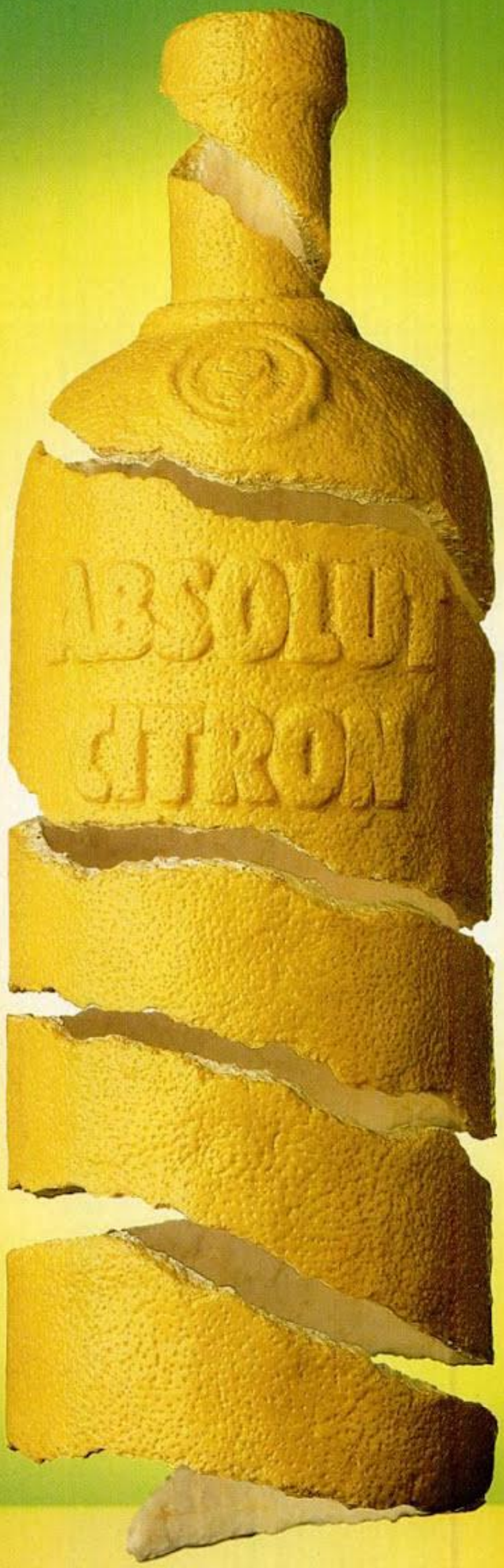
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9. Big fat guy at gym started wearing **ZEBRA SKIN TIGHTS.**

8. No **HOT DOG** vendors on trail.

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6. Few **FOREST CREATURES** have cellular phones.

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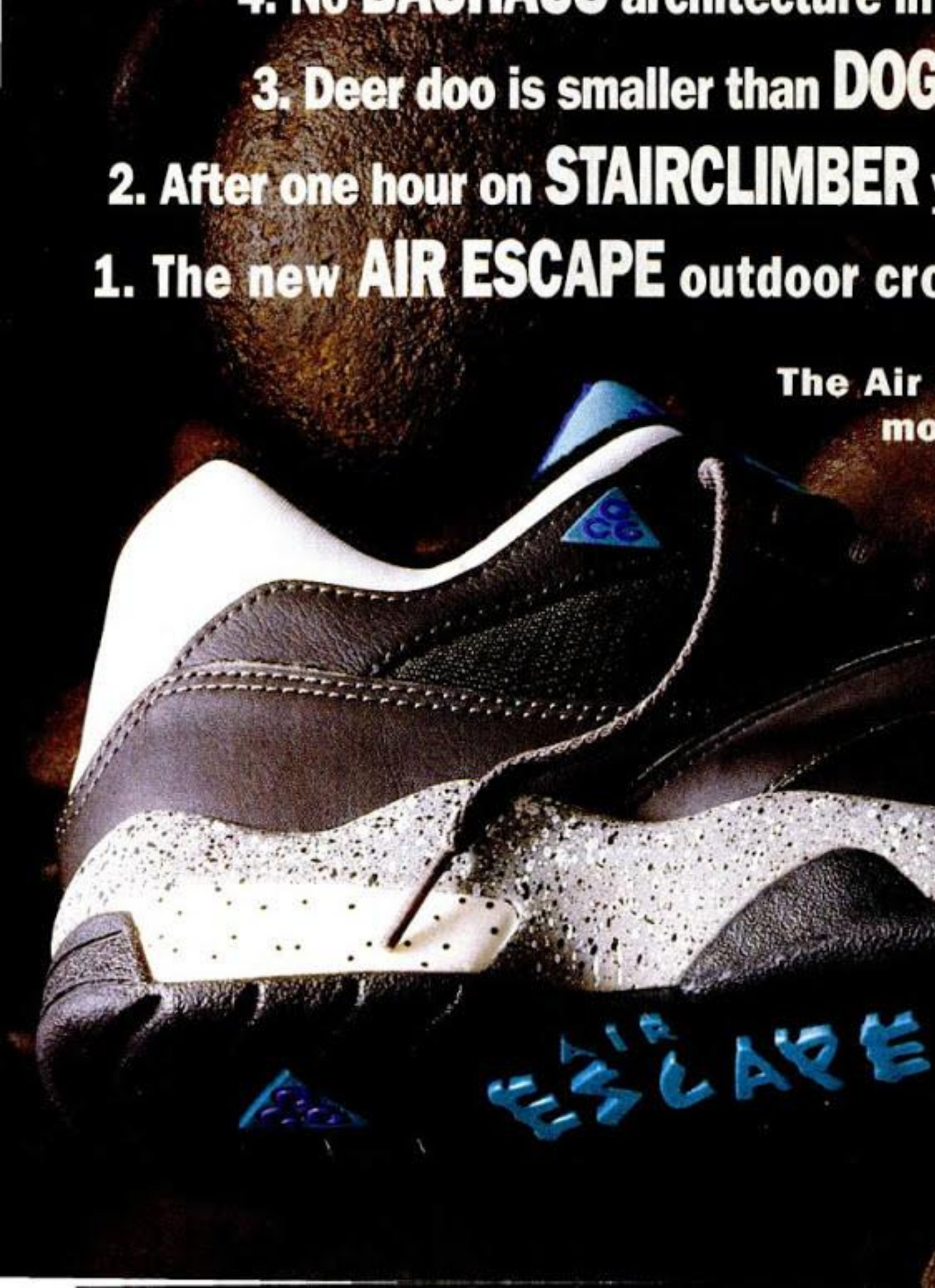
4. No **BAUHAUS** architecture in nature.

3. Deer doo is smaller than **DOG DOO.**

2. After one hour on **STAIRCLIMBER** you're still on the same floor.

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Great Expectations



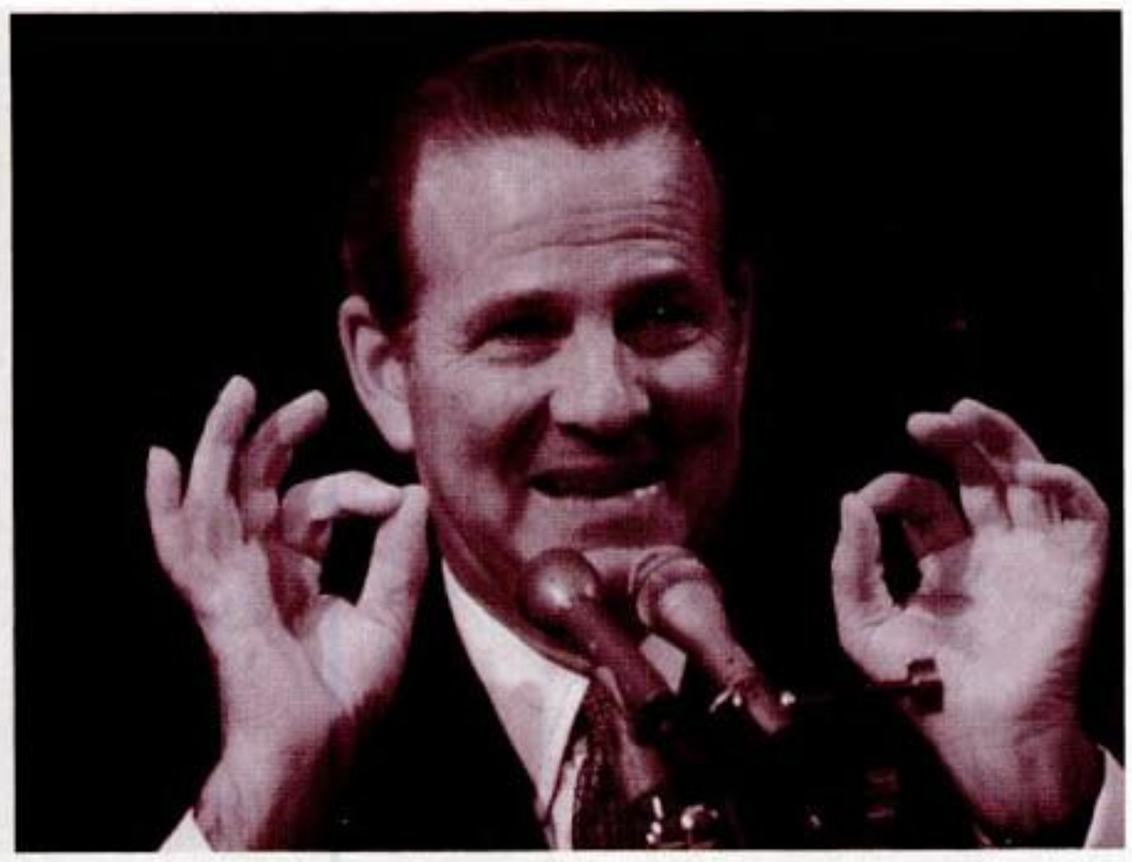


WE TRY, WE FALL; WE TRY HARDER, WE FALL AGAIN; WE JUST CAN'T GET IN STEP WITH THE NINETIES. WHEN IT IS REPORTED THAT A PAIR OF Florida 19-year-olds beat a deer to death—a member of an endangered deer species—we are momentarily horrified, sure, but when we hear that the boys have just been sentenced, respectively, to ten months and a year in federal prison, we are more horrified. When it is reported that a woman in northern California has formed a lobbying group called Citizens for a Toxic Free Marin, we passingly wish her well, but when we learn that her goal is to make public perfume-wearing illegal—"Most people don't say anything. They just suffer. But I'm angry"—we want to lease a crop duster and drench her home in a thick Giorgio fog. But the truth is, *we aren't yet experiencing the full-bore nineties*—we're still groping around

We try, we fall



the cusp between the eighties and nineties, a time of high-minded lip service and coldhearted cynicism, of cozy platitudes and undiminished greed, of Republicans talking like Democrats ("We have caring instincts," a Bush-administration apparatchik said, discussing the homeless) and Democrats talking like Republicans (Wilder, Tsongas), of lightweights striking earnest poses, of Clarence Thomas. When the large cosmetics companies recently announced they'd be expanding their makeup lines for women of color, the *Times* asked Linda Wells, the white editor of *Allure* (*the* eighties-into-nineties-cusp magazine—no-nonsense journalism about eyeliner and clutch purses), what it all means. "What is happening," she said, "is both very superficial and very important." Important superficiality was the eighties; superficial importance is the nineties. During the first half of 1988, 931 American corporations changed their names—more than in any year before or since. During the first half of 1991, only 462 companies changed names, the fewest in nearly a decade. Earlier this year, Western Union became New Valley. It sure sounds very now—hopeful, ecological, old-fashioned. But the main point was deception: because the com-



"Avoid administrative
—the generic advice
of the chairman of Dallas Semiconductor to college students



and legal-process majors and business majors. Avoid being a lawyer at all costs."

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pany is in such straits, it wants to make sure consumers won't connect the bad news to the new name.

Jerry Brown is neither very superficial nor very important, but he is running for president. (Speaking of avoiding negative-brand-identification problems, has he thought of reverting to Edmund Brown Jr.?) Pat Caddell, the evil political genius behind the doomed McGovern, Hart and Biden presidential campaigns, is working with Brown. "His ego needs," says Caddell of California's former governor and Linda Ronstadt's former boyfriend, "are different from other politicians'. His ability to dissociate, to step out of himself, is greater—to say, 'Here is a role that is important, [but one in which] if you lose, you don't lose.'" When you put it that way, how can voters *not* want to elect him president? (Or will they pick bachelor No. 2—Bob Kerrey, Nebraska's former governor and Debra Winger's boyfriend? Or bachelor No. 3—Wilder, Virginia's governor and Pat Kluge's former boyfriend?)

The current president has nominated Robert Gates to run his CIA. As an alibi for Republican-administration officials, *I don't recall* didn't work in the seventies for the Watergate criminals but worked great in the eighties for Reagan. Gates is using it as he tries to stonewall concerning the Iran-contra scam, but unfortunately he doesn't have Reagan's senile huggability (or his superficiality or importance) to back up the memory-lapse claims. One of his fellow CIA officials testified that he had a conversation with Gates about Iran-contra. "I have no recollection of it myself," says Gates. *Another* fellow CIA official says he told Gates Iran-contra stories and remembers Gates talking derisively about North. "I have no recollection of making those statements." How about the White House computer message between North and a compatriot that referred to what Gates was told about Iran-contra? "I do not recall this conversation." And an agenda for a White House meeting that mentions a ship used illegally to supply the contras with weapons? "I have no recollection of this meeting." So the next director of Central Intelligence either can't remember anything or can't lie convincingly.



Norm Schwarzkopf says the CIA was pretty useless to him last winter. And given the choice between button-down professional dissemblers like Gates and jolly, impolitic brutes like Schwarzkopf, we'll go with the killers in uniform. When we were rolling into Kuwait on our way to victory, Army tanks systematically plowed under hordes of Iraqis cowering in trenches. The Army's official response: *So fucking what?* "People somehow have the notion that burying guys alive is nastier than blowing them up with hand grenades or sticking them in the gut with bayonets," said the per-

If the human body is over two thirds water, why are we always thirsty?

fectly named Colonel Lon Maggart. "Well, it's not."

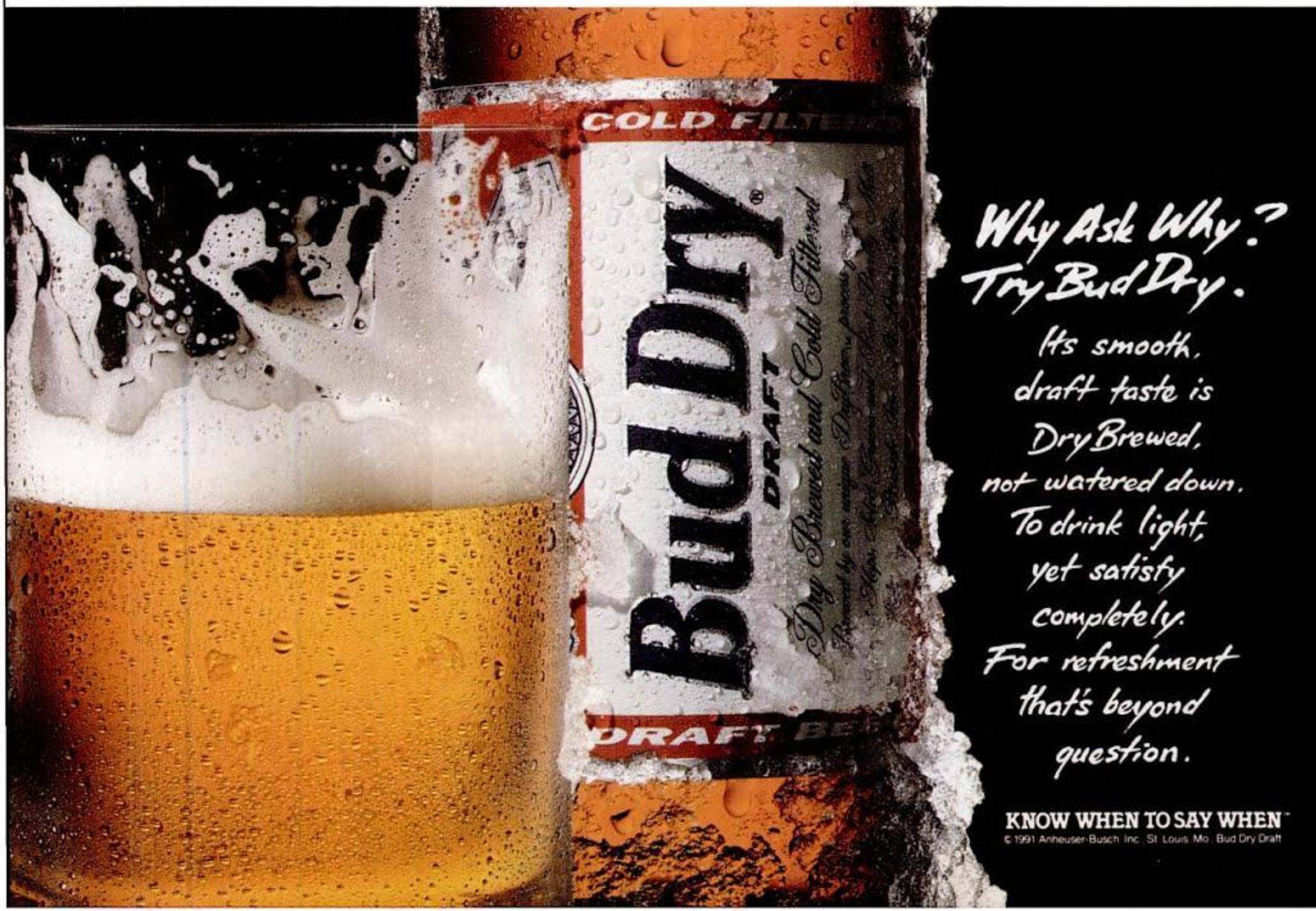
Or any nastier than nuking them? Asked about the problem of controlling nuclear weapons as Soviet central authority disappears, intelligence analyst Peter Wilson sounded as if he were talking to a reporter from *My Weekly Reader* instead of the *The Wall Street Journal*: "This is sort of like *The Twilight Zone*. We've gone through a door, and now we're in another dimension." Marshall Goldman, director of Harvard's Russian Research Center, was asked about the Soviet republics' becoming sovereign nuclear states. "Hey," Goldman said, "we're called the *Russian* Research Center." In other words, the superficial *is* important.

Microsoft chairman Bill Gates, the richest human under 40, can't watch Gorby and Yeltsin on *Nightline*; Gates has made his multibillion-dollar fortune in the electronic-gadget-and-video-screen industry but doesn't own a TV set. Well, TV is, after all, almost exclusively superficial and unimportant—but Gates *bragged* about his TV-lessness: "I doubt if I'd finish *The Economist* every week if I had a TV sitting there!" He didn't complete his thought (*...if I had a TV sitting there tempting me with* Star Trek *reruns*), but we have a winner nonetheless: Bill Gates, Geek of the Year.

If *we* didn't own TVs, we would have minimized our exposure this fall to La Toya, the unsuccessful Jackson. La Toya published a memoir, and Jack Gordon, her ferretlike publicist and quasi-husband, has nearly made good on his shocking threat that "from September to October 15, every news show and talk show is going to be La Toya." *MacNeil/Lehrer* may be a holdout for now, but as soon as she agrees to talk about how National Security Council staff members used to ritually spank her, watch out.

While every news show is La Toya, professional football players are reading A. E. Housman's poetry. New York Giant Lawrence Taylor spoke recently about his intention to retire before he's a wreck. "I remember reading this poem a long time ago," he said, "about an athlete dying young." In the locker room the tight ends come and go, talking of Brian Piccolo.

Once it was Housman and Eliot, now it's pseudocelebrity memoirs and, uh, performance art in Wisconsin. G. G. Allin, the 34-year-old lead singer of the band the Toilet Rockers, was convicted in Milwaukee of disorderly conduct. The jury wasn't persuaded that defecating onstage and throwing feces at the audience was constitutionally protected artistic expression. James Baker didn't toss his feces at reporters on his way back from Israel recently, but he came as close as secretaries of State customarily get. With regard to Israel's settling the West Bank, Baker said, the U.S. doesn't want to "indicate one inch of flexibility beyond the six points that we have proposed, which are *damn* forthcoming—and you can use the word *damn*." An important policy point, an emphatically superficial punch line.



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"I'm interested in slapstick; I try to get them at their goofiest," says photographer **Marina Garnier**, who has taken many of the photographs in our Party Poop section and was the principal photographer for *SPY High*, our paperback yearbook parody. For this issue she accompanied Laird Walter of Gleneagles to his lunch at Mortimer's.



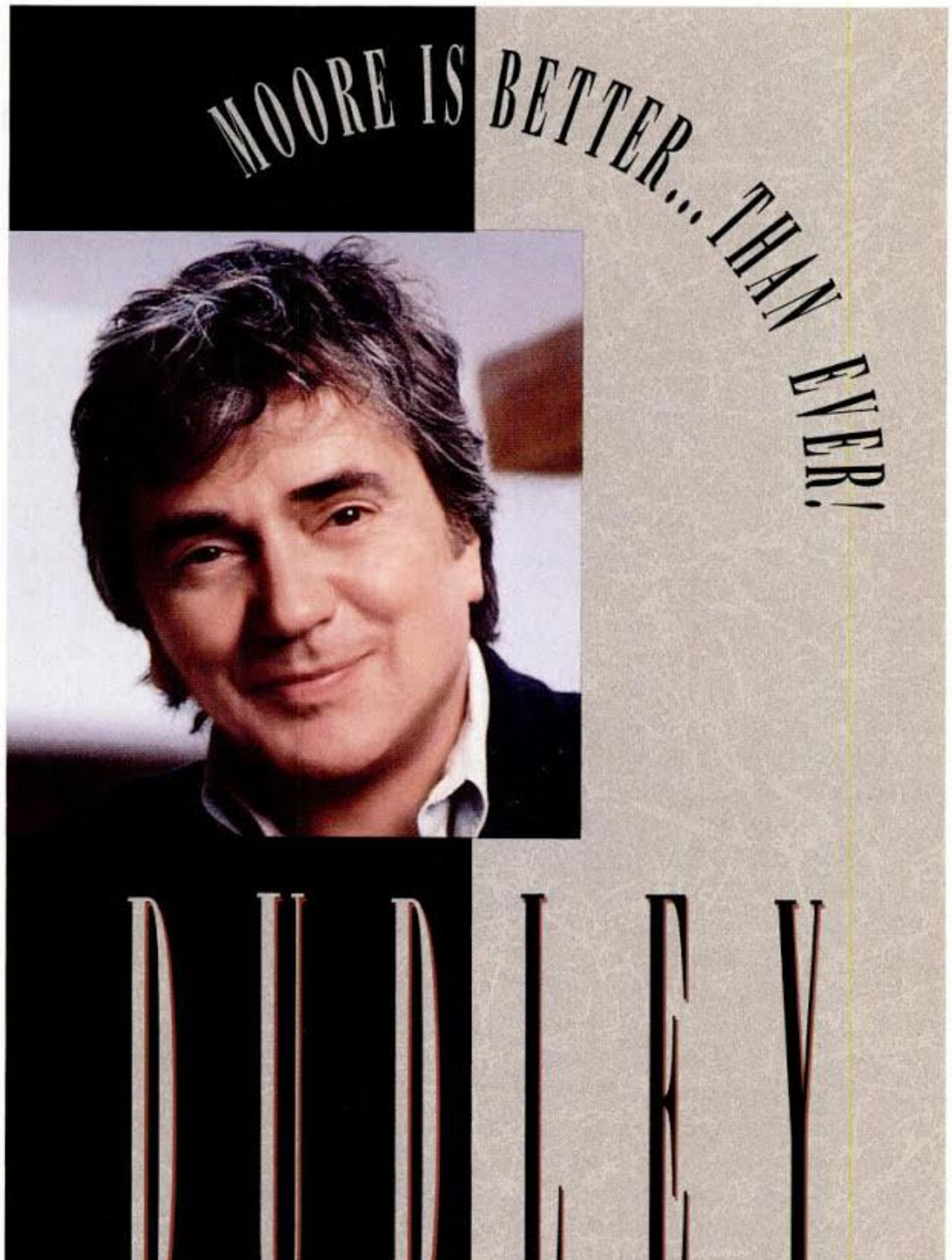
Tony Hendra may be best known as Ian Faith, the dissembling manager of Spinal Tap; he was also editor of *National Lampoon* during a few of its golden years. His holiday-roadkill recipes in this issue are part of his ongoing work as a self-described animal-rights activist; next he begins his campaign to "extend the vote to all nonhuman Americans."



Michael Moynihan, who in this issue writes about hard-up aristocrats who sell their titles, claims he has nothing personal against royalty—"I've just met a lot of strange Europeans." He has written for *Harper's* and *Cosmopolitan*, and is working on a mystery novel set in the New York art world.



Robert Risko believes a seminal experience in the development of his neo-Cubist illustration style was his platonic date with an ancient Gloria Swanson, who'd invited him over to see her cartoon collection: "It was like Norma Desmond, only more bizarre. She kept talking about her makeup." Risko, whose work also appears regularly in *Vanity Fair* and *Rolling Stone*, has illustrated our Playboy Mansion foldout, our "Hizzoner!" board game and our monthly Industry column.



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Letters to SPY

From the SPY Mailroom



Some readers may not be aware of the terrible power struggle for the editorship of SPY being waged via the United States postal system. We thought we'd explained, to our own satisfaction, the matter of mail addressed to a mysterious "Mel Mandell, Editor, SPY" (see this space last month) by concluding that this Mandell fellow had in fact run the magazine in the fifties. Yet he continues to receive mail here at 5 Union Square West—a recent press release advised him that "machine tool builders and distributors from the U.S., Europe, and the Pacific Rim were among the [1991 Detroit Advanced Productivity Exposition's] 353 exhibitors"—and his palpable presence around the office makes it difficult for the more fretful among us to take vacations or even go out for lunch. Linger too long over that espresso around the corner and suddenly someone is in your chair with his feet—*Mel Mandell's* feet, let's not be coy—on your desk.

Or maybe they're not Mandell's after all. Because the plot has thickened, once again courtesy of the U.S. Mail. "A Neuronic Reasoning Machine (NRM)—which has been dubbed a 'silicon brain'—recently was introduced to the U.S. market by Anthony J. (Tony) Richter, an Australian who is an industrial psychologist, inventor and entrepreneur," began a recent query letter from someone in Illinois. Our initial reaction—*finally a writer to do justice to NRM!*—was almost instantly replaced by nausea when we noticed whom the query was addressed to: "Robert C. Glazier, Editor, SPY." We'll keep you posted while Glazier and Mandell go at it—imaginary beings, perhaps, but we're updating our résumés and, you know, just sort of getting the word out, anyway. ▸

Louisiana Haywire

Thank you for your timely and powerful exposé of David Duke ["Conduct Unbecoming a Racist," by Andrea Rider, September]. I've just returned from a vacation in Louisiana and was shocked at how widespread the support is for this dangerous opportunist. When we were both students at Louisiana State University, living in the same dorm and enrolled in ROTC as cadets, he was already provocative, irresponsible and totally self-centered. His racism undermined the morale of our integrated ROTC unit, and he was ultimately dismissed from the Corps.

As Hitler did in Germany in the 1930s, Duke is cunningly playing on the frustration, fears and hardships of the downwardly mobile whites of Louisiana, whose economy has been poor since the 1985 oil-market collapse. If he becomes governor of Louisiana, he will immediately begin looking beyond the state borders.

Theodore A. Koerner, M.D.
Iowa City, Iowa

Where Quantity Is Job 1

Your portrait of Gerald Ford ["Rent-a-President," by Philip Weiss, August] was right on the money. I had occasion to meet him several years back in Palm Springs, when I was editor of (hold the chuckles) *Modern Floor Coverings* magazine. Speaking to an audience of carpet kings, Ford was a yuk a minute (rumor was he had Bob Hope's gag writers working for him) but totally forgettable. In the receiving line afterward, his demeanor changed from cordial to steely as I asked for an autograph for a friend who was then dying of cancer and collected autographs. "I don't give autographs," he muttered, his tone urging me to move on. It's nice to have the real Ford laid out for all to see.

Michael Karol
New York

It hardly comes as a surprise that Ford doesn't spend much time hobnobbing with the intellectual elite these days, but rather whiles away his golden years in the company of Sun Belt seniles like Hope. It seems doubtful that *any* of our not-yet-deceased former presidents spend much time kicking back with the guys down at the Brookings Institution or the other think tanks. If we look at the men who have served in the Oval Office over, say, the past 30 years, we realize that any one of them, except perhaps Kennedy, would look completely appropriate behind the wheel of a Shriner's go-cart. Carrying his perceived anti-intellectualism to an extreme, Ford is thumbing his nose, in the only way he knows how, at the eastern establishment that made his name synonymous with laughable ineptitude. There's not much else he can do to rise above such a past.

John Wyeth Jr.
Boston, Massachusetts

As for JFK, maybe not behind the wheel of a Shriner's go-cart, but how about in an RV, with a wet bar?

If you were a Girl Scout injured or dying in an overturned bus, wouldn't it be *your* last wish to have sweaty publicity hound Sonny Bono ["Palm Springs Future," by Philip Weiss, August] hunching over you so the paramedics couldn't reach you?

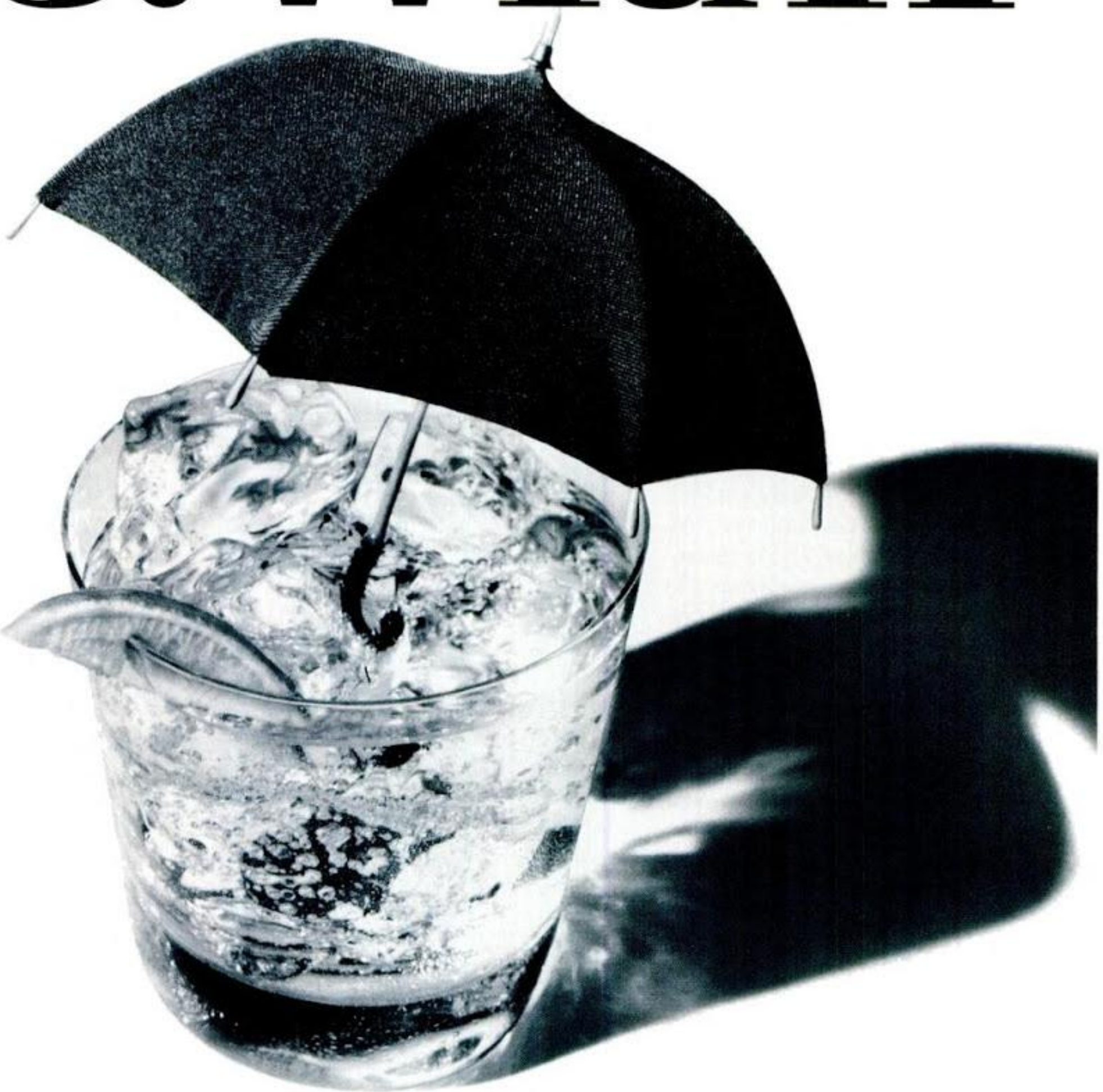
Ann Baldwin
Seattle, Washington

Another Side of Bob Dylan

The question is not "What happened to Bob Dylan?" but "What happened to Bob Dylan's generation?" ["The

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The news that one of Bob Hope's most prized possessions is a photo of George Patton peeing into the Rhine ("Palm Springs Past: Grooming and Tomcatting Tips from Bob Hope," by Graydon Carter, August) rang bells with Jim Mulvoy of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. "Enclosed is a copy of a picture I have of George Patton at the Rhine," Mulvoy writes, "but it seems that he was either pre- or post-pee when my picture was taken. Could this be the same photo Mr. Hope keeps, or are there more of the incident?" Well, it's hard to tell from the grainy photocopy exactly what's going on. We see five guys with rounded heads. One fellow seems to be gesturing toward another one (offering some french fries, perhaps?). Some sort of boat—or possibly a grain bin, or a large, floating cafeteria tray—is visible a little below the five figures. And we *think* we can discern a flying saucer against a patch of sky (wallpaper? An unfurled Ace bandage?) in the upper right-hand corner. As to whether it's the same photo, we feel we can't say.

"Great" article on Dylan ("The Free-fallin' Bob Dylan," by Joe Queenan, August) is the verdict from Sujata Goetz of Croton Falls, New York. Great, but not perfect. "You say twice that it was a '*cool* October evening,'" Goetz writes. "No it wasn't! It was very hot and humid with rain!" And, she adds, *next* time we should "ask Dylan about being stuck in traffic after the concert and how a golden butterfly shot out of the sky like a shooting star." No it didn't! It was more beige than golden, and at that hour it was probably a moth!

On the other hand, Gail Hagen of Charlotte, North Carolina, hated the Dylan piece, and directed considerable anger at the opinions expressed therein by that "big bag of hot air named Milton Glaser." Poor Milton Glaser, who, after all, only supplied the illustration that accompanied the article. Queenan is the name you want, Ms. Hagen. Q-U-E-E-N-A-N.

The cranks were all lined up for stamps this summer, it seems. "Regarding your accusations against ▸

Free-fallin' Bob Dylan," by Joe Queenan, August]. Dylan was always a little eccentric, but after being touted as the voice of a generation that has ended up as it has, the man who wrote "Money doesn't talk—it swears" must be disillusioned to the point that even he can't take himself seriously anymore.

Gary Lee
Marietta, Georgia

Dylan has been a pet target of rock critics for ten years, yet he was kind enough to give you a few minutes of his time. You mock his reticence to talk with the press, but look what he gets when he does: pointless character assassination.

Pat McLean
Garrison, New York

When the late Claud Cockburn guest-edited *Private Eye*, he would gather the staff at a pub and ask them who the sacred cows of the day were. Someone would mention an icon like Albert Schweitzer and Cockburn would yell, "Right! Let's have a go at old Schweitzer!" This spirit seems to animate your piece about Dylan. Let's face it, though: poking fun at Dylan is like tossing stones at a toothless old lion. Why don't you try something truly dangerous, like a profile of everybody's hero, Springsteen? The material is all there: his divorce settlement, and whether it forbids Julianne Phillips ever to write about him; his earnest political correctness vs. his Draconian on-tour labor practices vis-à-vis underlings; his Machiavellian handlers–cum–rock critics, and the rest of the brownnosing press that lets him live the unexamined life.

R. W. Rasband
Heber City, Utah

To live in the public eye would make most people want to spit in it. Dylan lives his own life, is allowed to play his music any way he chooses, and probably loses little sleep knowing that he has disappointed so many people he doesn't even know.

Daniel McCafferty
Bay Village, Ohio

First Joe Queenan says Dylan's skills are all but gone, then he attacks him for leaving gems off of his recent albums. He discusses Dylan's relationship to society's mainstream first to prove his unique appeal, then to prove his decline.

Jeffrey Grunberg
Englewood, New Jersey

Pectoral Fixation?

In "Pimping Iron" [by Irvin Muchnick, June] you say, "Some former associates say Joe [Weider] fixes his contests to suit the needs of his business empire. He practically admitted as much in 1970, when associates asked him why Schwarzenegger had won that year's Mr. Olympia title when Sergio Oliva, a black Cuban, had clearly had the better physique. Joe smiled and said in his clipped Quebecois-by-way-of-the-shtetl accent, 'I put Sergio on the cover, I sell *x* magazines. I put Arnold on the cover, I sell *3x* magazines.'"

Your writer should have been more thorough in his research. I remember the 1970 Olympia quite well; it took place at Town Hall in New York City. Because of the lack of room backstage, we (the judges) had to observe both Sergio and Arnold in the basement, just under the stage. It was a close decision. Arnold won by only one vote. Sergio was clearly not the winner. He was good, but he lacked the overall symmetry and muscularity of Arnold.

I also judged the Mr. Olympia in 1965, '66, '67, '68 and '69. I produced the Olympia in 1973 and '74, and many other IFBB events. In no way whatsoever did Joe Weider have any control over the judging of any of these competitions.

Tom Minichiello
Fort Myers, Florida

I go back as a judge some 25 years or so, when various IFBB contests were held in New York, especially at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, under the auspices of Tom Minichiello and Peter Vita. Believe me, I never took part in a fixed contest. The prejudging took place in the afternoon, and

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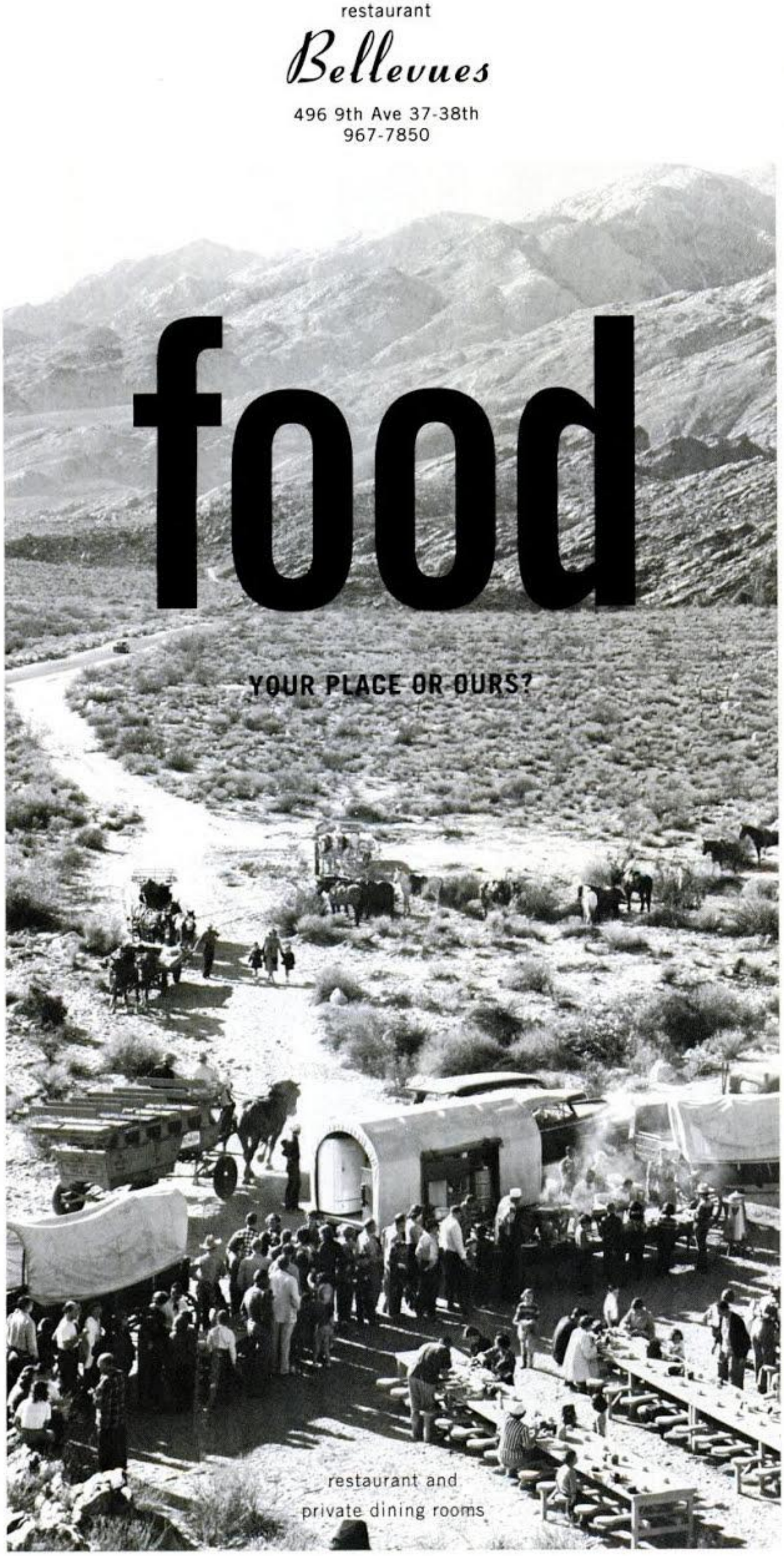
donald graham for donald graham photography

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mind body and soul



Entertainment Weekly **in the June Mailroom column, just who ripped off whom?" asks Bonnie F. Horne of Columbus, Georgia. "You claim to have originated the idea of using the baseball-card style to illustrate your stories of high-powered New York lawyers and chefs in 1987 and '88, predating *EW*'s use of the cards by four years....The idea was used previously by the Bay High School yearbook in Bay Village, Ohio, to feature the school's sports records....I guess the yearbook staff can add SPY to their list of those paying homage to *their* idea." Well, that shows us. We were under the misapprehension that the thing that made our cards interesting—to us and, later, to *EW*—was their application to *non*sports people. But Bay High School's daring twist-upon-a-twist—*sports cards about athletes*—is simply brilliant. Yes, by all means add us to your list.**

(Remarkably, we published for five years without getting the feedback from Bay Village we so desperately needed. Now our lives seem to be *full* of Bay Village—see Daniel McCafferty's letter, page 12. Guess the word's got around: there's a New York monthly that's a dead ringer for the Bay High yearbook.)

Our August magazine-parody pack, with its sample pages from ten different publications, threw some of our more gullible readers into a...well, *tizzy* is probably the word. Not since Orson Welles's radio broadcast of *The War of the Worlds*, in fact, has such widespread panic ensued over a piece of fiction. We thought "parody" and "several magazines...each reporting in its own idiosyncratic voice" on the opening page would tip people off. And yet: "What a screwed-up issue this is....Page 45? What happened to Mailer? How did The Raw & the Cooked get in, and what happened to the balance of the article? *Rolling Stone* on Mailer, continued on page 149? Only 80 pages. This looks intentional," wrote Bob B. Hurlbut from Honolulu, and despite that final hint that he was on the verge of a major revelation—*anagnorisis*, the Greeks call it—Hurlbut's reaction is ▸

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if one judge asked for a recount at the contest at night, it was done. I've seen times when the tally of votes changed and the order of winners from the afternoon prejudging changed. This was one reason the judges were told not to tell anyone who the afternoon winners were.

I remember when Sergio, Arnold and Franco Columbu were competing for the Mr. Olympia title. In the prejudging, all the judges decided they would judge at night. Come nighttime, the judges were still undecided—it was agreed the contestants would come backstage in a well-lighted dressing room, and we would scrutinize the three competitors again. The winner was Arnold.

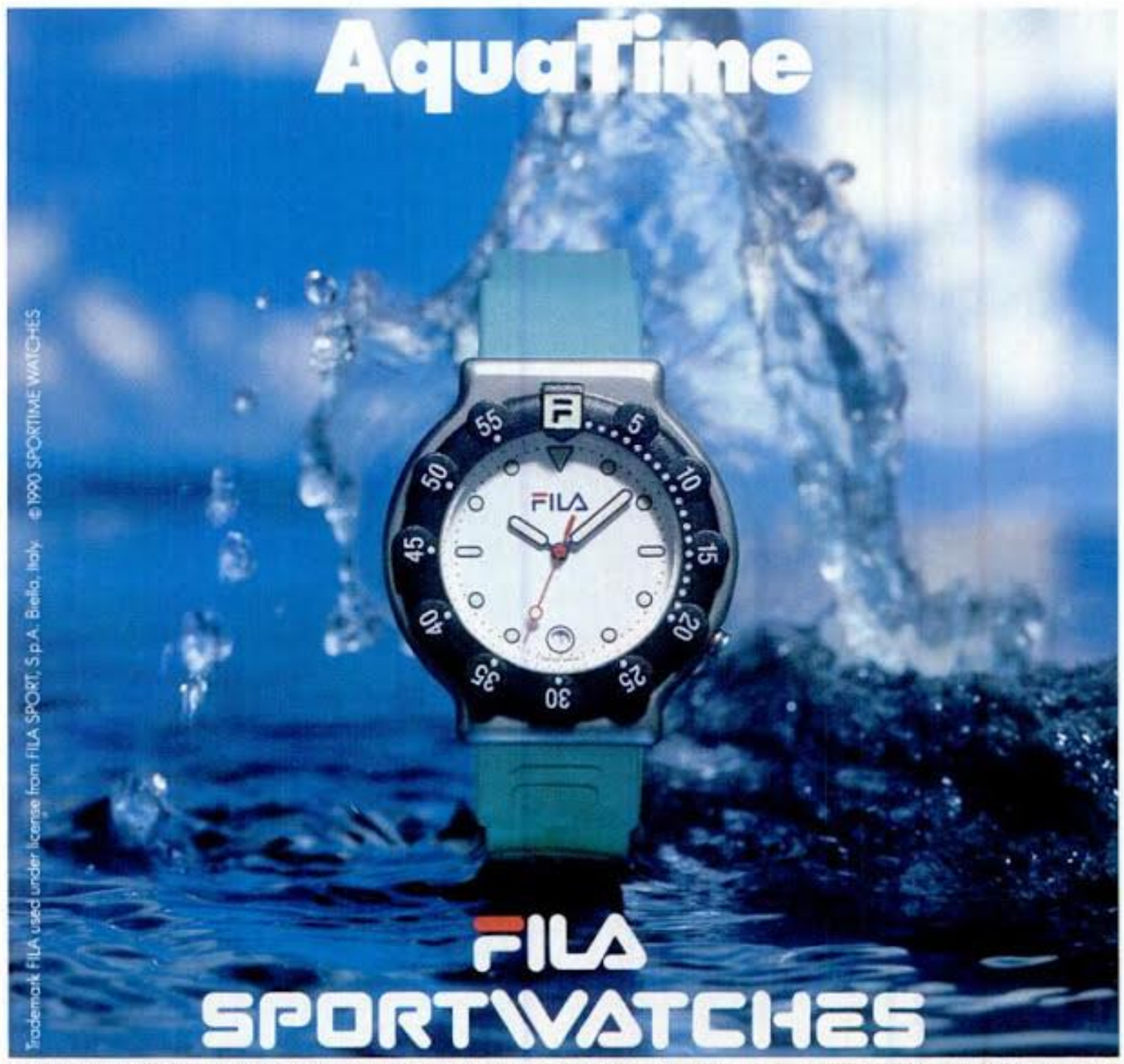
Ed Jubinville
Chicopee, Massachusetts

Irvin Muchnick replies, "There are various ways to fix contests. There's Joe Weider's way, which on the continuum of subjective sports judging ranks somewhere between boxing in Vegas and gymnastics in Dresden: he appoints 'respected individuals' like Minichiello, then an IFBB promoter and an owner of the Mid-City Gym, where preliminary judging for the 1970 Mr. Olympia was held. Minichiello's conflict of interest was huge, but I'll take his word that 1970 was an honest call, though it's hard to fathom how Arnold could win by only one vote when 'Sergio was clearly not the winner.' Ed Jubinville's defense of the Weiders' scruples has the same comical logic. Why weren't *the results of the afternoon prejudging made public—afraid the fans might figure out who had the early lead or something? Even Jubinville describes how the judges made up the rules as they went."*

Voices That Swear

Those eloquent words of "Voices That Care" executive producer Jeff Wald [Music, by Fred Goodman, August] remind me of the days I spent working at the famous Hotel L'Ermitage in Beverly Hills (1982–87). After Jeff moved out of the posh Helen Reddy estate in Santa Monica, he moved into the 'Tage. One morning he rang the front desk to say that he'd just returned from a





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How to pack for the weekend.

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2.



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A Crown Royal PROMOTION

Wanted: America's Royal Family



Great Britain has Charles and Di. Monaco has a Princess–cum–pop star named Stephanie. Jordan has a flashy blond Queen and a motorcycle-riding King.

In America, however, the King is dead, the Queen is mean, and the only known *Princess* is a yacht.

Embarrassing? We think so. That's why Crown Royal and SPY invite you to choose the first Royal Family of America.

Just fill in your choices for King, Queen, Prince, Princess, Knight and Court Jester on the attached card, and predict what the Royal Family's first royal proclamation will be.

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SPY will arrange to make you quasi-legitimate royalty in some foreign land. PLUS...a weekend for two at the Royalton Hotel in New York City, dinner for two on the *Princess* Restaurant Yacht, two Crown Royal satin robes fit for a king, a day trip to Queens and a copy of Prince's new album. One Grand Prize–winning entry will be chosen by a team of judges from SPY.

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depressing. No more so, though, than that of Christine Martin of Brooklyn: "Where's the continuation of the article on page 46? Please reply. This sort of thing really irks me."

C. Mark Hacking of Mississauga, Ontario, wore a SPY cap around a mall and managed to impress a young woman, who asked if he worked for SPY. "It would be real decent of you people if you said you knew me," he writes. No problem. As anyone can tell you, C. Mark is the editor of SPY. (Why not? Everyone else is.)

A young friend from Burbank who also contributes to the nude-babes-on-bikes magazine *Easyriders* writes, "I saw your article on the loss of some of the *New Yorker* archives ['E. B. *Who*?,' by Hazel Weatherfield, August]. Who the hell gives a shit? You ever read that fuckin' magazine?" Our friend, J. J. Solari, continues, "You ever get their subscription dun? Holy fuckin' shit, talk about retarded. On the outside it says, 'Hot diggety! Wow! Hip hip!' There's this first grader's drawing of the sun on it, and I'm supposed to be so fuckin' overjoyed by this mongoloid greeting that I'm supposed to sit right down, toss my other mail aside, and get right to work breaking this thing open and seeing what's inside while bouncing up and down in the chair and shouting 'Yippee!' Mother fuck...." A happy union of a magazine and its target audience.

Some time ago Debra Leigh White of Milford, Ohio, was the recipient of one of our subscription department's "Dear Deadbeat" letters. "The point was well taken," White tells us now, and she good-naturedly sent her payment in with a letter of apology signed "Debra Leigh White, aka Deadbeat." Bad move. "Not only am I now on your mailing list, but I'm also on every liberal, environmental and animal-rights mailing list in the country as 'Deadbeat,'" she writes. The moral? *Leave the jokes to us.*

CORRECTION

In October's "Separated at Birth?" we misidentified Marlo Thomas's speculative twin; it was Rita Moreno.

morning out doing things and his bed had not been made up yet. It being already 10:00 a.m., he assured me that if I didn't get the maids up to his townhouse that instant, he'd "throw the fucking bed out the window." Thanks for the memories.

Thomas Routson
Gulf Breeze, Florida

Before reading your column, I had no fucking idea who Jeff Wald was. That fucker is the greatest. I respect a guy who cuts the crap and gets down to the serious shit without talking his fucking ass off. It's gotta be tough to stand up for all-American things like broads, beer and porno magazines while putting up with tons of fucking criticism from fuckers who don't give a shit.

Maybe you could do a full feature on Wald in the future?

Tim Golliher
Cincinnati, Ohio

Excefuckinglent idea.

Like a *Rolling Stone*

Your parody *Rolling Stone* interview with Norman Mailer was hilarious and apt ["Coming Soon to a Newsstand Near You," August]. I gave it to a co-worker, an avid *RS* fan, and said it was an actual excerpt from *RS*. He read it and said, "Yeah, so?" Sheesh! What fun is it to mock people when they don't even get it?

Allison Johnson
Los Angeles, California

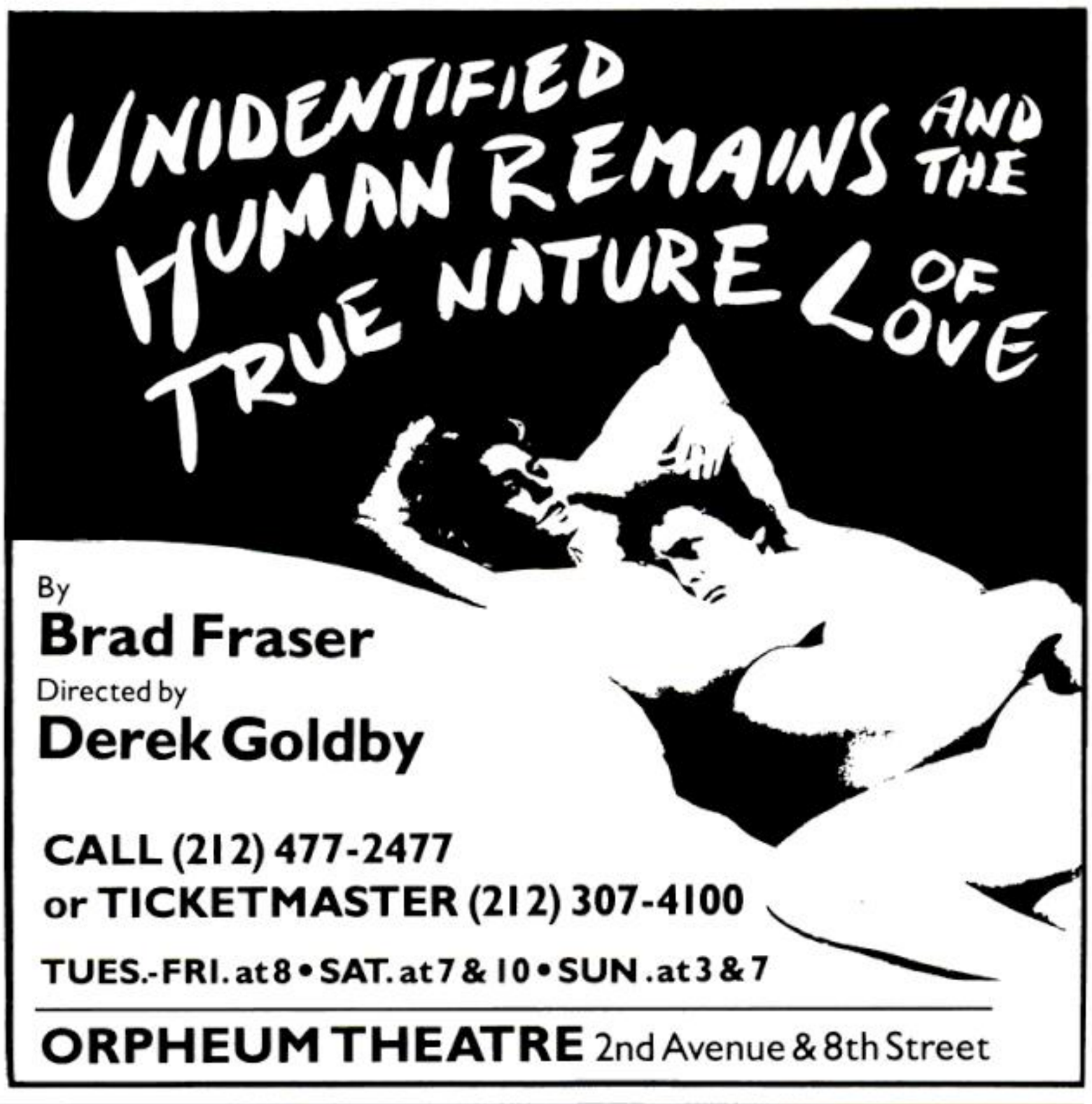
Caviar Dreams

My husband is a Soviet citizen and is in the USSR on an extended business trip. A friend gave me your "Gorby Lick 'n' Stick Tattoo." I bought your June issue looking for more of these to take to the Soviet Union, but there were none in it. Can I obtain 50 to 100 of them to give as joke gifts during my next trip?

Anne Williamson's "Mondo Moscow" was excellent and right on target! She is to be commended for her comprehensive reporting.

Sharron Popovich
San Gabriel, California

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There is a difference between writing something clever and funny and poking fun at starving people ["Mondo Moscow"]. Those Russians live a humiliating life—leave them alone!

Jim Fuhrman
West Hollywood, California

Other Voices, Other Letters

This will clarify a report in your September issue [The Usual Suspects]. On May 11, I brought a large group of children to the St. Patrick's Carnival in Bedford, New York. As we moved through a long line to ride the giant slide, one of the children said tearfully that he'd lost the $20 ticket roll given him by his mother. I told him to go back and look for it and promised to hold his place in line. When the boy returned, a middle-aged bully obstructed his path, throwing his hips to and fro to prevent the boy from passing. When I instructed the man to let the boy by, he said something spiteful about my family but allowed the child onto the slide with his friends. I told the man that the child was not a Kennedy (and presumably therefore a less attractive target for his attacks). I did not otherwise reply, or strike the man, as he may have deserved. Numerous people who observed his behavior toward the child considered my response admirably restrained.

Robert F. Kennedy Jr.
Mt. Kisco, New York

SPY *stands by its story.*

Congratulations to Celia Brady on her keen and all-too-accurate piece "Say It Ain't So,. Mickey" [The Industry, August]. Never deaf to criticism, Disney is making changes. The official unofficial word is that they'll soon start letting in filmmakers!

Name withheld
Hollywood Pictures
Burbank, California

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A murder. A marriage. A musical.

NICK & NORA



Photo: Nathaniel Kramer

Terry Allen Kramer, Charlene & James M. Nederlander,
Daryl Roth & Elizabeth Ireland McCann
present

Barry Bostwick Joanna Gleason

in

NICK & NORA

with

Christine Baranski

&

Chris Sarandon

Book by
Arthur Laurents

Music by
Charles Strouse

Lyrics by
Richard Maltby, Jr.

Scenic Design by
Douglas W. Schmidt

Costume Design by
Theoni V. Aldredge

Lighting Design by
Jules Fisher

Choreography by
Tina Paul

Directed by
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Playing Hardball at *PrimeTime Live*

It is late August. The Soviet Union is collapsing into near chaos, and Dan Rather has compared the Soviet hard-liners to Thelma and Louise. Meanwhile, two network newsmagazine shows—ABC's *PrimeTime Live* and CBS's *48 Hours*—race to complete profiles of the same man. Yeltsin? Not exactly—the subject of the two competing profiles is Don Imus, a New York talk-radio specialist known for his preteen-boy humor.

Imus has developed a huge following in morning drive time, and one fan who has a Rupert Pupkin–like fascination with him is *PT Live*'s executive producer, Rick Kaplan. This summer, Kaplan missed one of *PT Live*'s crucial Thursday-morning staff meetings—the show airs Thursday nights—and could not be located for several hours. The excuse? He was hanging out with Imus. So when he learned from Imus that *48 Hours* was preparing a segment about morning radio that would include Imus, Kaplan quite naturally leapt into action and ordered his own profile.

What else has been on our hyperbolic, high-strung news executive's mind? Well, softball. To Kaplan, this is serious business. During one game last summer he ended up in a shoving match with a *Today* show employee after objecting to the length of the lead the NBC player had taken off first base. On another occasion a ringer who works as a producer in *PT Live*'s Washington office was instructed by coach Kaplan to fly up to New York for a key contest and charge the transportation costs to ABC. Kaplan's timing was positively Sununu-esque: he told the producer to fly north on the very afternoon that ABC, citing budgetary constraints, dismissed a dozen of his ABC News colleagues.

Okay, an appreciation of jokes about erections does no harm, really, and one man's bad sportsmanship is another man's hustle—it's the smart, savvy, hard-hitting journalism that goes up on screen week after week that counts, right? Kaplan knows this, of course, and so he has brought in his dentist, Dr. Ron Deblinger, as the latest consultant to *PT Live*. When he was the executive producer of *Nightline* three years ago, you will recall, Kaplan regularly asked a New Jersey housewife of his acquaintance, one Mrs. Fingerman, what she thought about his broadcast's content. Apparently, Kaplan uses the dentist in much the same way he did Mrs. Fingerman, only more so. The dentist has visited ABC News's Washington bureau with Kaplan. He has sat in the control room during at least one broadcast in New York. He has screened pieces before they aired, and he is confident about his news judgment. In fact, there he was at a *PT Live* staff party, busy working the room along with other big shots like ABC News president Roone Arledge. Knowing that praise from one's superiors is important, he did not hesitate to pull aside chosen *PT Live* staff members and tell them, one-on-one, in a let's-be-serious-for-a-moment style, "Hey, I like your work."



Don

Kaplan has brought in his dentist as the latest consultant to *PT Live*

Classiest-Man-in-Television Update: Readers may remember that Don Hewitt, the high-beam executive producer of *60 Minutes* on CBS, drove correspondent Meredith Vieira from his broadcast *not because she was pregnant* and *not because she was a woman* but because her reduced workload made her unable to keep pace with the show's other stars. Well, Vieira has just won an Emmy for a *60 Minutes* piece, which is more than Ed Bradley and Morley Safer can say (Mike Wallace and Steve Kroft also won). Since each *60 Minutes* correspondent submitted two pieces for consideration and Vieira received two nominations, it appears Hewitt showed a certain lack of judgment—along with astounding pettiness—when he refused last spring to pay Vieira's entrance fee for the awards. Naturally, *60 Minutes* paid for everyone else's. Of course, it *in no way reflects on Hewitt's attitude toward women*, but the two female *60 Minutes* producers nominated along with Vieira have left the show. One, an Emmy-winning veteran, was dismissed by Hewitt just a few weeks shy of her 55th birthday—this would save CBS from paying her a full pension. At least she can take comfort in the fact that she has another Emmy now—it was her piece with Vieira that won for Outstanding Informational, Cultural or Historical Programming.

—*Laureen Hobbs*

Illustration by Steve Brodner

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THE WORLD HAS A THIRST FOR FREEDOM



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Disney's Hollywood Label: Flopsville, USA

The video for WWIII's "Love You to Death" is pretty routine: women are trapped in cages, are bound by leashes, drip hot candle wax on one man's chest and force another to suck the barrel of a gun. What isn't so routine is the source of these images. Apparently this isn't your father's Walt Disney Company.

WWIII is the first band signed to Hollywood Records, a Disney pop-rock label that has a very real chance of becoming the most unprofitable and embarrassing undertaking in the company's history. After nearly two years of operation, the label has yet to achieve a hit. Still, Disney president Frank Wells told *Billboard* last August that his commitment to the music business would last "forever." One wonders if that was before the label's top executive, Peter Paterno, dismissed Hollywood's incredible losses by saying, "What can we lose in a year—$20-million? We've got *$700 million*. Who cares?"

Paterno can almost be excused for his blunders: this is his first job at a record label. Previously he practiced law—he represented the Jacksons, Jackson Browne and Guns N' Roses—but even then he did not seem particularly adroit. Once, in an interview with the *Los Angeles Daily Journal*, Paterno yakked about working with music-industry clients who "call me about drunk driving and drug busts."

Paterno came to Disney on the recommendation of David Geffen, whose pronounced self-interest and penchant for scheming should make him the last person on earth you'd ask for advice if you were thinking of starting a rival record company. Once appointed, he complemented his weaknesses by assembling a management team composed largely of music-biz dilettantes and losers. The cofounder of a failed independent label became his chief lieutenant, and a low-level talent scout recently let go by Capitol became the head of A&R. To run the offshoot rap label—and Hollywood was *that* successful, it *had* to have an offshoot—Paterno chose David Klein, a man who found it necessary to overcompensate for his whiteness with the nom-de-jive Dave Funken-Klein. In all, approximately 80 employees have been hired; the original business plan called for fewer than half that number.

Given the lack of A&R savvy, it's not surprising that the label's output reads like a series of jokes from a sitcom about a record company run by nincompoops: A comedy album with songs screeched by Roseanne Barr. A rap album from a group of felons. The aforementioned WWIII. Stryper, a washed-up crew of Christian headbangers. Hollywood's greatest success has come from the Party, a quintet of 16-year-olds from the Disney Channel's *New Mickey Mouse Club* who have achieved marginal sales chirping Debbie Gibson songs to the prepubescent set.

So far, the biggest act signed by Hollywood Records is Queen, the bombastic seventies group, for whom there is no noticeable nostalgia. Hollywood spent more than $10 million to acquire rights to 16 Queen albums from the seventies, along with the band's next record, called *Innuendo*. The album never went higher than No. 30 on *Billboard*'s charts, despite Hollywood's expenditure of $200,000 on a promotion party on the *Queen Mary*. Michael Eisner was an honored guest. He got a choice seat, right between two enormous loudspeakers that blasted the new album at literally painful decibel levels.

Bad-sounding, bad-selling records aren't Paterno's only problems. He has landed in hot water with both Wells (for letting Funken-Klein pursue a recording deal with rapper Professor Griff, the former member of Public Enemy booted from that group after making anti-Semitic comments) and Jeffrey Katzenberg (for allowing friends' children to eat pizza and popcorn inside a new screening room on the Disney lot). Fortunately for Paterno, his ties with Eisner seem quite strong. In fact, says one insider, "the only thing that protects this label from oblivion is Eisner's support."



Donald

"What can we lose in a year—$20 million? We've got *$700 million*. Who cares?"

Eisner may see something that everyone else is missing, and he may have the last laugh. Meanwhile, everyone else *is* laughing. Jon Poneman, the head of the Seattle-based Sub Pop Records, thought about linking his company with Hollywood but backed off. "The most outstanding thing I remember about our meetings," he says, "was that the bushes outside their offices were shaped like Mickey Mouse and Goofy."

—*Jeffrey Ressner*

Illustration by Tim Gabor

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GUCCI
TIMEPIECES
18 KARAT GOLD AND STAINLESS STEEL
KAUFMANN'S

Ars Longa, Arse-Licker: The Friends of John Russell

No less smug, insular and vindictive than artists are the people who write about them. The *Times*'s stable of pseudo-scholarly lightweights is no exception. Michael Brenson, the paper's serviceable second-string art critic, finally came to this realization and left the *Times* a year after he was mortifyingly passed over for the number one job in favor of Michael Kimmelman, who is perhaps 15 years his junior. While Brenson joins the latest exodus of reporters to begin work on a book, the paper's editors are scrambling desperately to find his replacement, a tough task given that many decent art writers are unwilling to take a backseat to Kimmelman. One of the few eager candidates for the job is Roberta Smith, a third-string reviewer. That she is a woman counts in Smith's favor at the new, grudgingly egalitarian *Times*, but the paper still seems more likely to go with a marquee-value critic like *The New Republic*'s talented Mark Stevens. Spookily, the ghost of the *Times*'s evil art-crit demigod, Hilton Kramer, hovers over these proceedings: there are many talented critics whose unpopularity with Kramer may still count against them.

Then there's the looming presence of the still-active art critic emeritus John "the Authenticator" Russell. Russell has made a second career of toadying to the Getty Museum in Malibu, the richest, arguably most powerful private art institution in the world. The Getty is greatly feared and kowtowed to in art circles because it promiscuously hands out grants, acquisitions and scholarships—$167 million in 1990 alone. Russell and his wife, Rosamond Bernier, are closely involved with the dealers and curators who work with the Getty, and Russell has involved himself in conflict-of-interest machinations in the *Times* that are Arthur Gelb–ishly byzantine.

Let's start in 1985, when the Getty acquired *The Annunciation*, allegedly painted in the fifteenth century by the Flemish artist Dieric Bouts. The Getty paid $7 million, a then princely sum—especially for a painting whose authenticity had been called into question, most notably by the London *Times*. The very first person to express doubt about *The Annunciation*'s origins was a New York– and Paris-based art dealer named Alain Tarica. In 1984, Tarica had advised the cosmetics heir and collector Ron Lauder not to buy the Bouts because it might be a fake. The Getty's purchase therefore called into question Tarica's eye for authentication—an art dealer's bread and butter—and he suddenly found his reputation on the line.

Tarica was dealt a further blow when a column by Russell ridiculed him and the "salesroom correspondent" of the London *Times* for mounting a "campaign of quite exceptional doggedness" against the Bouts, "though never in terms that have rallied any significant support." Russell conceded that "the picture has undeniably its problematic aspects" but slalomed through these aspects in record time, with maneuvers like "...the iconography, as to which anyone who feels like it can whip up a storm of conjecture," and "The condition is so unusually good as to make us wonder what a scientific inquiry might bring." Russell even had the gall to contradict that last caveat: "Scientific analyses [have] dismissed the very idea that it could be a...fake."

Tarica, infuriated, set out to write a book (now almost finished) about the episode. Earlier this year he wrote a letter to Russell that said, in part, "[At the time of the controversy] Mr. Lauder suggested to [publisher Punch] Sulzberger that it was time the *Times* wrote an article about [the controversy]....You insisted on doing it yourself [and] the first draft you produced was turned down by your editors...because it was too aggressively biased." Tarica also alleged that Russell had engineered the placement of an entirely gratuitous endorsement of the Bouts's authenticity in an article about Van Gogh by Glenn Collins: "You gave the reader no hint [in the pro-Bouts article] that you and your wife were old friends and business associates of Eugene Thaw [a renowned New York art dealer and, prior to the Getty purchase, a part owner of the Bouts]. I am told that Mr. Thaw gave evidence in the divorce case which dissolved your wife's marriage to Georges Bernier, moreover, Mrs. Russell has [found] pictures for Mr. Thaw for many years, regularly receiving commissions."



John

Russell has made a second career of toadying to the Getty Museum

Not surprisingly, Russell responded with a sneer. "Given the climate

Illustration by Barry Blitt

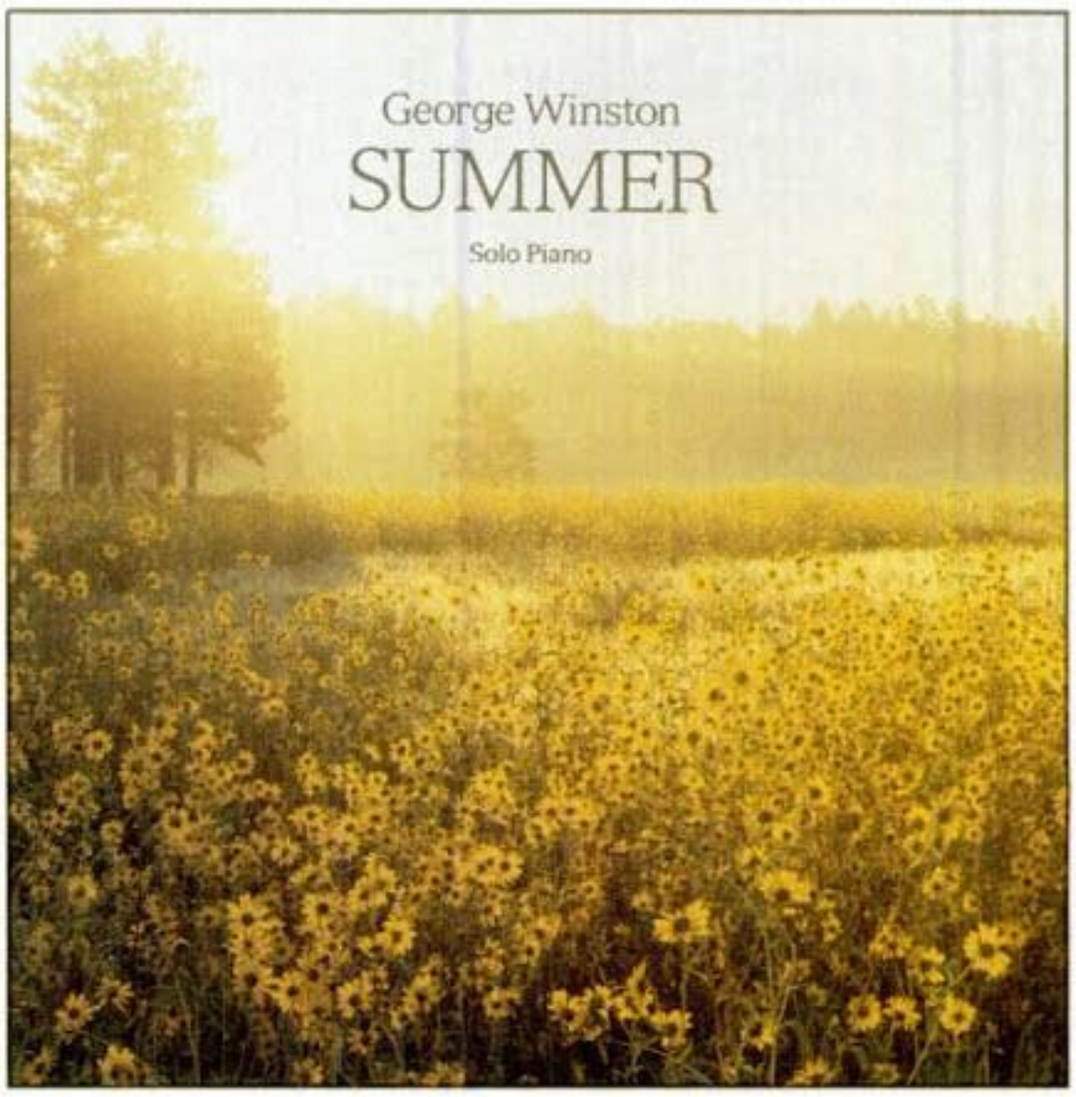
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of fantasy and innuendo in which your letter luxuriates," reads his recent letter to Tarica, "it is hardly necessary for me to add that your speculations about a putative continuing business association between Mr. Thaw, my wife and myself are beneath contempt." Tarica's effort to bring the matter before executive editor Max Frankel brought a similar reply. "As for your charges against John Russell," Frankel wrote to Tarica, "I find them outrageous and slanderous."

Russell's agenda to protect the Getty and his own reputation apparently continues to compromise the *Times*'s arts coverage. In August the Arts & Leisure section ran a front-page story about a controversy surrounding a kouros purchased by the Getty for $9 million some years ago. The article, written by Kimmelman, explored at length the possibility that it was a fake—ostensibly proving the *Times* can be tough toward the Getty—but also made a strong case for its authenticity. What the article didn't say is that outside the *Times*'s art pages, the issue was pretty much settled long ago, with experts such as Thomas Hoving (former head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art) and Dietrich von Bothmer (curator of antiquities at the Met) decrying the kouros as a fraud. If anything, then, the recent article reopened the books on a closed controversy and provided the Getty with an opportunity to save face. I wonder what eminent *Times* art critic, what man who was possibly duped a few years back by another Getty purchase, was behind the curious kouros article?

Expect neither Russell nor the Getty to come forward with answers. While Russell drops in at West 43rd Street once a month or so to pull strings on behalf of his rich friends (you'll recall the extreme unctuousness of the recent page 1 story on his pal Walter Annenberg), the kouros languishes out of the public eye, in the Getty labs, where it will probably remain forever, undergoing... study. —*J. J. Hunsecker*

SUMMER



THE LATEST
FROM GEORGE WINSTON

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Paramount's Mogul-by-Default

Because movie studios seldom engage in joint ventures, the report this fall that two of them would team up to produce a movie based on the 1974 best-seller *Alive* was noteworthy. The real news, however, was that the studios involved were Disney and Paramount, companies with a long history of intense mutual loathing. Their relations have been so touchy that touchiness itself has become an issue. For example, when Harry Anderson, Paramount's PR director, was asked about the rivalry months before the joint venture was announced, he had trouble staying on an even keel. "That is absurd!" he barked. "That is ludicrous! We will not talk about that. We will have nothing to do with questions about that. They are ridiculous. They are insane."

In war, sometimes, an unremarkable piece of terrain finds itself repeatedly the scene of battle—think of Bull Run. In the Disney-Paramount dustup, David Kirkpatrick, currently Paramount's production chief, plays that role. During his tenure in Hollywood, the 40-ish Kirkpatrick has worked for Disney once, Paramount twice, and has been sued by each. He has worked for Frank Mancuso twice, and for Michael Eisner and Jeffrey "Sparky" Katzenberg twice. Even so, Kirkpatrick's career hasn't been particularly distinguished. His name isn't synonymous with any box office smash. He isn't known as a genius. Those who know him say he's charming but often volunteer additional descriptions: *manipulative*, *disingenuous*, *snakelike*. "I'm a good friend of David's," many people say, and then they proceed to attack his taste, character and importance.

He got his first break in 1977, when Don Simpson, then head of production at Paramount, gave him a shot as a creative executive. Kirkpatrick's career is riddled with ironies, one of which is that the first producers he dumped when he took over at Paramount last fall were Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer.

Kirkpatrick has always displayed far greater vision in choosing friends than in picking projects to champion. During his first stint at Paramount, he associated with Barry Diller (of whom he seems something of a pale imitation), Eisner, Katzenberg and Simpson. "Eisner and Katzenberg liked to put [him] on prestige-client projects," remembers a prominent producer, perhaps because unlike Katzenberg, who has always directed a great deal of his considerable innate anger at prima donna movie stars, Kirkpatrick knew how to keep talent happy. Indeed, he was one of the few executives who got along with Eddie Murphy, the studio's highest-grossing star, with whom he appears to have struck a lasting friendship. At the same time, Kirkpatrick entered into a friendship with another powerful person, chairman Frank Mancuso.



David and Brandon

Tartikoff is a *TV* guy; Kirkpatrick has the requisite film relationships, at least with talent

In 1984, when Eisner, Katzenberg and other Paramount executives left to work their black magic at Disney, Kirkpatrick considered joining them; instead, at Mancuso's urging, he stayed put. Poor David. Mancuso never repaid this loyalty by bestowing real power upon Kirkpatrick; instead, he promptly promoted Dawn Steel, who had been Kirkpatrick's peer, to head production.

Later, when Paramount attempted to woo a veteran agent away from CAA to become an executive above both Kirkpatrick and Steel, Kirkpatrick had had enough. He joined Jerry Weintraub at his new Weintraub Entertainment Group.

Poor David. Paramount claimed that he'd breached his $750,000 contract, and sought to force him to return to Paramount; the suit was eventually settled. Meanwhile, Kirkpatrick, with his first opportunity to run a motion-picture company, stepped right up and green-lighted *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, *Fresh Horses* and *Troop Beverly Hills*. Such failures led to friction, and Kirkpatrick and Weintraub literally came to blows; Kirkpatrick finally left, just before WEG went bankrupt.

Kirkpatrick resurfaced at Disney, as the number two executive of Touchstone. Poor David. He was miserable there, in part because Disney's suffocating management style—*Sparky* decides which dress Julia Roberts wears in *Pretty Woman*; *Sparky* decides if Kim Basinger can wash her hair in Evian water at studio expense—kept him from doing what he does best, flattering and groveling before talent. There were also creative differences—Katzenberg let it be known, *Anything David Kirk-*

Illustration by Robert Risko

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patrick likes, I don't. Just 16 months after hiring him, Disney bought Kirkpatrick out of his five-year contract.

Not a man to harbor a grudge, Mancuso welcomed Kirkpatrick back to Paramount as executive vice president. Everyone expected that he would soon be named president, something that had as much to do with the studio's turmoil as with Kirkpatrick's qualifications.

Paramount's stock was falling. A large number of Mancuso's enormously expensive pictures, including *Harlem Nights*, *Another 48 HRS*, *Days of Thunder* and *The Two Jakes*, had bombed. Eddie Murphy was allowing himself to be courted by—surprise!—Disney. And Paramount's presiding co-president, Sid Ganis, who deserved much of the credit for *Ghost*, was being undone by complaints that he was slow and indecisive. Fresh from Disney, where management efficiency was all, Kirkpatrick could jabber on about cost-cutting and rational production strategy in a way that had to have been very appealing to Mancuso.

When Ganis was finally purged and Kirkpatrick appointed production president, he said the studio would focus on small, tightly controlled, relatively low-budget movies. To prove his sincerity, he terminated Simpson and Bruckheimer. Before long, the BMWs were roaring into the lot before 8:00 a.m. Memos proliferated. New accounting procedures were implemented. And the studio got busy committing itself to high-concept, $15 million, upbeat *human* movies—that is, Disney movies.

When a mid-level executive left Disney to become a production vice president at Paramount, it was time for another lawsuit involving Kirkpatrick: Disney alleged that he had violated his release agreement, in which he'd promised not to hire any Disney employees for two years. The studio also accused Kirkpatrick of using classified Disney information. In Hollywood, where job tag is routine, the suit seemed slightly bizarre. Disney later dropped it; the image of Jeffrey Katzenberg being deposed, talking under oath about the confidential information Kirkpatrick had supposedly exploited, was about as likely as Joe Eszterhas's getting a Coke commercial.

Anyway, Kirkpatrick in all likelihood will soon be job-hunting again (and then it's Disney's turn to hire him!). His days were probably numbered as soon as Stanley Jaffe fired Mancuso. Just before Jaffe took over as president of Paramount Communications, the studio's parent company, it was Kirkpatrick who took on the nasty task of dumping a first-time director of a picture in preproduction called *School Ties*—Stanley Jaffe.

Kirkpatrick probably owes his current survivorship to Brandon Tartikoff, whom Jaffe installed in Mancuso's old spot. Tartikoff is a TV guy; he doesn't yet have all the requisite relationships—and as we have all heard too many times, *this is a relationship business*. The feeling is that Kirkpatrick has them, at least with talent (at least with Eddie Murphy). But nobody thinks his contract will be renewed when it expires in 1992. Poor David.

Not that Tartikoff's own longevity at Paramount is widely assumed. The bad-mouthing of Brandon is partly a matter of standard movie-TV class warfare, but there's more. When an A-list director-screenwriter team recently met with him, he offered them loads of terrific ideas. But they went away grousing that he had talked 80 percent of the time; indeed, they may now leave Paramount to sign somewhere else. *Memo to B.T.: When you were at NBC, you were always the most important guy at any meeting. Not anymore. When meeting with expensive talent, grovel. Just a bit. Don't worry—everyone will respect your willingness to mortify yourself. That's what they mean by "relationships."*

We'll see how you do Monday night at Mortons. —*Celia Brady*



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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

Time Warner chairman **Steve Ross** is no stranger to delusional behavior—how else to explain his paying himself $78 million while his company is laying off hundreds of people in order to save just $30 million?—but the extent of his pathology is apparently worse than we thought. Some friends of Ross's, looking to find a poignant, personalized surprise birthday gift for him, recalled the jut-jawed executive's telling them that he once played pro football for the Cleveland Browns. But when Ross's friends flew to Cleveland to dig up old memorabilia from his gridiron days, they discovered that good old Steve never played for the Browns. Meanwhile, life in Ross's presumably imaginary world continues unabated: he sometimes tells people he's a secret CIA operative.



Steve



Liz

2

For the occasion of her eighth (or ninth?) trothplight, **Elizabeth Taylor** commissioned Cartier, of course, to engrave the invitations. When she received them, however, Taylor was distressed at the attire directive at the bottom of the invitations—the standard BLACK TIE. Perhaps mindful of the social shortcomings of white-trash fiancé **Larry Fortensky**'s family, Taylor complained, *How will the ladies know what to wear?* So the invites were chucked and a new batch promptly printed up, this time reading BLACK TIE AND COCKTAIL DRESS. The new boxes delivered, Liz again became fretful. *Shouldn't it read BLACK TIE AND COCKTAIL DRESSES?* she said. And again, a perfectly good set of extravagant invitations became landfill.

3

It's well known that **Judy Miller**, the *New York Times* correspondent and crafty love-minx of the middle-aged-powerguy set, has settled down, more or less, with yet another man who stands to assist her career: self-important Random House editorial director **Jason Epstein**. Recently, Miller let it be known to her boyfriend that she was planning to write a book about the Middle East. Epstein excitedly replied, *You gotta do it for me!* Miller liked the idea but, savvy professional that she is, insisted that Epstein negotiate with her agent, **Andrew Wylie**. Wylie demanded $500,000, an astounding figure for a nonfiction, quasi-scholarly book, and was answered, improbably, with an immediate *Okay!* from the author's boyfriend. But Random House president **Harry Evans**, displeased with his love-struck subordinate's slip out of character, sensibly vetoed it, thereby touching off an in-house blood feud between Evans and Epstein.

4

Professional divorcée **Lisa Gastineau** may now rival her ex-husband, **Mark**, in pathetic attempts at attention-getting. Dining with a group of acquaintances, Mrs. Gastineau, apropos of nothing, loudly declared, "I'm **John Gotti**'s girlfriend"—declining to explain whether she was referring to the married, imprisoned alleged mob CEO, his married son **John Jr.** or some other like-named regular working stiff in, say, the construction business. When her dining companions asked if her choice of paramour placed any restrictions on her social life, she replied, "No—I can do *whatever I want*."

John

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Could a Coup Happen Here?

And Who Wants to See Ted Kennedy Atop a Tank?



In the cool, peaceable ordinariness of America, the failed Soviet putsch seems remote, a Dostoyevskian passion play beamed to us via satellite. But how conceivable is a coup here at home? Let's examine these chilling parallels:

USSR: Multiethnic empire torn by violence; Armenians and Azerbaijanis attack one another in Nagorno-Karabakh.
USA: Multiethnic empire torn by violence; Lubavitchers and West Indians attack one another in Crown Heights.

USSR: Economic reform sabotaged by hard-line disciples of doctrinaire economist Karl Marx.
USA: Economic reform sabotaged by hard-line disciples of doctrinaire economist Milton Friedman.

USSR: Hard-liners voice apprehension at overthrow of loyal European puppets like General Jaruzelski.
USA: Hard-liners voice apprehension at overthrow of loyal European puppets like Margaret Thatcher.

USSR: Indebted nation humiliatingly dependent on German handouts for housing its troops.
USA: Indebted nation humiliatingly dependent on German, Saudi and Japanese handouts for deploying its troops.

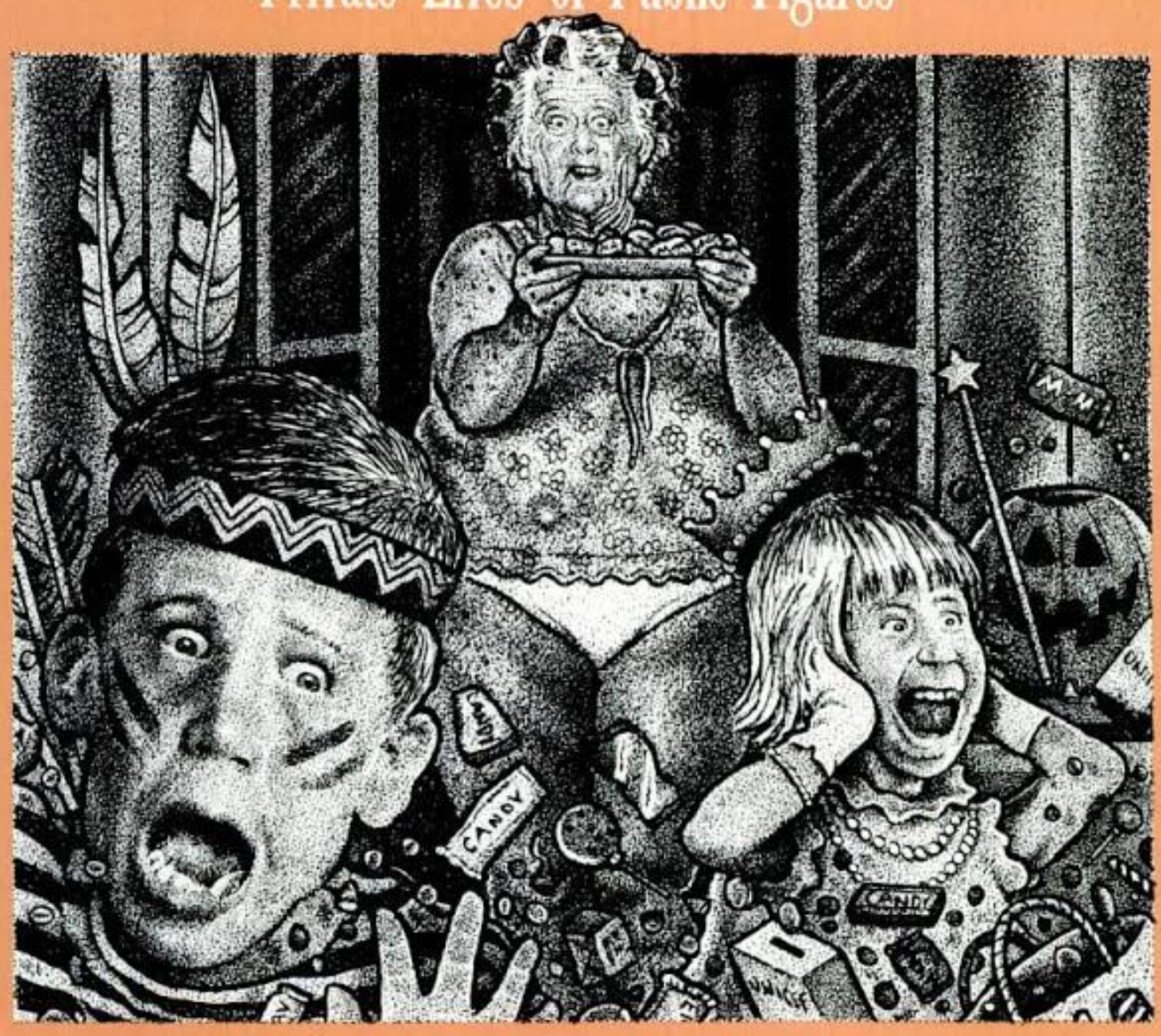
USSR: Foolishly loyal president hangs on to deceitful cronies like accused coup plotter Lukyanov.
USA: Foolishly loyal president hangs on to deceitful cronies like accused joyrider Sununu.

USSR: Hard-liners make ominous noises about decline in public order, demand new "tough-on-crime" measures that curtail hard-won civil liberties.
USA: Hard-liners make ominous noises about decline in public order, demand new "tough-on-crime" measures that curtail hard-won civil liberties.

USSR: President, in midst of national crisis, insists on taking his vacation.
USA: President, in midst of national crisis, insists on taking his vacation.

—Jonathan Napack

Private Lives of Public Figures



The first lady has a special surprise for this year's trick-or-treaters.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



What So Proudly We Sold

Between August 28, 1990 (Lewis Galoob, South San Francisco, California; toys), and June 18, 1991 (Big Star Concepts of Monterey, California; condoms), the Patent and Trademark Office of the U.S. Department of Commerce received 90 applications from would-be war profiteers who sought exclusive use of the names Desert Shield and Desert Storm on products they wanted to market. There were five companies that wished to make Desert Storm watches; one that wanted to make Desert Storm stationery; one that wanted to make Desert Storm notebooks, binders, portfolios, tablets, pads, file folders, paper, coloring books, pencils, erasers, brushes, chalk, crayons and finger paints; and one that wanted to make a Desert Storm Bible.

Nine companies wanted to make Desert Storm toys, most of which fell into either the general description written by the aforementioned Galoob Toys ("child size toys, action figures and accessories for action figures, action figure playsets, toy vehicles and accessories for toy vehicles") or that of Diversified Specialists ▸

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Change to something more comfortable.
E&J and soda.


MELLOWED IN AGED OAK
ORIGINAL
EXTRA
SMOOTH
E&J
BRANDY

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

of Houston ("military play toys, such as walkie-talkies, military play sets, dress-up sets, Halloween sets, to in clude helmets, vests, canteens, belts, gas masks, protective under clothing and military garb; toy guns, water guns and cap guns; other cap items, including hand grenades, rockets; toy cars, trucks, airplanes, helicopters, ships, action figures and dolls; flashlights, radios, and flashlight radios; and battery-operated toys"). Additionally, three companies wanted to make Desert Storm fireworks, two wanted to make Desert Storm tires, and one wanted to produce Desert Storm gas-powered miniautos.

One company wanted to produce the Desert Storm bicycle (and sports water bottle), one the Desert Storm battery, one the Desert Storm archery set, and one the Desert Storm fishing rod. Eight companies wanted to make Desert Storm clothing; three, Desert Storm boots (including one that ended up making the special Schwarzkopf model). Twelve companies wanted to make, as the Data-East Corporation of Tokyo wrote, "video games, video game software, computer software, video game cartridges, video game diskettes, video game memory media, video game printed circuit boards, and video output game machines" (which are presumably the same things that Vektor Grafix Ltd. of Leeds, Great Britain—an ostensibly English-speaking nation—wanted to make when it described "electrical and electronic apparatus and ▶



Naked City

Hey, Doug-o, What's Going On?

Your Leaders Speak: Up Close and Personal With Douglas Wilder

As part of its continuing effort to help American voters get to know the candidates in Campaign '92, SPY talks this month with the governor of Virginia, Douglas Wilder.

SPY: *So, how is the campaign going?*
Wilder: Very good. Received tremendous support in New Hampshire. People are very concerned about a lack of a Democratic message.
As president, would you replace Arnold Schwarzenegger as the president's director of physical fitness?

Well—he's coming down here to visit me next week. How about that? But I can't even worry about him. I wouldn't even be considering those nonessential things at this time.
Do you know all the songs to any musicals?

I have [seen] some but I don't know if I know all the songs to any of them....The most recent is *Phantom of the Opera*, but that wouldn't pass as a musical. Would it?
Should the NFL abolish the instant replay?

I think [it's] great if you are not at the game....My answer is no, as long as they don't take a half hour.
Did you play a sport in high school?

I was on the cheering squad. I wanted to be involved, but I was too small.
Did you perform in any plays in high school?

Oh, yeah; *Macbeth*, I played the part of her cousin, Jack. This was what—what's his name. Let's see...Maxim was the owner of the place, and Rebecca was the dead lady. Wait, not *Macbeth*, *Rebecca*. It was *Rebecca*, and I played Jack Favell. He was a scoundrel.
Do you have any favorite musicians?

Quincy Jones. George Benson. Herb Alpert. Marvin Gaye.
What's your favorite Marvin Gaye song?

"Let's Get It On." That's it. Oh, wait, no, what am I saying? "What's Going On." That's it....It was very radical for its time. It is prophetic. No one would disagree with one line of it.
Who would play you in the movie of your life?

Well, let's see, they are probably gone now. I like Spencer Tracy; that's from the old school. In the new school, Robert De Niro.
If you had Marlon Brando and James Dean in a fistfight, who would win?

Well, I tell you what, both those guys would be right tough. Dean might win it straight up, but Brando would get him in the end. Dean might win it honestly, but Brando would find a way to sabotage it.
Did you have a nickname in school?

Doug-o. Guess they took it after Sluggo.
Are there any objects you always carry with you?

I carry a little Swiss Army knife, tiny one. I feel like I am naked without it. Has everything a man needs.
So, with The Tonight Show, *do you think they made the right decision with naming Jay to replace Johnny?*

Jay Leno is something else, isn't he? You know, people questioned whether it should have been Jack Paar or what's-his-name, the guy who married one of Zsa Zsa Gabor's sisters. What's his name? Not Andy Griffith....Merv Griffin, that's it. Remember the great contests that they had between those two? Well, Merv went on to do his thing and Johnny to his. I think Leno and Letterman are adequate, but they will make their own stands.
Now, two of your possible rivals are Jerry Brown and Bob Kerrey. Brown has dated Linda Ronstadt; Kerrey, Debra Winger. If you were to date someone from show biz, who would it be?

Well, they were very fortunate men to have the choice....I don't think that dating a celebrity is a factor in the race. —*Michael Hainey*

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Seven Wheezy Ways to Say "L.A."



Illustration by Richard Sala

Susan Sontag's son, entertaining pseudo-intellectual-about-town David Rieff, has just published a 243-page essay called *Los Angeles: Capital of the Third World*. We're not making any definitive judgments about his work here, but the book does seem to offer clear evidence that Rieff can't quite be trusted yet with his own key to the metaphor closet. Consider the smorgasbord of descriptions:

"This complicated, seemingly delightful machine called greater Los Angeles"
"That glitzy Oz called Los Angeles"
"That amnesiac pleasure dome known as West Los Angeles"
"That obdurate arcadia otherwise known as West L.A."
"That far steeper canyon otherwise known as downtown L.A."
"That boosterist sea that was Los Angeles"
"Anglo L.A., that metropolis of Greta Garbos" —*B. D. Snell*

America's Sweetheart, or Most Wanted?

Introducing the SPY Famous-Name-o-Matic™

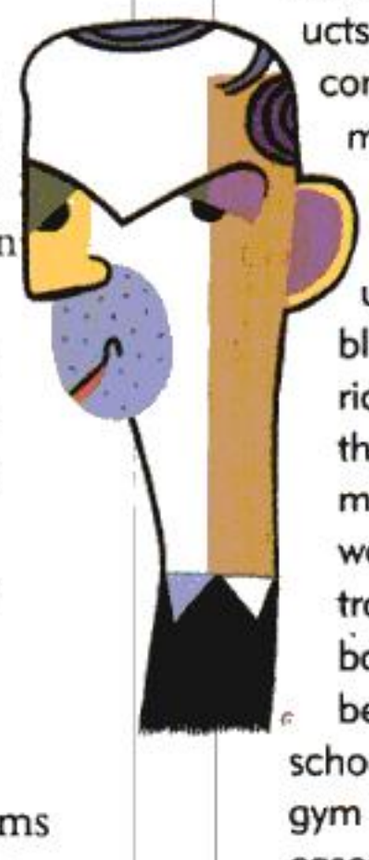
Books like *The Baby Boomer Book of Names* will tell you to call your kid David if you want him to be a doctor, or Elizabeth if you're hoping to say "My daughter, the assistant D.A." But what if the plan is for your child simply to be famous—or infamous? Our advice: give the tyke a middle name he or she can *use*, and make your selections from our Famous-Name-o-Matic™. Conceivably all 16,038 possible combinations at right will someday be notorious monikers—already the list includes the names of at least 30 well-known personalities who have stopped at nothing to become household words. (Hint: there are 15 who went one way, 15 the other, and one who went both.)

—*Wendell Smith*



Illustrations by David Cowles

First Name	Middle Name	Surname
Harry	Ali	Jones
Jamie	Leroy	Phillips
Tommy	**Tyler**	Ray
Lee	James	Harris
Albert	Nelson	Lewis
Rodney	Wayne	Roth
Cathy	Howard	Curtis
Mehmet	Diamond	**Moore**
David	Earl	Stanton
Donald	Allen	Baker
Rickie	Dee	Reilly
Charles	Lee	Booth
Mary	Jane	Olmos
John	Oliver	Lucas
Lou	**Harvey**	Rippy
Alvin	Dean	Evans
Jerry	Wilkes	Fish
James	Don	King
Jack	Henry	Williams
Sara	Richard	Huberty
Mark	David	**Oswald**
Henry	Alton	Gacy
Edward		Hauptmann
Robert		Abbott
Billy		Chapman
Joe		Agca
Bruno		Crosby



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

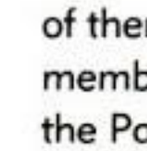
instruments apparatus for the recordal, storage and retrieval of data in magnetic or optically readable form").

Two companies wanted to make a Desert Storm knife, and three sought to make actual firearms—including Israel Military Industries Ltd. of Ramat HaSharon, Israel, which wanted to make not only guns but also ammunition and explosives; and the Springfield Armory of Geneseo, Illinois, which makes a $799, .45-caliber "Gulf Victory" pistol. Three companies wanted to make Desert Storm sunglasses, and six wanted to make Desert Storm sunscreen, including Creative Environments of Manhattan, which also sought to make Desert Storm "fragranced articles and liquids, including scented objects, perfumes, men's cologne, bath products and deodorants." Two companies wanted to make Desert Storm umbrellas, though one of them wanted to make umbrellas with beach blankets, towels and fabric beverage coolers, and the other wanted to make umbrellas with wallets, cosmetic bags, travel bags, tote bags, backpacks, knapsacks, belt bags, roll bags, school bags, handbags, gym bags and attaché cases. Another company wanted to get a piece of the bag action by attaching capsules of sand to them. Two companies wanted to produce Desert Storm movies, one a Desert Storm victory ring, and one wanted to trademark the name Desert Storm for the ▸

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fundraising services it would provide to erect and maintain a Desert Storm Veterans Memorial.

Most of these products were never made. For those that were, performance was uneven. A spokesman for one company that produced Desert Storm sunglasses admitted, "It wasn't one of our better ideas," while the PR guy for Sierra On-Line said its Battle of Khafji computer game was "hot," and the spokesman for the company that makes the mini-autos bragged, "We've hit a home run with the doggone thing."

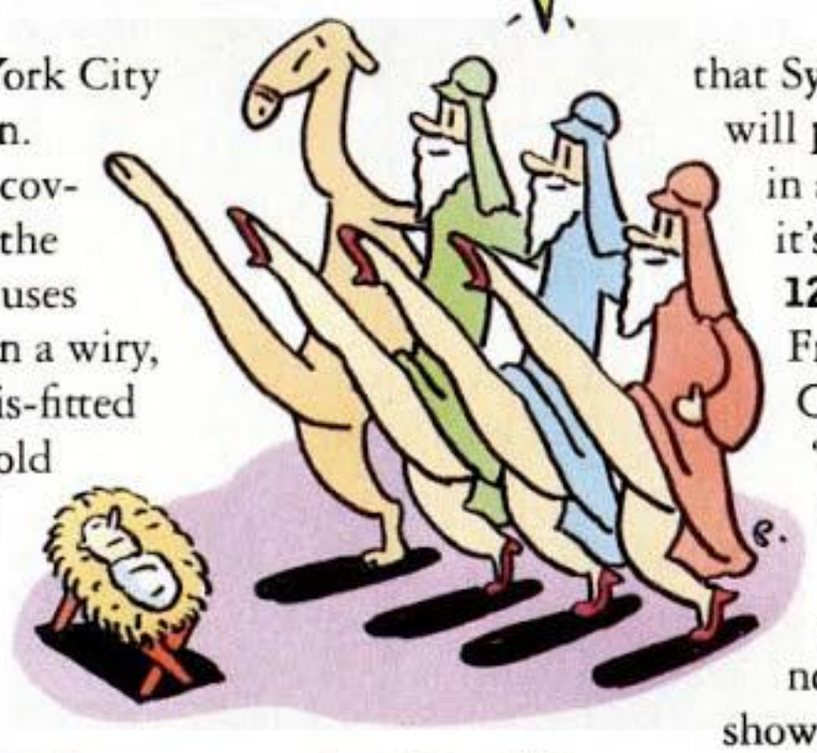


"Next on the Agenda: Funding an Affirmative-Action Program for Kale Lovers"

Whatever else we may know about Gennadi Yanayev and the other Communist Party hardliners who launched last August's coup, one thing is certain: none of them were members of the Park Slope Food Coop of Brooklyn, New York. Nevertheless, it cannot be ruled out completely that one of the plotters saw the July 11 issue of *Linewaiters' Gazette*, the co-op's official newsletter. If one did, he ▸

November Datebook

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming



3 New York City Marathon. Preview coverage in the *Times* focuses largely on a wiry, prosthesis-fitted 87-year-old who has run in every race since Jimmy Walker was mayor (excluding the war years). No mention is made of the young foreigner who will actually win.

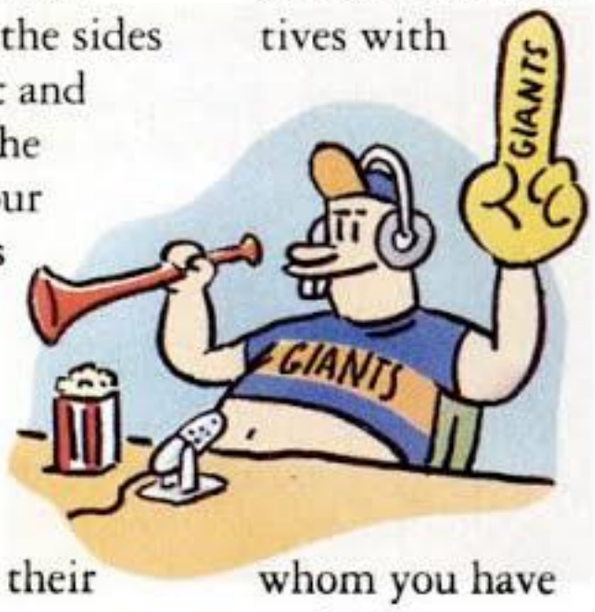
7 Lou Reed reads his song lyrics aloud as part of the Writer's Voice series; West Side YMCA. Admission is $12, more than for any other reading in the series, but when you consider that Reed can't really sing anyway, that a concert at the Ritz costs $19.50 and that Sylvia Miles will probably be in attendance, it's a bargain.

12 Mike Francesa and Christopher "Mad Dog" Russo, hosts of an afternoon talk show on all-sports WFAN-AM Radio, are the main attractions of a tour of WFAN's studio in Astoria, Queens. Since the concept of a walking tour is antithetical to the mentality of Mike and the Mad Dog's audience—big, white Queens and Flatbush natives with hair cut short on the sides and front and long in the back—tour members may become unruly and impatient and vent their frustration over the Mets' disappointing '91 performance on you.

15 Opening night of Radio City Music Hall's annual Christmas Spectacular, which touts itself as family entertainment yet features the Rockettes dressed in fetishistic peekaboo Santa outfits that don't include trousers.

19 The White Dog Cafe, a lefty restaurant in Philadelphia, presents "Empowering the Homeless," a breakfast symposium featuring local housing advocates plus a choice of free-range eggs or fresh fruit with yogurt and homemade granola. A fantasy experience for anyone nostalgic for the more annoying, Hope-heavy episodes of *thirtysomething*.

28 Thanksgiving. Meaningful interaction with relatives with whom you have nothing in common is avoided by turning on the Lions-Bears game and saying, "That Sanders can *move*," and "I have mixed feelings about the run-and-shoot." Your cousins will nod in assent.



Illustrations by Phil Marden

Blurb-o-Mat Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



THE ADDAMS FAMILY, starring Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd (Paramount) ℘℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"They may be creepy, and they might be kooky, but Anjelica's altogether *oooofy*!! Come next April she'll be the *Addams* apple of Oscar's eye!"**

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS, starring Lauren Bacall, Harley Jane Kozak (Paramount) ℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"Hey, Oscar! Put your lips together and blow—all *you'll* want for Christmas is Lauren! Don't Bogart that statuette!"**

MY GIRL, starring Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin (Columbia) ℘℘℘

Walter Monheit says, **"When it's cold outside, Jamie Lee gives me the month of May! She *used* to be *my* girl—now she's Oscar's!"**

What the monocles mean: ℘℘℘ *—excellent;*
℘℘℘℘ *—indisputably a classic*

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

certainly would have grown more convinced than ever that when it comes to democracy, it's possible for some people to have too much say in their own affairs. (Note: names have been changed.)

"The June General Meeting spent [half] its time dealing with [a] highly contentious issue—the location of the cheese counter....

"Joan Marash, a longtime cheeseworker, made a passionate, yet reasoned plea that at least part of the cheese counter remain upstairs on the shopping floor so that workers would be able to communicate directly with shoppers....The current plan provides for moving the cheese-cutting area downstairs...and providing precut cheese wrapped in plastic in the expanded dairy case upstairs.

"Joan first of all objected to the way the decision to move downstairs was made. She called it a 'well-kept secret plan' which had never been discussed with those most affected—cheeseworkers and cheese buyers. She had...a petition which had...some 400 signatures protesting the move. (Some members apparently protested that cheeseworkers would not give them their cheese unless they signed the petition, however.) Joan...worried that cheese sales would plummet if members were not allowed to discuss their cheese questions with knowledgeable cheese cutters, who regularly give advice....Worst of all [and this is why, on our funding application to the NEA, we're thinking of calling the ▶

What's in a Name?

Our Periodic Anagram Analysis: Special Soviet-Putsch Edition

BORIS N. YELTSIN
LIBERTY'S NO SIN

BORIS PUGO
OUR S.O.B. PIG

DEFENSE MINISTER YAZOV
MY NAZI DEFENSE IS OVERT

YURI S. PLEKHANOV
A VERY LUSH PINKO

APPARATCHIKS
A PAST HACK, R.I.P.

VASILY A. STARODUBTSEV
A VASTLY ABSURD SOVIET

OLEG D. BAKLANOV
BALKAN LOVE GOD

—Andy Aaron

Privacy-Invading in Our Time

"I invariably check the medicine cabinet if I use the bathroom in someone else's house; in a small apartment where there is no guest loo, entire medical, social and sexual histories can be constructed from the specific. Fiorinal means migraine, Flagyl a yeast infection, Naturetin bloat, Procardia and Persantine cardiac trouble. Valium, Librium, Enovid."

—John Gregory Dunne, *Harp*, 1989

"Now I'm being hugged and congratulated by Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne....I remember the first time I had dinner at their house....Since I was in their bathroom anyway, I checked their medicine cabinet. I always like to do that in a new house. Outside of my mother's, it was the most thrilling medicine cabinet I had ever seen. Ritalin, Librium, Miltown, Fiorinal, Percodan...every upper, downer, and in-betweener of interest in the *PDR*, circa 1973."

—Julia Phillips, *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*, 1991

—Sidney Urquhart



Logrolling in Our Time

"This book could change the way Americans eat and live."

—Gael Greene on Craig Claiborne's *Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet*



"One of the most amusing, serious and outrageously humorous books on the subject of sex I've read."

—Claiborne on Greene's *Delicious Sex*

"A triumph of style."

—Paul Theroux on Nadine Gordimer's *The Conservationist*

"His is a large, outrageous talent."

—Gordimer on Theroux's *Chicago Loop*

"The true love story of our times....Wonderful."

—Molly Haskell on Betty Rollin's *Am I Getting Paid for This?*

"Brilliant....A work of the mind, the heart, the spirit—and oh, the wit of it!"

—Rollin on Haskell's *Love and Other Infectious Diseases*

—Howard Kaplan

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Postal Facts

What Would It Cost to Ship Our Favorite Legislators Back Home from Washington?



Legislator	Destination	Distance	Shipping Weight	Postage Due
Sen. Phil Gramm	College Station, TX	1,356 air miles	190 pounds	$141.30
Sen. Alfonse D'Amato	Hempstead, NY	214 air miles	170 pounds	$74.70
Sen. Paul Wellstone	Northfield, MN	931 air miles	150 pounds	$100.15
Sen. Jesse Helms	Raleigh, NC	227 air miles	180 pounds	$78.65
Rep. Newt Gingrich	Jonesboro, GA	547 air miles	195 pounds	$102.89
Sen. Donald W. Riegle Jr.	Flint, MI	445 air miles	185 pounds	$102.85
Sen. Dennis DeConcini	Tucson, AZ	1,956 air miles	180 pounds	$194.75
Rep. William E. Dannemeyer	Fullerton, CA	2,289 air miles	170 pounds	$184.35
Sen. Edward M. Kennedy	Hyannis, MA	353 air miles	235 pounds	$115.80
Sen. Alan K. Simpson	Cody, WY	1,681 air miles	200 pounds	$183.05

A reminder: postal customers who expect their legislator to be delivered before Christmas should plan to mail early! —*Gary McKechnie*

Illustration by Eric Hanson



transvestites transvesmites

Cartoon by David Yazbek

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

multimedia dance thing we want to produce about this conflict *Marcuse Off Flatbush*], the vital social community role which the cheese counter has played will be lost forever, heightening the increasing sense of alienation felt by many Coop members.

"Al Levy responded to each of Joan's points decisively. He said that...by working downstairs, cheeseworkers will be able to...cut cheese in a more efficient and hygienic way.... Al also thought that cheese sales would actually increase under the new system, because people would not have to go through the cumbersome process of ordering and picking up their cheese later....To put the debate in perspective, Al said that since the early days of the Coop, cheese has become a far less important part of members' shopping.... 'Pounds of cheese per capita sold have plunged over the years,' he said....

"Finally, Al apologized for the seeming secrecy of the cheese counter decision. 'I am sorry it was not more in the public eye of the Coop, but I certainly did not hide the decision from anyone who asked,' he said."

Once the debate concluded, the membership voted on a motion to form a committee to examine the possibility of an upstairs cheese counter. It was soundly defeated.

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Naked City

A World Without Baldness in Our Lifetime

The New, Improved Comb-over—Illustrated History of Hair, Part VIII

United States Patent [19]

Smith et al.

[11] **4,022,227**

[45] **May 10, 1977**

[54] **METHOD OF CONCEALING PARTIAL BALDNESS**

[76] Inventors: **Frank J. Smith**, 233 Cosmos Drive; **Donald J. Smith**, 517 Brockway Ave., both of Orlando, Fla. 32807

[22] Filed: **Dec. 23, 1975**

[21] Appl. No.: **643,681**

[52] **U.S. Cl.** **132/53**
[51] **Int. Cl.²** **A41G 3/00**
[58] **Field of Search** 132/53, 54, 9, 7, 5; 2/9

[56] **References Cited**

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3,811,453	5/1974	Bretton	132/53

Primary Examiner—G.E. McNeill
Attorney, Agent, or Firm—John B. Dickman, III

[57] **ABSTRACT**

A method of styling hair to cover partial baldness using only the hair on a person's head. The hair styling requires dividing a person's hair into three sections and carefully folding one section over another.

5 Claims, 6 Drawing Figures

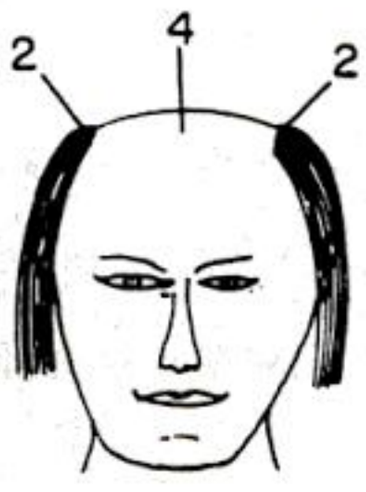


FIG. 1



FIG. 2

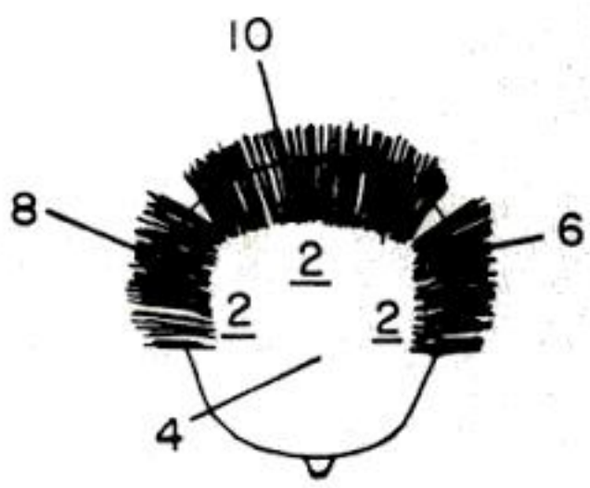


FIG. 3



FIG. 4



FIG. 5



FIG. 6

METHOD OF CONCEALING PARTIAL BALDNESS

BACKGROUND OF THIS INVENTION

For those people who are partially bald and wish to cover the bald area hair transplants, hair weaving and hairpieces are the most commonly used solutions. The cost of covering bald areas by one of these methods can range from a few hundred dollars to thousands of dollars depending on a person's choice and financial means. Some of these commonly used bald area coverings require periodic care, which generally cost money.

Obviously a partially bald person without the financial means can not afford the luxury of such hair coverings. This person, therefore, has few options; he can attempt to use his own hair to cover the bald area, but generally most people do not have the ability to properly plan a hair style that will look good, and most attempts result in brushing the hair in one direction over the bald area, or he can allow his baldness to show.

The year: 1977. Male vanity is raging, hairiness generally is de rigueur, and America's love affair with baldness is at an end: for the first time since its debut in 1973, *Kojak* fails to make the top 25 in the Nielsen ratings. Riding the winds of the Zeitgeist, Frank and Donald Smith, a father-son inventor team based in Orlando, Florida, are awarded U.S. Patent No. 4,022,227, "Method of Concealing Partial Baldness."

The Smiths' patent was for a unique new comb-over method. In the standard, inefficient single-shingle scheme, adopted by thousands of high school teachers, unsuccessful salesmen and Mort Zuckerman, one sheaf of hair is allowed to grow exceedingly long on one side of the head to form a scraggly pennant that is then flopped over and lacquered to the cranial bald spot (see The Illustrated History of Hair, Parts IV [April 1989] and VI [August 1989]). The patented Smith approach instead uses *three* extra-long hair slats of equal length, gathered together atop the head in a thatched-roof arrangement.

The Smiths didn't mention it in their patent, but their original plan was twofold: first they would patent the hairstyle (described in the patent as "a simple method to cover bald areas operable by the user on his own head"), then they'd invent and market a Vitalis-like fixative that would hold this complicated tricornered hair hat in place. Patent No. 4,022,227 was the equivalent of the Polaroid camera; the Smiths would make their fortune by selling the film.

"The idea," says 52-year-old

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Donald Smith, today a retired policeman in Orlando, "was to combine the way my father—who was going bald—let his hair grow [and] the perfect type of hair solution to keep it down. Then, once we sold people on the *idea* of doing this, we'd say, 'But to make this work you need *this* solution.' But we never got around to marketing the idea or the dressing."

How did the innovative three-slat approach evolve? According to Donald, Smith the elder was bald halfway down his head to the ear and neckline on all three sides (hair *did* grow just above his collar). The single-shingle flip would have provided only partial, mid-scalp coverage.

Donald was the concept man of the team, while Frank (who died a few years ago) was the chief engineer. The pair spent many months in the early 1970s mixing potions in Frank's home workshop, then testing them on Frank's working-prototype dome. "He grew his hair just like in the patent drawings," says Donald. "Three sides. I'd go over, and we'd mix 15 or 20 things together and apply them. I don't remember what-all it was now, but it worked. We got it to hold. The wind would blow it, and it wouldn't move. The solution, whatever was in it, did not look wet or greasy, though it did have kind of a graying effect on the hair."

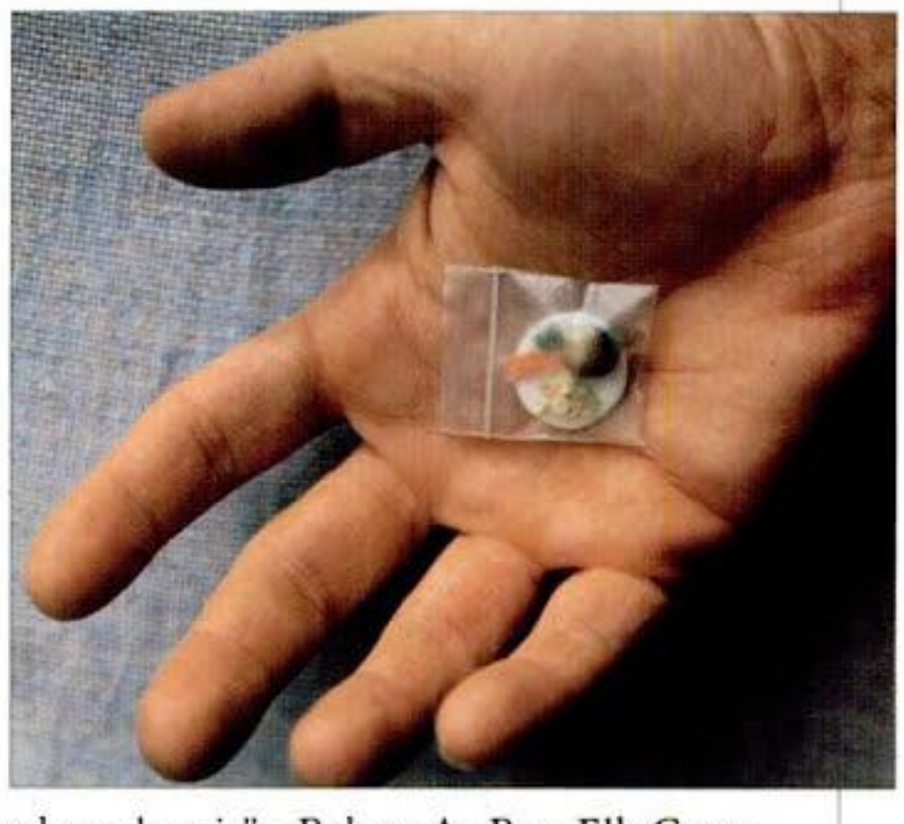
Unfortunately, as Frank aged and lost interest, the idea drifted into obscurity. Donald says he has never made a penny on the patent and has no plans to go forward now with phase two of the original plan. "Frank and I worked best together, though I still think it's a wonderful idea," he says. "I just wish Frank was here now to hear this phone call."

—Alex Heard

"*Psst*—Hey, Kid, Wanna Buy Some Fishing Tackle?"

You don't have to walk through a city park on your way to work every day to have noticed those cute little two-by-two-inch zip-lock plastic bags strewn on the ground. They're everywhere. Now, we know and you know what they're used for. Why is it, then, that the manufacturers and distributors of the bags claim to think otherwise? We asked some company spokespersons exactly what their products are used to carry.

- "Infectious hazards"—Gregory at Com-Pac, Carbondale, Illinois
- "Marbles, beads, tie tacks, golf tees"—Len at A-Pac Manufacturing, Grand Rapids, Michigan
- "Dirt samples"—Mark at Day-Pac, Dayton, Ohio
- "Fishing tackle"—Bill at Rickart, Hartland, Wisconsin
- "Arts and crafts"—Linda at Huckster Packaging, Houston, Texas
- "Little nuts"—Shelly at Pak-Sak, Sparta, Michigan
- "Coins, shells, art supplies, seeds, parts, tobacco, police evidence..."—Lanning Bag (Harvard, Illinois) catalog
- "If a guy's got a small part that he wants to take in and out and not lose it"—Bob at Ar-Bee, Elk Grove Village, Illinois



A few employees did grudgingly admit that their product might conceivably sometimes be used improperly for illicit purposes. One employee of a tiny-plastic-bag manufacturer said he became a little suspicious when a young man "in a very expensive sweatsuit...drove up in a Mercedes and asked to order 25,000 self-sealers....He said he was using them for car leasing."

Despite the usual application of the miniature bags, the Drug Enforcement Agency does not classify them as drug paraphernalia. "Not everyone who uses plastic zip-lock bags is a drug trafficker," says a DEA "cannabis investigator." "Packaging material in and of itself is not illegal." Nevertheless, a number of manufacturers and distributors were under the impression that bags smaller than two inches square are illegal, or at least officially discouraged. Several said they had received letters from the DEA asking for the names of people who ordered the smallest bags, and some mentioned a memo from industry leader Minigrip that asked other companies to join them in a ban on the baby baggies.

Susan Baker, an investigator for the DEA, could neither confirm nor deny the letter's existence, saying only that local DEA branches might ask bag manufacturers to furnish names "as a courtesy." Minigrip sales manager Ken Richardson was even less certain about whether his company had ever distributed a memo. "There might be someone here who could know that," he said, "but it would not be myself."

—Karen Harrison

Photograph by Anne Turyn

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Separated at Birth?



Robert Rauschenberg...



and Mike Ovitz?



Michael Keaton...



and Shirley Temple Black?



Walt Disney...



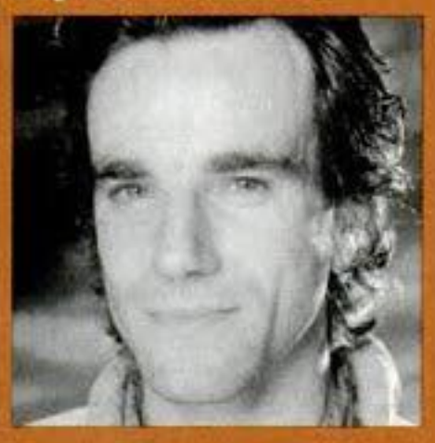
and Adam Clayton Powell Jr.?



Twitty candidate Jay Rockefeller...



and twitty candidate Pete du Pont?



Daniel Day-Lewis...



and Vanilla Ice?

Meet the Nobelists!

This Month's Question:

Where do butterflies go when it rains?

Merton H. Miller, 1990 Nobel Prize in Economics: "I'll be damned....I think they stay out in the rain, that's all. It's just *we're* not out, so we don't notice them."

Philip W. Anderson, 1977 Nobel Prize in Physics: "Oh, my! I don't know! I know where bees go: they hide in the flowers. Over the years, we've had a flower garden; my wife is an avid gardener, and I am an avid outdoorperson. This year we've had a particularly large number of bees and butterflies. We noticed after a rain we'd move up to the flowers and have to be real careful, because there the bees were. We haven't seen the butterflies. I suppose they do much the same thing, except they maybe get under a branch or something."

Jerome I. Friedman, 1990 Nobel Prize in Physics: "I would imagine beneath the biggest leaf they could find. I'm sure if you ask some botanist, he would know exactly...or someone who specializes in insect behavior."

William F. Sharpe, 1990 Nobel Prize in Economics: "I haven't the foggiest....I don't know anything whatsoever about such things. One of the great temptations, when you get in the position that I've found myself in, is that people ask you questions on ever so many things about which you know nothing...and that's a large list for me. Some of the people, I guess, have succumbed over the years. It's very tempting to go ahead and give opinions. Especially when you have them, however ill-informed they are. I try to resist. I'm not sure I always succeed, but I try."

Roald Hoffmann, 1981 Nobel Prize in Chemistry: "Oh, they sit under big leaves, of course....Occasionally I have watched butterflies. I've watched a butterfly change, when our kids were smaller, from a caterpillar to a pupa to a butterfly, slowly, but I don't know where they go. But I can imagine. I know out in the forest there are all kinds of trolls. My wife is from Sweden. We know that under all kinds of leaves in the forests and trees and moss, especially under mushrooms, there is a lot of life that we don't normally acknowledge. Trolls, elves, things like that. And I'm sure the butterflies know that, too."

—Gregg Stebben

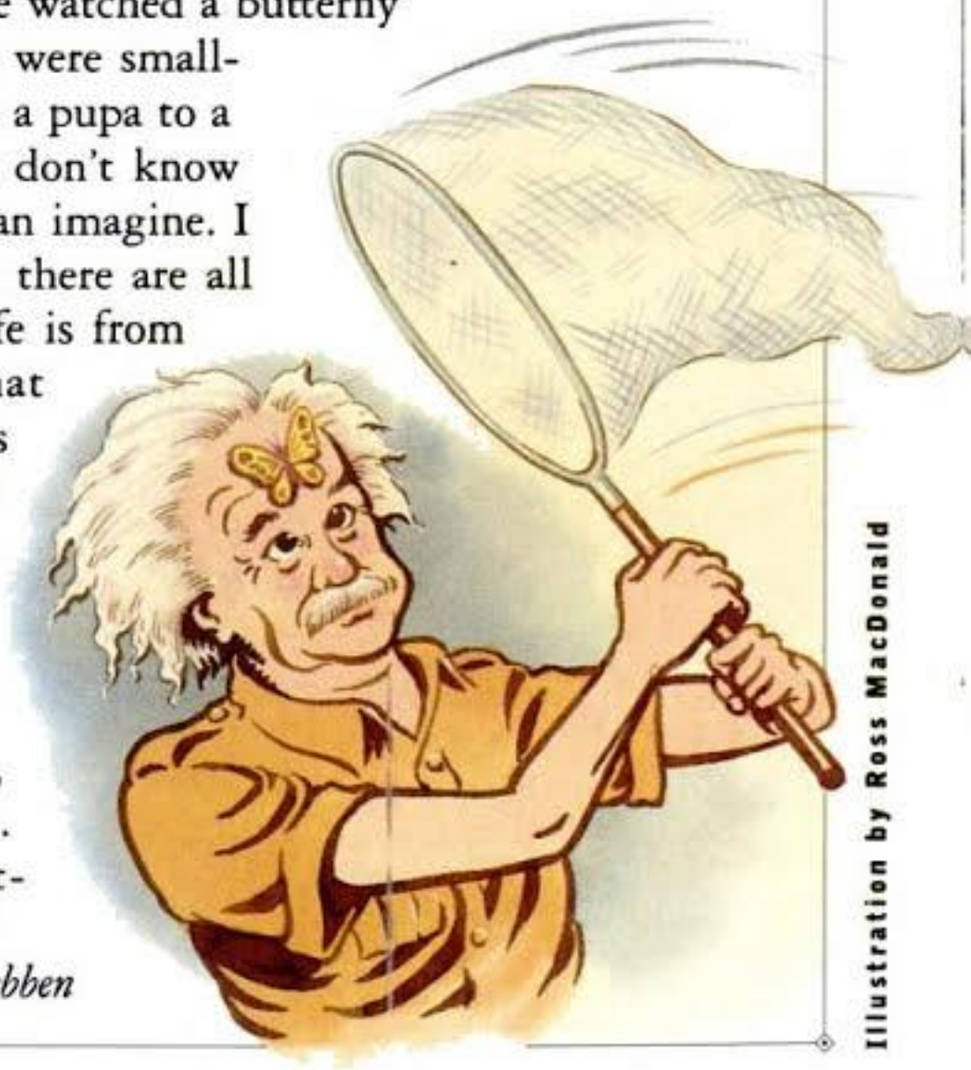


Illustration by Ross MacDonald

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For more than four years, neither the Atlanta police nor the FBI have been Lita Sullivan. That person may well be this man—her millionaire husband, Earlier this year, JOHN CONNOLLY spent several strange months

The Atl...
THE ATLANTA CONS...

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SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1987 ★★★

...ocialite's slaying remains mystery

...qp from high society to collapsing ...arriage ended by Buckhead gunman

...Bill Montgomery

...she was a spirited daughter of a ...minent black Atlanta family, a ...illy young woman known for a gen... heart. He was 10 years her elder, ...arming, urbane Boston Irishman ... crisp intelligence and dry New England speech reminded some Georgians of the Kennedys.

Almost from their first meeting in a Lenox Square boutique in the mid-1970s, James Vincent Sullivan, 45, the product of a blue-collar Irish neighborhood who had inherited his uncle's Macon liquor distributorship, wooed Lita LaVaughn McClinton. With their marriage, and the $5 million sale of the liquor business, Jim and Lita Sullivan entered the glittering world of the affluent.

She was fun-loving, energetic, wrapped up in good works, said a friend of both. He was "selectively charming, but he could also be described as 140 pounds of unbridled ambition."

Theirs became a life of fine cars, Wedgewood and Chippendale, and other rewards of the good life: a Florida ocean-front "landmark" home in exclusive Palm Beach, a $430,000 condominium in Buckhead, a mansion in Macon.

And a marriage that collapsed, dissolving in mutual recriminations in a bitter fight over property. Eighteen months ago, Lita Sullivan left her husband in Palm Beach and moved into the town house on Atlanta's Slaton Drive, solidifying a niche as an admired hostess and organizer for the arts and charity.

On a drizzly January morning, hours before a scheduled pretrial motion hearing on the divorce that afternoon, police say, Lita Sullivan opened her door to a tall, balding man delivering a box of

See SOCIALITE 14A



THE SULLIVANS: Lita, 35, was 'vivacious,' 'caring;' Jim, 45, 'selectively charming,' friends say.

able to indict the person responsible for the killing of socialite and a would-be pillar of Palm Beach society, James Sullivan. getting to know—and developing startling new evidence against—



The Prime Suspect



Lita and Jim Sullivan, several years after their 1976 wedding

Has a Palm Beach Millionaire Tried to Get Away With Murder?

THE BUCKHEAD SECTION OF ATLANTA, WITH ITS LARGE, IVY-COVERED HOUSES AND ITS NARROW, TREE-lined streets, is among the loveliest and most prestigious neighborhoods in town. On Friday, January 16, 1987, at 8:20 in the morning, Lita McClinton Sullivan, an attractive 35-year-old socialite, opened the door of her townhouse, located three blocks from the Governor's Mansion. There she found a balding, middle-aged man who had apparently come to deliver flowers. Instead, he shot her three times with a 9mm automatic pistol. The second and third shots were superfluous: the first hollow-point slug had entered her head and killed her instantly. Before leaving, the murderer indulged in a final act of derision, dumping the dozen long-stemmed roses he had brought across her body.

January 16 was supposed to have been a momentous day for Lita McClinton Sullivan, although not quite so dramatic. That afternoon, Fulton County Superior Court judge William Daniel had been scheduled to hand down a pivotal ruling in the bitter divorce trial in which Lita was embroiled with her husband of ten years, James Sullivan. Judge Daniel was going to decide on the validity of a postnuptial agreement the couple had signed, and the stakes were high. If the agreement was upheld, Lita Sullivan would be entitled to only $2,500

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per month in alimony. If it was overturned, Jim Sullivan would be obliged to fork over as much as half of his wealth, which had been estimated at $6 million, including Casa Eleda, his 57-year-old, $3 million Romanesque mansion on the ocean in Palm Beach. Of course, the murder of Lita Sullivan rendered the whole issue moot: Jim Sullivan would have no ex-wife to pay anything at all.

Forty minutes after Lita was murdered, a collect call was made from a pay phone at a highway rest area just north of Atlanta. Someone at the home of James Sullivan in Palm Beach accepted that collect call. The time it would take to drive from the murder scene to the rest area is about 40 minutes. That night, Sullivan had a cozy dinner at an intimate Palm Beach bistro with his new lover. At no time during the next few days—at no time during the next few years, for that matter—did he offer any expressions of sympathy to his dead wife's family: no call, no card, no flowers, no word.

Four years later, despite an extensive investigation by the Atlanta police and the FBI, Lita Sullivan's killer remained at large.

THE FIRST TIME I SAW JIM SULLIVAN, IN APRIL, I WAS surprised by how small he was. Before our formal introduction, I had been speaking to him over the phone for more than a year—a friend recommended Sullivan as someone who would be helpful for a financial story I had been writing—and I came to expect a much bigger person. Sullivan is rich, and until recently he was the chairman of the Palm Beach Landmarks Preservation Commission. Among his friends and acquaintances were Pulitzers, Du Ponts and Dodges. He has a strong, resonant voice, one that unmistakably reveals his Boston roots, and his speech, just short of being clipped, is almost military in style. But contrary to all preconceptions, Sullivan tops out at about five foot seven, and he is startlingly thin. I learned that he maintains his weight at 125 pounds. "I've always kept my animals a few pounds underweight," he told me later, speaking of the dogs he used to breed, "and they've lived longer. I believe it's the same for people."









***Above*, Lita Sullivan, whose husband implied that her parents or drug dealers had a hand in her murder; *right*, the composite drawings assembled by the Atlanta police of the killers**

Sullivan and I were meeting for brunch, and at his suggestion we went to Testa's—in his words, "the only place to have brunch." He is that kind of man, one with unapologetic opinions about matters of taste; it's not hard to picture him presiding with authority over Preservation Commission meetings, not allowing his lack of training in architecture or planning to get in his way. At the restaurant we talked mostly about the William Kennedy Smith case; Sullivan was well spoken and informed, and quite charming—a trait, I would come to see, that was most evident when he was in the company of women. And though the restaurant was crowded and the staff was harried and the matter under discussion involved a possible criminal assault, things were, all in all, pleasant.

Then our food arrived. Sullivan's sandwich was on white bread. His face tightened. Barely controlling himself, he dressed down the waiter. "I wanted my sandwich on *whole wheat*, not *white*," he snarled in a voice audible tables away. "Now take this *back*, and see if you can get it *right* next time." Sullivan must have seen the shock on my face, because in an instant he was back to normal. He apologized for his outburst. "But, John," he added, "you have to stay on top of some of these fags, or they'll walk all over you."

Later, when a friend told me that Jim Sullivan was the chief suspect in the murder of his wife, I wasn't entirely surprised.

Two months later, Sullivan called me from Southampton, on Long Island. He was staying with friends, and he invited me to come out from the city for a few days. He had been a good source for my article, and the prospect of spending a couple of days in a big house at the shore wasn't without appeal.

I arrived shortly before lunch and ended up spending most of the afternoon on the tennis court with Sullivan, who proved to be a determined, tenacious player. After cleaning up, we all went out to a restaurant. Sullivan drove his 1973 Mercedes. We had a nice time. On the way home I sat in the passenger's seat, his friends in the rear.

The roads on the eastern end of Long Island are lit poorly if at all. Drivers make good use of their high-beams, and vacationers from New York City often forget to switch back to regular lights. Several miles from the restaurant, we crossed an intersection; a car was waiting to turn onto the road we were traveling. The driver had neglected to lower his high-beams, and before long his lights hit our rearview mirror.

An annoyance, certainly, but Sullivan became perturbed in

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"It's either the sign of a clear conscience," he told me, "or no conscience at all"

the extreme. The transformation was amazing. He gripped the steering wheel and clenched his teeth. "Look at what they're *doing* to me," he hissed. "*I'll get them.*" He pulled over onto the shoulder and let the other car pass, then pulled out in pursuit. "Watch what I do to them with my halogen high-beams," he said, flooring it. When he was doing 70 mph and had closed to ten feet behind the other car, Sullivan hit his high-beams. The other driver veered slightly but held on. Sullivan stayed on the car's tail for a few more miles, until it turned off onto another road. (I would subsequently discover that I had been riding with a driver who was unlicensed as well as high-strung. In 1989 the state of Florida reviewed the 17 citations Sullivan had received over two years and revoked his license for five years.)

Later, after we had returned home and made plans for the next day, Sullivan told me that he never rose before nine in the morning. Then he looked me in the eye and, lowering his voice an octave, said, "That's either the sign of a clear conscience or"—now whispering—"no conscience at all."

Only in the retelling does it seem like a slightly ludicrous scene, something from one of the less memorable episodes of *Columbo*. At the time, late at night in a big Long Island mansion, I suddenly believed that Sullivan really could have murdered his wife. The next day, he invited me to stay at his Palm Beach home in August. I accepted. In the meantime, I began trying to find out everything I could about Jim Sullivan and the death of his wife.

SULLIVAN CAME TO PALM BEACH IN 1983 AND HAD A fairly meteoric rise to prominence. He had sold the Macon, Georgia, liquor distributorship he had inherited from his uncle for $5 million and was set to begin living at least one version of the American dream: 43 years old, rich, fit, retired. Still, he had goals. Perhaps something in his Boston Irish background helped him recognize that there were ways to advance through politics, and in 1985 he threw himself into the Palm Beach mayoral campaign of Deedy Marix, the owner of a local travel agency. When she was elected, Mayor Marix, grateful for Sullivan's aggressive and enthusiastic support, named him to the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission; in 1988 she elevated him to the chairmanship.

Sullivan had picked his political payback shrewdly. Palm Beach is a town where social cachet is measured not entirely in dollars, since theoretically everyone is wealthy, but in social recognition. Parvenu or not, as a member of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, Sullivan would have his favor curried by any mansion owner in Palm Beach inclined to do a little remodeling or adding-on. Consequently, Sullivan, whom a former friend described—obviously in plumper times—as "140 pounds of unbridled ambition," became a fixture at all the right parties, where his intelligence, good looks, *faux*-Brahmin charm and ownership of a choice piece of real estate served him well. By 1988 the *Palm Beach Daily News* was describing him as "a potent political force."



Casa Eleda, the 17,000-square-foot Palm Beach mansion that became Sullivan's prison

There was a large cloud on his horizon, however: he was having trouble with his marriage. While still living in Macon, Sullivan had expansively courted Lita McClinton, who was pretty and well connected and ten years younger than he. A graduate of Spelman College, Lita was the sort who enjoyed volunteering for good causes—in the weeks before her death, in fact, she had resumed those activities, helping to organize a New Year's Eve charity ball to raise money to fight cystic fibrosis. She also liked clothes; in fact, she met Sullivan in a boutique where she worked. Today he denies that he ever loved her—"It wasn't love, just lust," he ungallantly says—but he succeeded in sweeping her off her feet. As often happens in marriages where a young woman weds an older, successful man, Lita assumed a passive, almost subservient role. This enabled Sullivan to persuade her to stay in Atlanta during the first year of their marriage, 90 miles from where he was living and working. During that year he lied to people in Macon, denying that he was married.

Part of this secrecy no doubt had to do with Lita Sullivan's race. She was black, and Sullivan knew this might be an impediment to certain of his social aspirations. Indeed, once she moved to Macon, the difficulties began. Shortly after her arrival, some anonymous racist had a truckload of watermelons delivered to Sullivan's office. I once asked him why he thought an

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Suki's hand would drift onto the leg of her guest, particularly if he was richer than Jim"

Irish Catholic from the North could live with a black woman in a place like Macon and *not* expect consequences. "*Hubris!*" he answered. "I wanted to show people I could get away with *anything*."

After Lita moved to Macon, Sullivan kept her under his thumb. His former employees remember that Lita would have to come to the office to get money from him just to get her hair done. Sullivan, meanwhile, did what he wanted, including having affairs. One ex-employee told me that Sullivan would use her car to pursue his afternoon liaisons, because his car, a Rolls-Royce, was a tad too recognizable in downtown Macon. Often, upon his return, Sullivan would toss her the keys and tell her, "You need gas in your car." According to another worker, Lita eventually caught on after finding, amid the detailed phone logs Sullivan kept, repeated messages from a friend. She confronted him, and though he vehemently denied any impropriety, things were never again the same between them.

After the Sullivans moved to Palm Beach, they found the racism to be subtler than a truckload of watermelons but ever present. If they were trying for a new start, the effort did not last long. The marriage was in shambles. By August 1985, Lita McClinton Sullivan—who had endured open bigotry in order to be with her husband, who had indulged his philandering, who had accepted and even apologized for his abusive behavior to her in public—had had enough. She moved back to their Atlanta pied-à-terre and filed for divorce. Jim Sullivan countersued, charging theft, drug use and adultery.

SOON AFTER LITA DECAMPED TO ATLANTA, JIM SULLIVAN began an affair with Hyo-Sook "Suki" Rogers, the 35-year-old wife—wife, in fact, for the second time—of Leonard Rogers, a friend and fellow Palm Beach millionaire. According to Sullivan, "Suki was the love of my life."

Or at least the obsession of his life. There are stories of his following her and sneaking behind cars to spy on her; he even assaulted a much larger man whom Suki had begun dating after her husband discovered she was seeing Sullivan and threw her out of their home. Sullivan's attentions worked; the couple married in September 1987, eight months after Lita's murder.

A Korean immigrant who had come to Palm Beach via Chicago, Suki Rogers was, during those years, stunningly beautiful. Sullivan today alleges that while in Chicago, Suki was a prostitute. However, he was unable to back up his claim, and Suki declined to speak to me. One thing is certain: Suki knew how to profit from her liaisons. Her net worth when she took up with Sullivan was $421,000, the fruit of a bad marriage that had ended before her two bad marriages to Rogers.



Frank Bienert, Sullivan's uncle, who became disenchanted with Sullivan and intended to fire him and write him out of his will. Days before he could accomplish that, he was dead.

While researching this article, I discovered that before Suki began her affair with Sullivan, she had demanded that Rogers put her name on the deed to his home, and he had refused. Perhaps this mistrust drove her into the arms of Jim Sullivan. But whatever the reason, Sullivan made a point of telling me that in September 1987—eight months after Lita's murder and two weeks before he and Suki were married—he entered her name on the deed to his mansion as a joint tenant. "If I died, I wanted her to get the house," Sullivan explained, taking pains to add, "I didn't want my children [there are four, ranging in age from 18 to 25, from his first marriage, which ended in divorce] to get anything." Though blindly in love, Sullivan nevertheless had the presence of mind to have Suki sign a "quit claim" deed, which would give back to him full title to the house if they broke up. When they split in June 1990, he exercised it immediately.

Sullivan, it seems, was lying to me. I spent a day in the file room of the Palm Beach County Tax Office, digging out the deed that had made Suki half owner of Sullivan's mansion. The FBI had never seen this document—when I showed it to the special agent on the case, his surprise and interest were clear—and as far as I know, neither had the Atlanta police. This is not surprising; investigators searching for evidence in the death of Lita Sullivan would probably be inclined to look at documents from before her death, not after.

The deed was supposedly notarized on September 15, 1987. On the actual document, however, the 7 was handwritten, covering another number. I took the document to a police lab and had the 7 removed. Underneath was a typewritten 6, making the actual date of notarization September 15, 1986. That may explain why the year 1986 also appeared in the upper right-hand corner. There were other discrepancies as well. On the document, Sullivan attested to being a married man. That was true on September 15, *1986*. It was false a year later, when Sullivan claims the deed was filed: Suki and the widower Sullivan would not marry for another eleven days.

The significance of this alteration cannot be overstated. Ac-

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cording to Florida law, real property owned by a married couple cannot be deeded to a third party without the signatures of both spouses. Lita's name does not appear. Under Georgia law, generally speaking, parties in a divorce suit are prohibited from disposing of real property once a divorce has been filed. If Sullivan signed over half of his $3 million house to his mistress in September 1986—while he was still married to Lita, and four months before her murder—it was against the law in both Florida and Georgia to do so. More to the point, if he had tried to file the deed, Lita surely would have refused to cooperate and would have raised the issue during the divorce. It was a document with no validity—as long as Lita was alive. And it was a document with no point—as long as Lita was alive. And since it was invalid when signed in 1986, it had to be changed in order to be filed a year later.

Suki may have been the love of Sullivan's life, but money was clearly the love of hers. One Palm Beach socialite told me that at dinner parties, "Suki's hand would often drift onto the leg of her male dining companion, particularly if he had more money than Jim." And in Palm Beach, it wasn't that hard to have more money than Jim. Though apparently wealthy—Sullivan owned an expensive house on the right mile and a half of Palm Beach, and he had sold his business for $5 million—he had financial problems. The payout from the sale was spread over six years, and capital-gains taxes were taking about one-fifth of the proceeds. Also, he had to pay back in a lump sum the $1 million he had rather too freely borrowed from an employee-retirement fund in order to finance his new house, and besides that, he had to meet payments on a $900,000 mortgage on the place. Plus, he had to keep Suki entertained. Sullivan was in no position to absorb the cost of a big property settlement in Lita's favor.

Thus, in September 1986, Jim Sullivan had certain problems. He had money problems. He had wife problems. He had girlfriend problems. He must have known that Leonard Rogers had lost Suki when he refused to sign his property over to her. Did Sullivan fret that he would lose her in the same way? Did he thus sign the appropriate documents but then postpone their filing, waiting for...what? Lita Sullivan to disappear?

I later discovered an amazing thing: Sullivan was attempting to float this lie about the deed past me months after the truth had been disclosed in court. In 1990, when he and Suki were divorcing, her attorney asked Sullivan why he had given the deed to Suki while Lita was alive. Sullivan gave no real answer. Apparently the attorney didn't mention that the deed had been altered. The attorney then asked if Sullivan thought he could get away with this because he knew he was going to have Lita killed. Sullivan took the Fifth.

Then, at another point in those proceedings, Suki testified under oath that at home one night, after deliberately turning up the television, Sullivan had tearfully told her that he'd "hired someone to murder Lita, to get rid of her." Suki acted as though this news had come to her as a shock. Still, one can't help but remember that the deed Sullivan had presumably given her in 1986 was useless as long as Lita lived. Did Suki—shrewd Suki, savvy Suki—know that soon enough there would be no one to object to her being the joint tenant of Casa Eleda?

IN AUGUST, I SPENT A WEEK AS JIM SULLIVAN'S HOUSE-guest in Palm Beach. Why did he invite a reporter? *Hubris*, perhaps, or maybe just the need for companionship. I discovered shortly after I arrived that since June—just after his return from Southampton—Sullivan had been serving a one-year sentence of house arrest for perjury, a felony. It seems that in 1990, Sullivan was involved in a fender bender while driving without a license, and he persuaded Suki to testify that she had been behind the wheel. This so angered prosecutors that they went after both of them, leaving Sullivan no choice but to plea-bargain and do a stretch of soft time. Sullivan's sentence stipulated that he be confined to his home—the one on the beach with the wine cellar and swimming pool—seven days a week. The exception to this was that Monday through Saturday, between the hours of 9:00 a.m. and 9:00 p.m., he could, after notifying the police, leave his residence for business and shopping errands. The Palm Beach County Sheriff's Department could monitor Sullivan via a transmitter attached to his left ankle that sent signals to two computerized receivers in his home. Because of the size of Sullivan's "prison," some 17,000 square feet that he occupied all by himself, one computer wasn't sufficient; the $270-a-month operating costs were borne by the inmate.



Sullivan with Suki, whom he described as "the love of my life"; she says he told her he had Lita killed.

Oddly, Sullivan seemed to have gone out of his way to evoke a prison atmosphere. The house was dirty, dusty and in terrible disrepair: the ceiling in one upstairs bathroom had a foot-and-a-half hole, and the Town Council had recently cited Sullivan for having an overgrown lawn. Additionally, Sullivan, a notorious cheapskate—I saw him using the plastic wrapper

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from one morning's *Wall Street Journal* to cover a bowl of food he was going to heat in his microwave oven—had decided against running any of the air-conditioning systems. Dank, humid, quiet—the place had a feeling of despair about it that was palpable.

In the months I'd known Sullivan, I had been unable to shake the sense that he was playing games with me. He knew that I had been a police detective and that I worked as a journalist. I had no sense that he wished to be caught—he was deeply familiar with the Atlanta Police Department's investigation of him, and called them oafs—but I think he enjoyed toying with my suspicions. Soon after I arrived, he told me he had left two books for me on my nightstand. One of the books was Scott Turow's *Burden of Proof*, in part the story of a man presumed guilty of a crime he did not, in fact, commit. The second was a pamphlet of poems by J. L. Diamond, M.D., entitled *Winter of My Time*. The following excerpt is representative:

How sad death is so final
So complete...
Life so fragmentary.

How sad when death looms
Seldom ready...
Time rarely in place.

How sad death lingers
often pitifully...
Unwilling to let go.

How sad death is painful
a sudden calamity...
Unprepared are the future heirs.

Sometimes the trouble with dying
Is knowing that it's happening.

Sometimes with suddenness
Out of the clear blue.

During my stay, Sullivan spent a good part of every day working with his files. He wrote in his diary daily and kept copious records. He had piles and piles of newspaper clippings and documents packed into a second-floor office. These habits enable him to be extraordinarily precise when he wants to be: at a recent civil-court proceeding, in which he was testifying against George Bissel, a convicted con artist who had defrauded Sullivan out of more than $1 million, Sullivan was able to say that he had been in Bissel's company exactly 109 times.

When not poring over his various records, he performed mundane chores: the laundry, shopping, mucking about the pool. Dinner was usually set for seven o'clock, and afterward we would sit out on the lanai, facing a fountain that stands in the courtyard in the center of the house. The fountain, of course, didn't work, leaving us little to do but watch lizards run in and out of the overgrown bougainvillea. We talked of this and that, but mostly about him. Sullivan would sit in the same seat every night. His patterns never varied. Once, at dinner, he went to retrieve something from the kitchen, and I filled our wine goblets. When he returned, he looked from glass to glass, his eyes darting, and he briefly seemed angry. "John," he said evenly, "I believe you have my wineglass." It hadn't occurred to me that he had a special glass, and I was astonished that he could tell the difference between what appeared to me to be identical goblets. "How can you tell?," I asked him. He told me that his glass had a small chip on the stem. The chip was minuscule.





At Jim and Suki's divorce trial, *above*, Sullivan introduced Suki's panty hose and perfume into evidence. *Below*, in happier times, Suki stands by Jim as they face charges of perjury.

After several nights on the lanai, I finally broached the subject at hand. "Jim," I asked, "did you arrange to have Lita killed?"

He puffed on his cigar thoughtfully for a moment before answering. "What husband," he finally said, "would be foolish enough to have his wife killed on the very day there is to be an important court decision?"

He seemed intent on dissembling, so I tried a different tack: "Well, who do you think murdered your wife?"

Again he paused to mull over his answer. "Well, John," he finally said, "did I tell you about the life insurance her family received?" He went on to explain that the summer before her death, Lita, at her parents' request, had taken out a $250,000 life-insurance policy, which listed her parents as beneficiaries.

"Jim, are you suggesting that her parents were responsible?"

"They did get all that money," he said in his clipped way.

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After several nights on the lanai, I finally broached the subject. "Jim," I asked, "did you have Lita killed?"

The idea seemed improbable (and would seem more so two weeks later when I met the McClintons—she a 50-ish homemaker, he a 57-year-old government official, as decent and mild-mannered a couple as you would like to meet). I pressed him further: "Are you trying to tell me Lita's parents would have murdered her for the money?"

"Well, maybe they weren't responsible," he allowed, "but I think they knew something."

"About what?"

"About Lita being involved in carrying drugs." He mentioned that Lita had been dating a prominent Atlanta business executive. "I think she may have been carrying drugs for him."

I asked if the executive had ever been implicated in any drug deals.

"No," Sullivan said, "but his company did go out of business. You know, he was black."

"What does that mean?"

"Nothing, except you never know with those people." Sullivan, who is quite familiar with the investigation into Lita's death, acknowledged that the police had found no evidence of drugs in Lita's townhouse, and he admitted that apart from occasional recreational use of cocaine during the 1980s, Lita had no history of drug involvement. Sullivan then offered a second theory: "Marvin Marable could have done it to get even."

Marvin Marable, a former New York State trooper, was a small-time businessman who had set up numerous get-rich-quick schemes in Atlanta. He was married to Poppy Finley Marable, an old school chum of Lita's. Poppy and Lita had renewed their friendship when Lita left Sullivan and returned to Atlanta. (Poppy was present in Lita's townhouse at the time of the murder, lending her support during her divorce.) According to Sullivan, Marable had thought his wife was cheating on him, and so he'd put a tap on her phone and recorded her conversations. Lita had caught him and reported him to the police. Marable was charged with illegal wiretapping and pleaded nolo contendere. He ended up with two years of probation—hardly the sort of thing to inspire a revenge murder.

Sullivan then told me something remarkable: he had listened to the tapes. "Marvin contacted my lawyer in Atlanta," Sullivan said. "He said the tapes would be helpful against Lita. But my lawyer didn't want any part of them. I told Marable to send them to me. There must have been 300 to 400 hours of tapes. I remember listening for days. Poppy and Lita talked about the places they were going and the things they were doing." Sullivan also said there were conversations between Lita and the businessman she was dating. "There was talk about drugs and parties and other people she was seeing."

I wondered why Marvin Marable, a black, street-savvy go-getter, would care enough to reach out and help a rich white Bostonian in Palm Beach. Sullivan's speculation—"I don't know, maybe to get even with his wife or something"—seemed weak. I wondered why neither Atlanta police investigators nor FBI agents had sought to listen to the hundreds of hours' worth of the private calls of Lita Sullivan—tapes that her husband heard and that have been maintained by John Taylor, the attorney representing Sullivan in the divorce proceedings with Lita.

WHAT IS ON THE TAPES? PERHAPS, AS SULLIVAN SUGgests, they contain nothing but the prosaic conversations of Lita Sullivan and Poppy Marable, two old friends' chatter. Or perhaps they have interesting information about the first time that death interceded, very conveniently, to enhance Jim Sullivan's financial standing.

In 1974, Sullivan was a 33-year-old accountant, living in Boston with his first wife, Catherine, and his four young children. Nothing about his circumstances suggested he was on the fast track. Then an uncle in Macon, Georgia, Frank Bienert, the owner of a large liquor distributorship, made Jim an attractive offer: *I'm in my sixties, getting close to retirement, and I have no children to leave my business to. Come help me run the place, and I'll give you a share of the business.* It was an offer Bienert had earlier made to Sullivan's brother, who hadn't worked out to Bienert's satisfaction and was dismissed. According to Sullivan, after extensive negotiations, he agreed to move south; the agreement they reached held that he would receive 10 percent of the business and that the share would gradually increase to 48 percent. Sullivan also prevailed upon Bienert, as part of the agreement, to change his will and make him the sole owner of the business upon the uncle's death.

"After I was there only ten months," Sullivan gleefully told me one night, "the fat old bastard keeled over from a heart attack, right onto a pallet of vodka."

Marveling at how coincidence and sudden death managed to play such a forceful role in Jim Sullivan's life, I went to Macon. There I found that Sullivan had been lying to me once again.

In Macon I talked with more than 20 people, including former employees of Bienert's who remembered Jim Sullivan. Many of them remembered that they didn't like him very much, that they found him condescending and rude. They also remembered that during the ten months they worked together, Bienert had grown angry with his nephew's attitude and behavior. By the end of December 1974, Sullivan was on his way out. Numerous employees say that for all practical purposes he was already fired.

On December 30, Bienert drafted an indictment of Sullivan's transgressions, which he intended to present

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On September 6, FBI agents searched Casa Eleda. They found four guns, including a sawed-off shotgun.

to him on Friday, January 10. "I am reading this statement as an indictment to record the poor performance of your tenure," it read, "and use this means to strive for...consciousness of the many unsatisfactory and unresolved problems of your operational management—the worst of any I have experienced—and one which was leading to chaos.

"You haven't carried your weight, earned your keep...or made our lives easier, better or happier for your coming here. On the contrary, you have made things harder for just about everyone...and have put a serious and undue strain upon me and my family's well-being....

"Further, you have shown little reciprocity, appreciation or constructive response and action. You have made our relationship a one-way street—your direction only. In short, you haven't...been a good relation. We expected much more." Bienert worked hard on the statement. There were four drafts, and it went on for several pages.

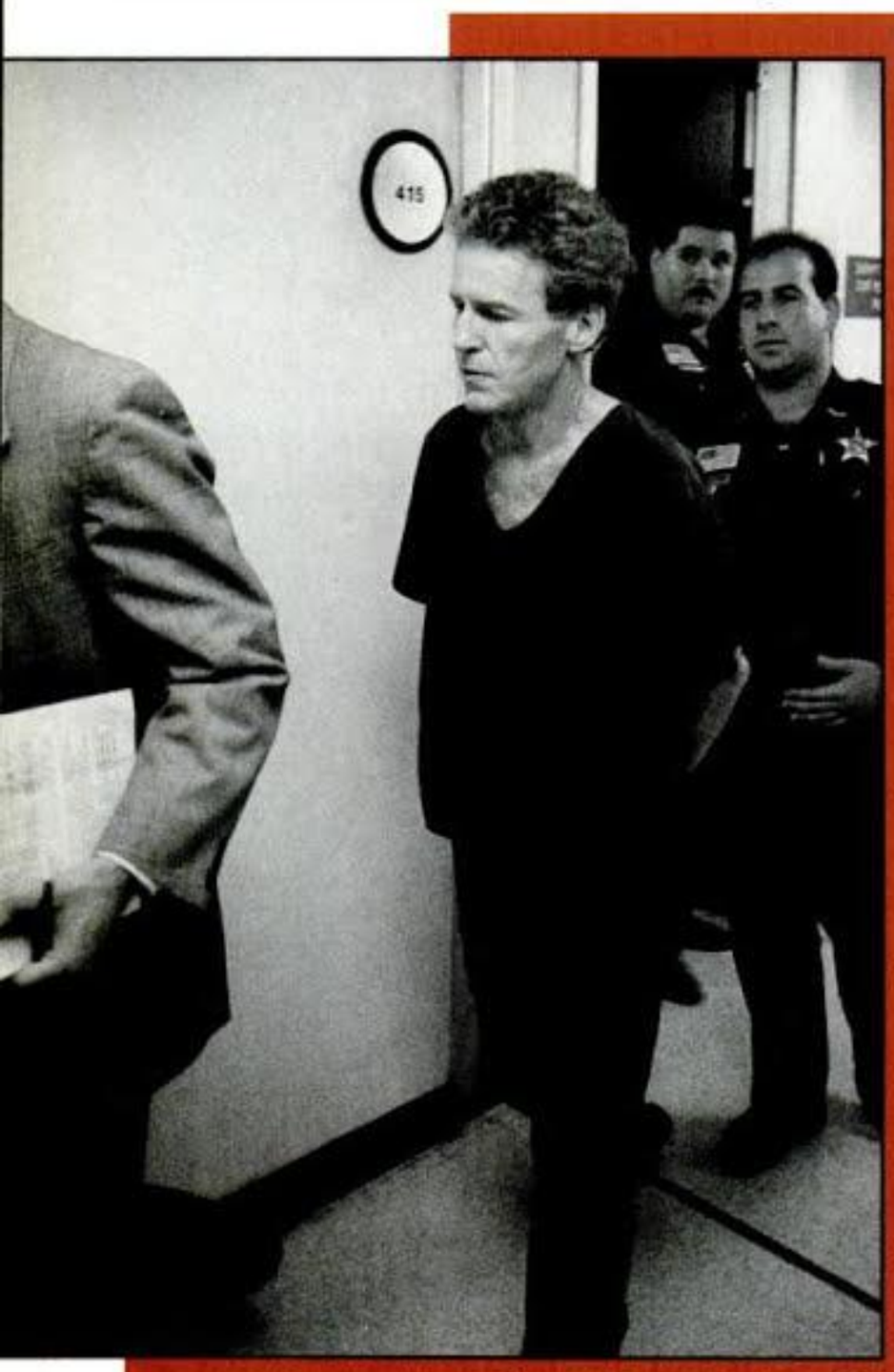
Though Bienert was unremittingly blunt, he did hold out to Sullivan the slim possibility of another chance. Still, it does not seem he put much faith in the possibility. Three days earlier, on December 27, Bienert had drafted a codicil to his will that removed Sullivan as executor, and he'd sent that codicil to his attorney, Ellsworth Hall Jr. Bienert must have then reflected on the matter further. I spoke to an old friend of Bienert's, a Macon contractor who had a weekly golfing date with Bienert and Hall. He told me that on their outing that week, Bienert had told Hall to revise his will and eliminate Sullivan as a beneficiary.

Hall must have sensed no urgency. The codicil was not filed and was later disallowed, and the revision was not drafted. But sometime after lunch on January 3, the day Sullivan returned from a vacation in Boston, Frank Bienert, 65 years old but in good health, became violently ill. Overwhelmed with nausea and bouts of vomiting, and unable to catch his breath, he went home early. Relief was not forthcoming; the symptoms persisted into the next day, and he began passing black stool. Bienert, a man whose worst gastrointestinal complaint until that time had been mild indigestion, was internally hemorrhaging.

Despite his distress, Bienert was not taken to a hospital. His wife, Agnes, was a Christian Scientist. She had once sat in a chair for three days with a broken hip, waiting for God to cure her. Family members, certainly, were aware of the depth of her beliefs.

Five days after he was stricken, a dying Frank Bienert called a trusted employee, who immediately took him to the hospital. Jim Sullivan somehow learned of this and rushed to the hospital, arriving in time to sign the admitting forms. Bienert died within hours. The attending physician attributed the death to cardiac arrest. No autopsy was performed. Jim Sullivan handled the funeral arrangements. He shipped the body to Boston after ordering the mortuary to prepare it for cremation.

I spoke to Dr. Michael Baden, the chief of forensics for the New York State Police, and asked him what he thought of the case. He was appropriately cautious and advised that Bienert's symptoms were consistent with many conditions, one of which, however, was poisoning. He noted that doctors frequently miss poisoning in their diagnoses, since the symptoms resemble those of other, more probable conditions. I asked him specifically whether the symptoms were consistent with coumadin poisoning, and he acknowledged that they were. Coumadin is an anticoagulant, and its properties were well known to Jim Sullivan. His first wife required an operation to relieve a clotting problem she suffered during pregnancy. She remembers him engaging in long discussions with her physician about the danger of hemorrhaging that coumadin presented. One week after Frank Bienert's death, Catherine Sullivan packed up her four young children and left her suddenly enriched husband forever.



After FBI agents found four guns in Casa Eleda this September, Sullivan's house arrest was revoked, and he was indicted on weapons charges.

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ONE NIGHT IN PALM BEACH, OUT OF THE BLUE, JOEL Weissman, Sullivan's divorce lawyer, told me who he thought had killed Lita. "I believe Suki either knew of or was responsible for Lita's murder," he said. I had the definite feeling Sullivan had put him up to this. Later he elaborated. "Jim Sullivan," he said, "is a genius, a mastermind, and could set you up, but he would be incapable of setting up Lita's murder." Before I could ask Weissman about the apparent inconsistency of that statement, he abruptly said goodnight and left. When I told Sullivan about Weissman's abrupt exit, he became upset. "That was rude," he said, "but he's a Jew and lacks taste."

Later I asked Sullivan if he agreed with Weissman's statement about Suki's being a potential killer. "Suki was not capable of such an act," he insisted. But it seems he gave the proposition some more thought. The next day, while I was accompanying Sullivan on some errands, he told me that although he still thought Suki incapable of Lita's murder, he remembered that she had once threatened the former girlfriend of her new lover. "'I can hurt you,'" Sullivan remembered her telling the woman.

1992 Movie of the Week
9:00 p.m. SPY

The Mystery of the Cold-blooded Millionaire

A reporter for a New York–based satirical monthly develops important evidence against a murder suspect. With...



John Glover as Sullivan... Joan Chen as Suki... Jasmine Guy as Lita... John Spencer (L.A. Law) as Connolly... and Gavin MacLeod as Uncle Frank.

After dinner that night, we parked ourselves on a pair of mildewed couches out on the lanai. Sullivan isn't the type to squander money on profligate electricity use, and the only illumination was from a small lamp and the glowing ash of his cigar. Sullivan asked me how my work was going, and I told him I hadn't decided yet whether I had enough to write a story. I reminded him that his lawyer was sure Suki had killed Lita, but that he, Sullivan, thought it might have been Marvin Marable, or drug dealers. I decided then to deliver a message. "If I discover it's Marable," I told him, "I'll write that. If I discover it's Suki, I'll write that. But, Jim, if I discover it's you, I'll write that."

His body tensed and his face hardened, and I saw his fingers gripping his brandy snifter so tightly that I thought it would shatter. Then, in a voice that was at first barely audible but steadily increased in volume, he said, "John, I am not interested in social redemption; I am interested in *money*. In fact, I may write my *own* book."

For a while thereafter we sat in cold silence. Finally—mercifully—the phone rang, and Sullivan leapt up to answer it. Ten minutes passed, then he returned. "I'm going to be on this call for a while," he said cheerfully. "Let's talk more about this tomorrow." We never broached the subject of Lita's murder again.

SECTION 1952A OF TITLE 18 OF THE U.S. CODE prohibits the use of interstate-communications facilities—the telephone, among other instruments—in the commission of a murder-for-hire. It is a broad statute, meaning that the elements of proof required for a conviction are nowhere near as rigorous as they would be for a more specific crime, such as murder itself. Under this section, the government would not have to identify the person who pulled the trigger, only show that interstate-communications facilities were used to arrange the murder and that money changed hands.

To prosecute James Sullivan successfully, the government would have to prove that he had a motive; his unwillingness to split his assets with Lita and his fear of jeopardizing his comfortable life would surely suffice. The government would have to show that his intent was to eliminate the threat to his assets and way of life—Lita—and that he used interstate-communications facilities to accomplish the murder. No doubt the long-distance call from Georgia to Palm Beach just after the murder would come into evidence. The government would also have to prove that someone was paid for the murder.

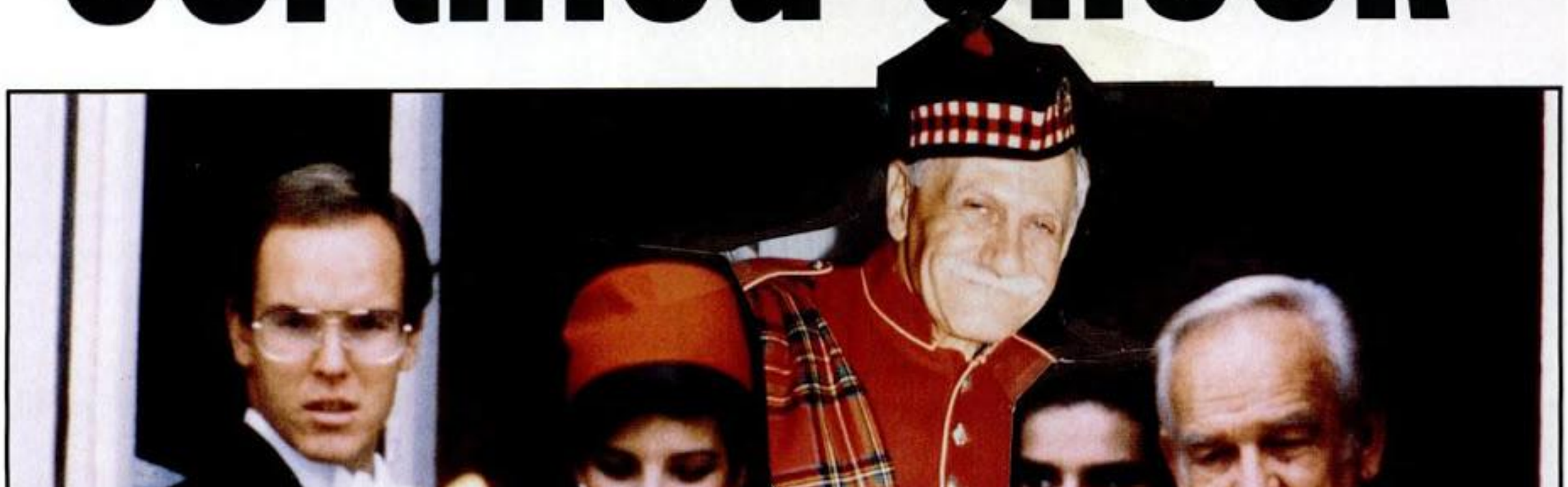
Armed with a warrant obtained with evidence I gave them, the FBI searched Casa Eleda on September 6. Among the items they removed were a handgun, a rifle and two shotguns, one of them sawed-off—items that a felon is not entitled to possess. The Palm Beach prosecutor brought weapons-possession charges against Sullivan, and a judge immediately revoked his house arrest and put him in prison. Meanwhile, the FBI agents began sifting through the other items they'd removed from the house. A week later, on September 13, the FBI arrested Thomas Henley, a 34-year-old Georgia man, and charged him with murder, accusing him of being one of the men who participated in the shooting. In an affidavit in support of the arrest warrant, the FBI links Sullivan to the plot. They are also seeking Marvin Marable for questioning. No doubt they are hoping that Henley or Marable will help them develop the final bits of evidence they need to bring Sullivan to justice.

The night of Henley's arrest, Catherine Sullivan called me. She told me she had told someone close to her, a family member, about my theories concerning the death of Frank Bienert. "'Oh,'" Catherine Sullivan told me the relative sadly replied, "'I always thought Jim killed Uncle Frank.'" ◗

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How It's Possible to Become a Titled

My Kingdom for a Certified Check



by Michael Moynihan

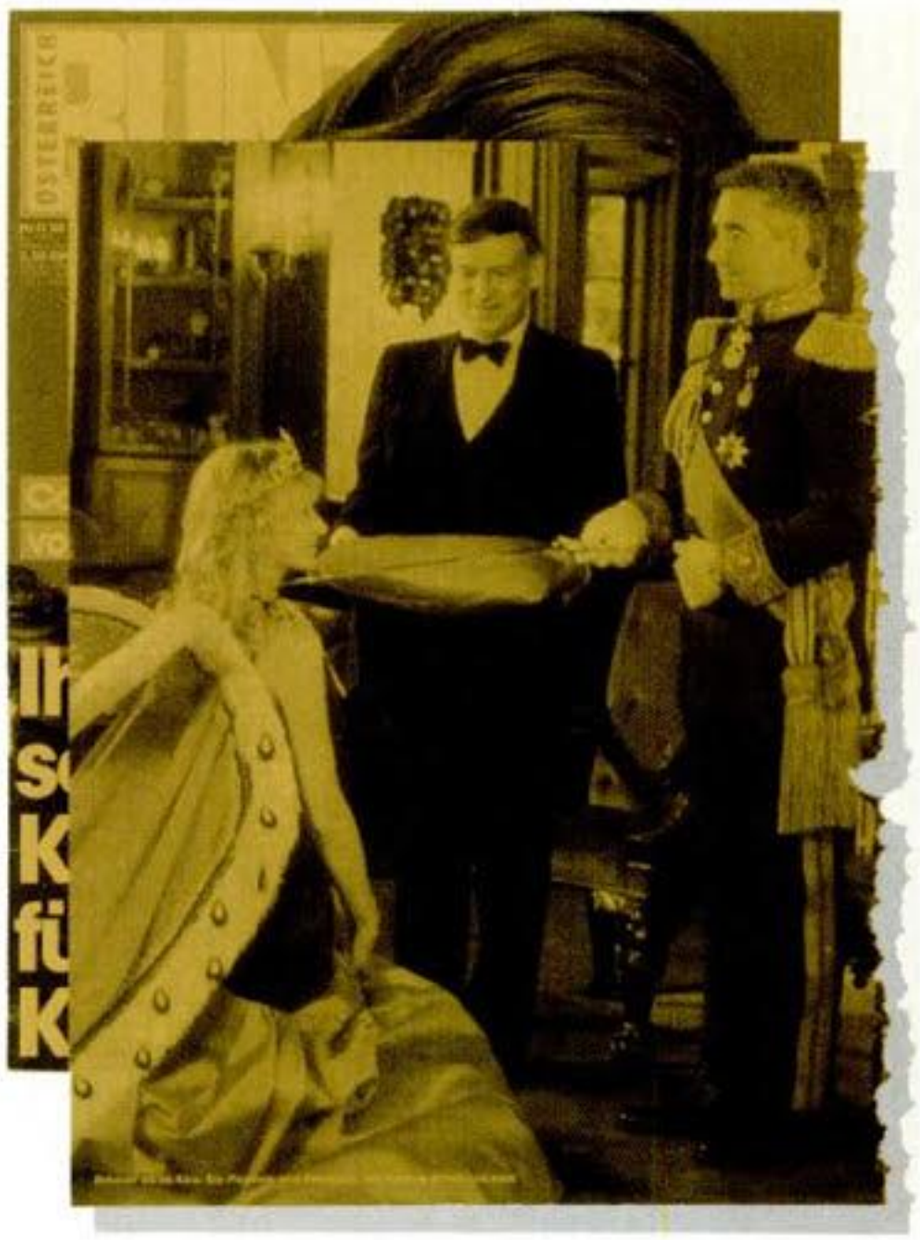
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Member of European Nobility for Less Than the Price of a Hyundai

THE PLAYBOY MANSION IN BEVERLY HILLS HAS BEEN THE SITE OF many insanely over-the-top spectacles during the last two decades, but few have approached the insanity of the proceedings that occurred one sunny morning in 1989, a short time before Hugh Hefner forsook his bathrobed-groove-machine persona and married 26-year-old Kimberley Conrad. On the day in question a small crowd of attendants were dispatched to the mansion's entrance to greet the Rolls-Royce Shadow that had just pulled up in the driveway. From the car emerged a distinguished man clad in official-looking royal regalia, complete with medals, a sash across the chest and a two-cornered hat. This resplendent figure was escorted into the mansion's library, where Hef, in black tie, and his bride-to-be, immaculately turned out in a red silk dress with mink cape and three-yard train, greeted him. A hush fell upon the room, which had been done up in ersatz medieval-bordello style (low lighting, brick fireplace, a throne before which lay a velvet pillow crossed by a saber), when the decorated man, His Highness Prince Frederic von Anhalt, Duke of Saxony, Count of Ascania—more commonly known by his other title, the eighth Mr. Zsa Zsa Gabor—seated himself upon the throne and instructed Conrad to kneel before him on the pillow. Wielding the saber, Prince Frederic declared in German, "In the name of the House of Ascania and continuing in the tradition of Albrecht the Bear, I do proclaim thee a knight." Though Conrad, who was named *Playboy* Playmate of the Year that year, speaks no German, she cried after the ceremony, apparently suffused with joy over her ascent to the aristocracy and her newfound association by marriage with the more truculent Gabor sister.

For the privilege of being married to Princess Kimberley Conrad, Hef shelled out $550,000 to Prince Frederic, who had himself become a prince through purely financial means: many years ago, when he was merely Robert Lichtenburg, a bank teller from Karlsruhe, Germany, the future prince made a deal with the impecunious daughter-in-law of Kaiser Wilhelm to obtain a royal title in exchange for a yearly payment of 2,000 marks. (He stopped paying her after three years.) Indeed, anyone with the funds and desire to obtain a royal title can easily do so. What you get for your money is rarely tangible in the material sense—more often it's signet rings and writing paper, not castles and fiefs—but the more expensive titles definitely have more to offer the viscount-come-lately than do the cheap ones.

The sum of $300,000, I learned, would purchase the title of Prinz Von Sayn-Wittgenstein, an honor that allows you to claim the ancestry of Charlemagne's battle opponents and the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein; a no-frills Scottish lairdship, on the other hand, could be obtained for a few hundred dollars. And deals? I found them galore. Right now may be one of the best times ever to buy a title, the market for royalty being as depressed as that for real estate. And remember that in a recession, cash is king. A spokesman for the Chase Manhattan Bank told SPY that while Chase doesn't have an explicit policy concerning the financing of royal titles, personal loans are available for practically any purpose, and royal-title seekers wouldn't be disqualified.



"I dub thee queen of the Playmates!": Kimberley Conrad's knighting, as pictured in the German magazine *Bunte*; note Hef I beaming in the background.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO OBTAIN A TITLE? THE CONCLUSION I CAME TO, after months of studying *Burke's Peerage* and answering newspaper adver-

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tisements for German baronies and Serbian dukedoms for sale, is that getting a title of any kind is like joining a club that has the requisite snootiness and exclusivity but no sports or dining facilities. Sure, the House of Lords pays its peers $128 for every day they show up and offers a view of the Thames, but that's about as good as it gets. An equally important conclusion is that titled nobility take themselves seriously and, for the most part, are taken somewhat seriously by others [see "His Lairdship Takes Manhattan," page 58]. But is a purchased title as good as the kind you inherit? Shockingly, in most cases the answer is yes. Most titled families throughout history began as ordinary families in which one member, through money or marriage, acquired royal standing. Within a generation or two of a commoner's purchase of a title, people forget how long the purchaser's family has been titled. In France, for example, there are now two aristocracies, one consisting of those whose ancestors survived the Revolution, the other consisting of the descendants of Napoleonic pretenders.



A no-frills Scottish lairdship can be obtained for just a few hundred dollars

Europe's tapped-out nobility is all too eager to correspond with check-book-wielding Americans.

In typical French fashion, the latter group has become every bit as haughty and unpleasant as the former.

IN MOST COUNTRIES IT'S ENTIRELY LEGAL TO BUY A TITLE. ONCE THE PAPERwork is signed, the money paid, and your name altered on the record books, you really are the rightful owner of your title. The next trick is to get yourself listed in one of the royal directories, such as *DeBrett's Peerage* or *Burke's Peerage* in England, or the *Dictionnaire de la noblesse française* in France. From there, it's your prerogative to avoid employment, appear smug in paparazzi photographs and romp around Nice in a thong bathing suit.

After answering an advertisement in the *International Herald Tribune* that read, "Would you like to become an aristocrat? German baron offers his title to highest bidder," I received the following message, delivered in a crisp, cheery voice, on my answering machine: "This is Baron Von der Trenck calling. I received your letter about the title. I am in Austria for the next two months. So please call me. Thank you, sir."

I hastened to call the baron back. His phone was answered by a woman I took to be a maid, and after an appropriately long interval—long enough, I imagined, for the baron to traverse the expansive, *Sound of Music*–like manor house in which he surely lived—he greeted me. He explained, charmingly, that he was in Austria for "the winter sports," and that his ancestors had been well known in Germany since the year A.D. 700. There was not even the semblance of an investigation of my suitability to assume his title. He demurred on the issue of nuts-and-bolts negotiations, referring me to his lawyer in Munich, the curiously titled Dr. Dr. René Platzer von Fabricius (a holder of two Ph.D.'s? A person with especially bad handwriting?), who the baron said would contact me about the necessary commercial arrangements. "Perhaps I may be in New York and we can meet then, or if you come to Germany, we can meet in Munich. I will have my lawyer contact you," he told me. I promised to call him once I received his package. "Super, super, Michael," he said. Within a few days, I received a letter from the attorney, which confirmed two notable pieces of information: that I would become entitled to the barony by being adopted by Von der Trenck in South Africa, and that the price tag for the entire transaction would be $100,000.

For days thereafter, I imagined that somewhere in the Austrian Alps, the baron, reclining in some tavern between luge runs, with a song by Abba playing in the background, would be seized by the memory of his debts. But then he would recall this American in New York, who might buy his title and replenish his coffers for another year of the good life. With that he would order another brandy. Of course, I hadn't the means to replenish his coffers for more than another couple of days of the good life, but the image moved me.

After a maddening three-week period of waiting for more information, I received in the mail a large yellow box containing a Polaroid of the baron (which revealed him to be jovial-looking and 50-ish), a book in German outlining the exploits of his ancestors, a map of the traditional homestead (no longer owned by the family) and a scrapbook of newspaper clippings about a festival held every year in the town of Waldmünchen. It was customary,

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the baron's letter explained, for a member of the baron's family to attend this historic celebration, known as the Von der Trenck Festspiele, which was staged for locals every year—and, he implied, this would be one of the rights of my title.

Thrilled as I was at the prospect of quaffing *Weissbier* and gobbling wursts with my subjects, I was hazy as to what other privileges the Von der Trenck barony entailed. I pressed Fabricius, and he explained, "Generally speaking, the privileges connected with the title are mostly in the form of an honorarium. Should, however, a member of the Von der Trenck family acquire and own the estate of Schakulak, situated in East Prussia [currently part of the disintegrating Soviet Union], he acquires with it the title of count [a more impressive title than baron]. Under the changing conditions in the Soviet Union, this should become a possibility in the near future." Intrigued, I wrote to Fabricius once more, to lobby for a reduction of the title's price. I wasn't about to spend 100 G's just to live in hope of reviving the East Prussian nobility.

Besides, by this point I had other irons in the fire, and I was no longer acting in my own interest. I had taken it upon myself to secure a title of nobility for Walter Monheit™, SPY's persnickety messenger/critic-at-large and a man more qualified than most to claim regal status, since he was actually born in Europe between the wars. My research on Monheit's behalf revealed countless nobility options to explore. One pretender who seems perpetually to be hawking his good name in the classifieds is His Majesty King Marcijan II Lavarello-Obrenovich, king of Serbia and Bosnia (at press time, still in exile), whose ad declares that the king is seeking applications for a "limited number of noble titles." Upon answering his ad in *The New York Times*, I received a letter explaining "the affairs of the 'Cultural Counsel of the Royal and Imperial House of Serbia and Bosnia,' under the control of His Majesty King Marcijan II Lavarello-Obrenovich (in exile), are being conducted...by Baron Robbert W. H. van Haersolte" in Berlin. The baron, who signed the letter, added, "We

FAKE ROYALS, REAL PRESTIGE

The New American Czar Glut

PERSON	CZARSHIP	ACTUAL TITLE	HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE CZAR?	HAS VISITED THE USSR?
Dan Quayle	"Competitiveness czar" (*Business Week*, February 27, 1989)	Chairman, Competitiveness Council; vice president, United States of America	Unavailable for comment	Spokesperson says no.
Jack Kemp	"Poverty czar" (*The Wall Street Journal*, February 22, 1991)	Secretary, Department of Housing and Urban Development; chair, Economic Empowerment Task Force	Spokesperson says *poverty czar* is a misnomer: "He wouldn't designate himself a czar. He doesn't really like it."	Spokesperson says yes.
E. J. "Zeke" Giorgi	Illinois's "gambling czar" (*Chicago Tribune*, May 30, 1990)	State representative, Illinois General Assembly	"It's like a double-edged sword.... It's a little disappointing to be remembered as the gambling czar."	No.
John Macfarlane	Canadian TV's "news czar" (*Maclean's*, September 10, 1990)	Managing director of news, features and informational programming, Canadian TV	"To call me a czar [is] really laughable....To act like a czar [at CTV] would be impossible. But I hope to know that pleasure someday."	Yes.
Reuben Greenberg	"Crime czar" of Mobile, Alabama (*Atlanta Journal*, May 20, 1990)	Public-safety director, Mobile	"It's a good feeling, but also a terrible burden. You work harder, trying to develop the expertise people expect you to have."	No.
Dr. John Lyons	"Standards czar" (*Industry Week*, July 2, 1990)	Director, National Institute of Standards and Technology	Aide says, "This is a federal research laboratory. We do not issue standards. That's tasteless to link someone in industry with what's going on in Russia, isn't it?"	Aide says yes.
John Garamendi	"Insurance czar" (*Los Angeles Times*, May 19, 1990)	California State insurance commissioner	"It beats Communism."	"I was there in '86 and have had a stomach virus ever since."

—David Hyatt

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This Indenture

For a couple of C-notes you get this handsome document—plus one square foot of Scotland!

require your personal particulars which must stand up to any investigation." *No problem*, I thought. I wrote back to Baron Van Haersolte, saying Walter's "entrepreneurial and other talents have led to a successful life with many accomplishments in different industries, including that of movies as well as publishing." So began another round of negotiations.

King Marcijan's offer turned out to be murky. In an inspired bit of hawksmanship, he'd decided not simply to sell titles straightforwardly but to ask would-be lieges to send him cash, whereupon he would or wouldn't grant a title according to his royal whim. Confidentially, the baron indicated that "the titles of Baron, Count and Duke are at your disposal. The family name depends on the title and refers to a location or a landscape and is chosen in a way it is easily expressible for American tongue." The suggested "honorarium" for the available titles ranged from $50,000 to $200,000. In return, Count Monheit could expect the following perks: a conferment certificate, the family's coat of arms, the chronicle of the Lavarello-Obrenovich lineage, a signet ring and writing paper.

A *Wall Street Journal* article revealed why His Majesty needed the money. The king, or *kralj* in his native tongue, had for many years lived in an unheated apartment, with neither queen nor heirs. Forced out of power at the turn of the century, the family had had its remaining land stolen by the king's accountant, and a burglar had lifted the then king's crown. Marcijan sounded like a real loser, but I figured a title was a title.

I wrote to His Majesty's baronial secretary to explain that Walter wanted to be a duke but was also interested in the lower-rent possibilities of becoming a count or baron, and I asked how much of a donation was required for each. Giving no quarter, Baron Van Haersolte responded, "Is i [*sic*] already mentioned it is His Royal Highness only who decides about an application for a title and the adequate fee." In response to my question about how the title would be conferred, the Baron wrote, "Titles conferred by His Majesty are by Letters Patent and are therefore recognized without question internationally." As for how long it would take, "the time frame involved, from receipt of the application to final granting of title of nobility by His Majesty, is normally not more than six (6) weeks." My mild attempt at bargaining was ignored—the king maintained his high five- and six-figure asking prices. I decided to take Walter's and my business elsewhere.

TRADITIONALLY, THE MOST POPULAR source of titles for Americans has been England. Anglophiles all, we can't resist the temptations of tweed or of saying, "Let's shoot a brace of quail." Sadly, however, real British titles, known as peerages, are reserved for those born to them or those who contribute large amounts of money to the party in power or render some equivalent service. The easier-to-obtain titles—widely advertised by the British real estate firm Bernard Thorpe and Partners and an organization called the Manorial Society of Great Britain—are known as "lordships of the manor." MTV

DR. KISSINGER REGRETS...

What good are titles if you can't flaunt them? After dropping a bundle for Walter Monheit's lairdship, we wanted to introduce him formally into Society. Fifty swells (including Ralph Lauren, Claus von Bülow, Liz Smith, Henry Kissinger and Sly Stallone) were invited to join Laird Walter for "the Glorious Twelfth"—an actual Scottish holiday celebrating the first day of red-grouse shooting on the moors. Of course, we never intended to hold the event; we just wanted to see who might consider spending a weekend with a titled person they'd never heard of.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY'S OFFICE: "He'll not be able to go. You know, he doesn't plan to be flying to Scotland." **JOHN SUNUNU'S OFFICE:** "He cannot go. We have some business to take care of." *Is he aware we're offering free transportation?* "Yes." **ABE ROSENTHAL AND SHIRLEY LORD (HER OFFICE):** "She wanted me to get a few more details." We explained what the Glorious Twelfth was; later her secretary called back: "She'll be in Montana at the time. But she would like to remain on your mailing list." **PATRICIA KLUGE'S OFFICE:** "We're not familiar with him. Does he have a business here?" *He spends most of his time grouse-hunting.* "Oh....Who else is on the guest list?" *It's a very big list. Who* isn't *on it would take less time.* "Okay, I'll be in touch." We received a call with Mrs. Kluge's regrets. **SYLVIA MILES (AFTER BEING ASSURED SHE'D HAVE FREE LODGINGS):** "It sounds interesting. I might very well be able to come." Later we informed her the event was canceled—Laird Walter had been injured in a hunting accident. "Well, let's try again for next year."


Laird Walter of Glenaegle

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gave one away last year, and this summer British Airways offered one in a promotional campaign. Even Sotheby's tried to auction one off not long ago, this one in Stratford-upon-Avon, but the bids didn't come close to the reserve of £250,000.

According to David Williamson, coeditor of *DeBrett's* and an authority on English nobility, there is no connection whatsoever between the easily purchased lordships of the manor and the blue-blooded peers of the realm. Consider, for instance, Joe Hardy, a Pittsburgh lumber baron who recently threw a large party in western Pennsylvania celebrating his elevation to the lordship of the manor of Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire. ("It's just a big laugh," says Hardy.) Upon acquiring this particular lordship for $170,000, Hardy feted guests at his spa complex with bagpipe music, champagne and musicians from the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Lordships of the manor were originally the smallest units in the old feudal system. In 1922 the titles were separated from the land they described. Subsequently, most people forgot about them until a businessman named Robert Smith founded the Manorial Society of Great Britain in 1981. Operating from a small office next to a fish-and-chips place in a seedy part of London, Smith began tracking down heirs, buying up the rights to their names and reselling them to parvenus. Frequently Smith's deals leave you with nothing but a title, and his prices reach into the hundreds of thousands of pounds. Given these circumstances, I thought it best to seek out more reasonable options.

I found two brokers of titles, each with full portfolios. The first, a French stockbroker named Christoph Paikert, represented none other than Baron Von der Trenck—the man who had already offered me a German barony for $100,000. Paikert's asking price of $140,000 gave me an idea of the markup. Then again, it suggested that Paikert was on the level. He said many of his customers were wine merchants or others who could derive a marketing benefit from using a royal name. "In Germany," he wrote, "lives a lot of nobel [*sic*] people who have all the same problem: the maintain of their castle or of their family. The solution of this is of course the adoption." He faxed me a list of available titles. They included those of Prinz Von Hohenzollern, for $280,000; Prinz Von Sayn-Wittgenstein, the most expensive at $300,000; and Baron Von Der Ropp-Cram, the cheapest at $130,000.

When I mentioned that Walter is in his sixties, Paikert raised a potential problem. Under German law, the person being adopted must be at least 18 years younger than the person doing the adopting. Finding an old enough baron might be tricky. What about doing the adoption in another country?, I wondered. He answered that he liked Germany because the process was quick. But there was, he said, another option: marriage.



In his official limo on Fifth Avenue, Bensonhurst's newest laird—make that Bensonhurst's *only* laird—fits right in.

Now is a good time to buy a title, the market for royalty being as depressed as that for real estate

It turned out that Paikert had just the person in mind. The asking price for the young woman, Countess Von Hasslinger, age 26, was $175,000. I wrote inquiring whether conjugal relations would be required. I also asked whether the countess would accompany Count Monheit out on the town. After all, I wasn't about to get Walter involved in an unhappy Charles-and-Diana situation. Paikert did not answer the first question but assured me that "if required the Countess of course will travel with Mr. Monheit to different occasions...but please do understand that the Countess's Family no longer attends the world famous Balls, Horse Races etc. due to the financial situation." In response to my question as to whether the count might enjoy any special privileges in his region of Upper Saxony—a pig here, a chicken there, the ancient seignorial right to the maidens of the village—Paikert wrote, "There are no more political or other privileges connected with the title, except that even to this day, the common people treat a count with the expected respect." Paikert said the marriage would take only three days to arrange. As an added incentive, he mentioned that someone had recently asked him if he knew any good candidates to appear on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*.

And then I hit the jackpot. I'd begun a correspondence with a man by the name of Baron Wayne B. de Montfort-Yeager, who has offices in the Idle Hour Center in Lexington, Kentucky. The Baron De Montfort-Yeager—or Baron Wayne, as I took to thinking of him—soon sent me an entire booklet on noble titles. "Besides the obvious fun of being called Count So-and-So everywhere you go," it says, "...something should also be

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A *SPY* PRANK: HIS LAIRDSHIP TAKES MANHATTAN



We decided to test-drive the Scottish lairdship we purchased for Walter Monheit™ by dressing him in a convincing Scotsman's get-up, as best as we could surmise from Scotch-whiskey ads—woolen Glengarry cap, bright red tunic, tartan kilt, tasseled shoes, knee socks—and loosing him upon the hot spots of haute New York's upper reaches for an afternoon. Recognizing that no self-respecting laird would travel alone, much less by taxi, we equipped Monheit with a black stretch limousine (with the flag of Scotland affixed to the antenna) and an entourage consisting of two men in jackets and ties and two gorgeous young women in glamorous but understated outfits. From SPY's Union Square offices the limousine repaired to Mortimer's, the hoity-toity Upper East Side lunching spot of the idle rich, and there began Laird Walter's Manhattan adventure—an adventure during which every stranger he encountered took him and his title utterly seriously.

12:30 p.m. The entourage, which has spent most of the ride from Union Square earnestly discussing Laird Walter's imaginary war service under Montgomery in North Africa, empties from the limousine and enters Mortimer's. A female SPY operative notes that three megasocialites—BLAINE TRUMP, CAROLYNE ROEHM and GAYFRYD STEINBERG—are seated just a few tables away.

12:40 p.m. A waiter appears. An entourage member asks him to describe the Scotch whiskeys available; the waiter complies. Laird Walter, a teetotaler, interrupts and asks for something sweet. "Sweet?" the waiter asks. "Uh, I'm sure you know a lot more about Scotches than I do, but I'm not sure which is sweet." After some hurried, embarrassed discussion, it is determined that Laird Walter doesn't want Scotch but something along the lines of orange or cranberry juice. The waiter brings the laird a combination of the two.

12:55 p.m. Laird Walter orders the grilled salmon, with spinach soup for starters. GLENN BERNBAUM, the owner of Mortimer's, walks up to the table to greet Laird Walter. A male member of the entourage says to Bernbaum, "You know the laird." Bernbaum graciously shakes Laird Walter's hand.

1:00 p.m. *Pay dirt!* GAYFRYD STEINBERG, en route to the ladies' room, stops by Laird Walter's table, drops her hands on the laird's shoulders, leans over and whispers in his ear, "You look absolutely *wonderful*. We're all *so* jealous." Before walking away, she gives him a small, affectionate squeeze on the shoulders.

→

said for the advantage of a title in the singles scene. Being a Baron or Baroness makes finding dates much easier, certainly, but the real benefit comes from the wider exposure due to more invitations, everyone wanting to set their daughter up with 'The Count.'" The book discusses a wide variety of titles for sale, from membership in the Knights of Malta ($2,800), to the Order of the Cordon Bleu du Saint Esprit ($2,500), to Eastern European titles from HRH Prince Alexis d'Anjou, grandson of the last czar, who is said to bestow them in return for donations to his favorite charities. As the booklet notes, "This may make a portion of the cost tax-deductible."



Mere mortals must schedule an appointment; not His Lairdship!

Subsequent correspondence revealed even more deals. Quite intriguing was the baron's reference to making a client a consul-general from "just about any Third World country to just about anywhere else for $15,000." "Mr. Monheit," Baron Wayne observed, "would receive not only official ambassadorial identification (thereby eliminating tax liabilities), but [diplomatic license] plates and diplomatic immunity as well." The latter could come in especially handy for Walter. As a wild-card option, the baron mentioned the Compte de Paris. "The Compte," he wrote, "has no Letters Patent proving his country, but all of society recognizes him as such, so he is, ipso facto, the Count. We can arrange to have your employer created either Baron Walter Von Monheit; Walter, Baron de Monheit; or Rt. Hon. Walter Monheit, Baron of Whatever. My fees for this service are usually around $2,500, but I would rather have the distinguished Mr. Monheit as a client than the extra money, so I'll drop the price to $1,500. I sincerely believe that this barony offers a cost/benefit ratio that is unbeatable."

"Being a Baron or Baroness makes finding dates much easier," says one U.S.-based title broker

Still, the cheapest deal remained a Scottish lairdship for $600. Moreover, it would be quickest to obtain. I offered $450 on Walter's behalf, half payable up front, and asked if I could put it on American Express. The baron insisted on cash, but we had a deal. The idea, he explained, was to buy some lairded land. With that, Walter would become Laird Monheit. No matter that the amount of land was rather small—one square foot, to be precise.

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Look What You've Been Missing!



September 1987
THE MEN WHO DEFEND THE MOB
Do Mafia lawyers—oops, *alleged* Mafia lawyers, that is—really believe they're performing a public service?



October 1988
THE SPY 100
Our annual roster of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things, topped by Al Sharpton.



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WHO WAS WHO
How time travel could really work. The little mogul that couldn't: awful moviemaking with Dino DeLaurentiis.

November 1987
KENNEDY BASHING!
The unsold story of Chappaquiddick and an interfaith symposium: will Teddy burn in hell?



November 1988
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Dean & Jerry, Mick & Keith, Mailer & Vidal, and more. The toughest weenie in America: Rudolph Giuliani.



September 1989
VILLAGE IDIOTS
Henry Kissinger, Mort Zuckerman, Faye Dunaway and other rich-and-famous part-time country mice make glamorous nuisances of themselves.





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THE FILOFAX GENERATION
I'm Okay, You're Late: the fetish for personal, prioritized life-style management. Plus, inside Mensa!



January-February 1989
MR. STUPID GOES TO WASHINGTON!
America's Ten Dopiest Lawmakers—all those in favor, say *duh*. Plus, terminal-impact energies of the stars!



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Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things.

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Harold Washington's diet of death. The SPY guide to postmodern everything. The new urban bestiary. Plus, ghostwriters!



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A straight-faced look at the Irony Epidemic: how everything in the world turned "funny"—from Twister to Twinkies.



November 1989
WILD AND CRAZY VIPS!
SPY goes undercover with Henry Kissinger, Merv Griffin and William F. Buckley Jr. at Bohemian Grove—the establishment's secret two-week frat party!





May 1988
WELCOME TO RAT CITY!
They live in our walls, they chew through our sheet metal, they could come up through your toilet: the definitive story on rats.

April 1989
CELEBRITY GARBAGE!
Coffee grounds of the rich and interoffice memos of the famous—a scientific, sanitary and not at all unseemly investigation.

May 1989
IVANARAMA!
A special investigative tribute to Ivana Trump, and the good and bad news about cryonics. Plus: the nubbins watch commences!



December 1989
BUY THIS MAGAZINE OR WE'LL BURN THIS FLAG
Our spectacular Bill of Rights special, including eleven other ways (besides burning) to desecrate the flag.

July-August 1988
PARTY GUYS!
The First Annual Pro-Am Ironman Nightlife Decathlon. The George Bush briefing book. Plus, return to Grenada!



January 1990
BUILDING A BETTER CELEBRITY
SPY's nationwide, statistically valid poll reveals what America wants from its celebrities. Plus, how to talk like George Bush.





September 1988
LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE
Scientific proof that if you move to Los Angeles, you will become Joan Collins. Plus, inside Hef's pad!



June 1989
LET'S MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL
Real-life Fausts, from Ed Koch to Jackie Onassis, and media zillionaires Norman and Frances Lear. Plus, taste-testing dog food!



February 1990
SPLAT!
The free-money well runs dry, and Wall Street goes wacko! Plus, gratuitous mime-bashing!

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SUMMER FUN ISSUE!
A really, really long article about William F. Buckley Jr.! Cooking with suet: a culinary symposium on the Twinkie!



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1:05 p.m. Members of the entourage note that many of the restaurant's patrons are now looking over at the laird, casting respectful glances and, evidently, talking about him. It is also noted that Palm Beach socialite MOLLIE WILMOT, sporting a bright yellow jacket, enormous sunglasses and two-inch-long nails, has commandeered a table in the restaurant.

1:20 p.m. A PAPARAZZO enters the restaurant and, by arrangement with SPY, snaps several photos of Laird Walter. An entourage member asks the photographer to stop, saying, "The laird wants his privacy." She does and leaves.

1:30 p.m. Laird Walter snarfs down an order of chocolate mousse while the entourage pays the bill. On the way out, the laird and a female member of the entourage stop at MOLLIE WILMOT's table. The SPY operative tells Wilmot, "The laird believes he may have met you at Palm Beach." Wilmot, adjusting her shades, says, "My, you look great. You look terrific." His Lairdship, ever the debonair man-about-town, says, "I admire your nails. They're so long." "Thank you," says the strangely unfazed Wilmot. As the entourage leaves the restaurant, THE PAPARAZZO once again besieges Laird Walter. Several passersby stop in wonder and ask the chauffeur who the kilted man is. "He's a visiting Scottish laird," says the chauffeur, who has not been informed of the ruse. The photographer persuades Laird Walter to go back into the restaurant and pose for a few shots with Wilmot.

2:00 p.m. Laird Walter and entourage load into the limousine and drive down to Bijan, the ostensibly by-appointment-only, grotesquely expensive clothier on Fifth Avenue. Laird Walter is admitted without an appointment and begins to examine the merchandise. He stops in front of a tweed coat with a mink collar. "We have a number of Scottish tweeds," the salesman says. "How much is the coat?" asks Laird Walter. "Nine thousand five hundred," the salesman answers.

2:15 p.m. Taking a cue from MIKHAIL GORBACHEV, Laird Walter decides to temporarily abandon his limousine and walk among the people. His presence on Fifth Avenue causes a minor commotion. Tourists interestedly ask who he is. A homeless man, pulling a laundry cart of belongings, offers his salutations to Laird Walter.

2:20 p.m. Laird Walter is accosted in front of the Plaza Hotel by AN EXOTICALLY BEAUTIFUL BLOND in skintight, peppermint-striped pants. The woman, who introduces herself as a Russian actress, poses for some photographs with the laird, flirting shamelessly with him all along.

2:30 p.m. Laird Walter returns triumphantly to SPY's offices and, remembering the afternoon's most magical moment, sends flowers to the Park Avenue apartment of GAYFRYD STEINBERG, with the following note appended: "Dear Lady, Though we were not properly introduced at lunch this afternoon, I wish to thank you for your kind compliment. It is my fondest wish that we may meet again sometime. Yours, Laird Walter of Gleneagles."

And then, in an eleventh-hour surprise, I heard again from Baron Von der Trenck. Apparently he had found a new lawyer who would charge considerably less. "Kindly ignore all messages from my agent," he wrote. "Dr. Von Fabricius is asking a big cut from our transaction. I have an attorney in Ohio who will do it for half the price." He then dropped his price from $100,000 to an incredible $30,000.

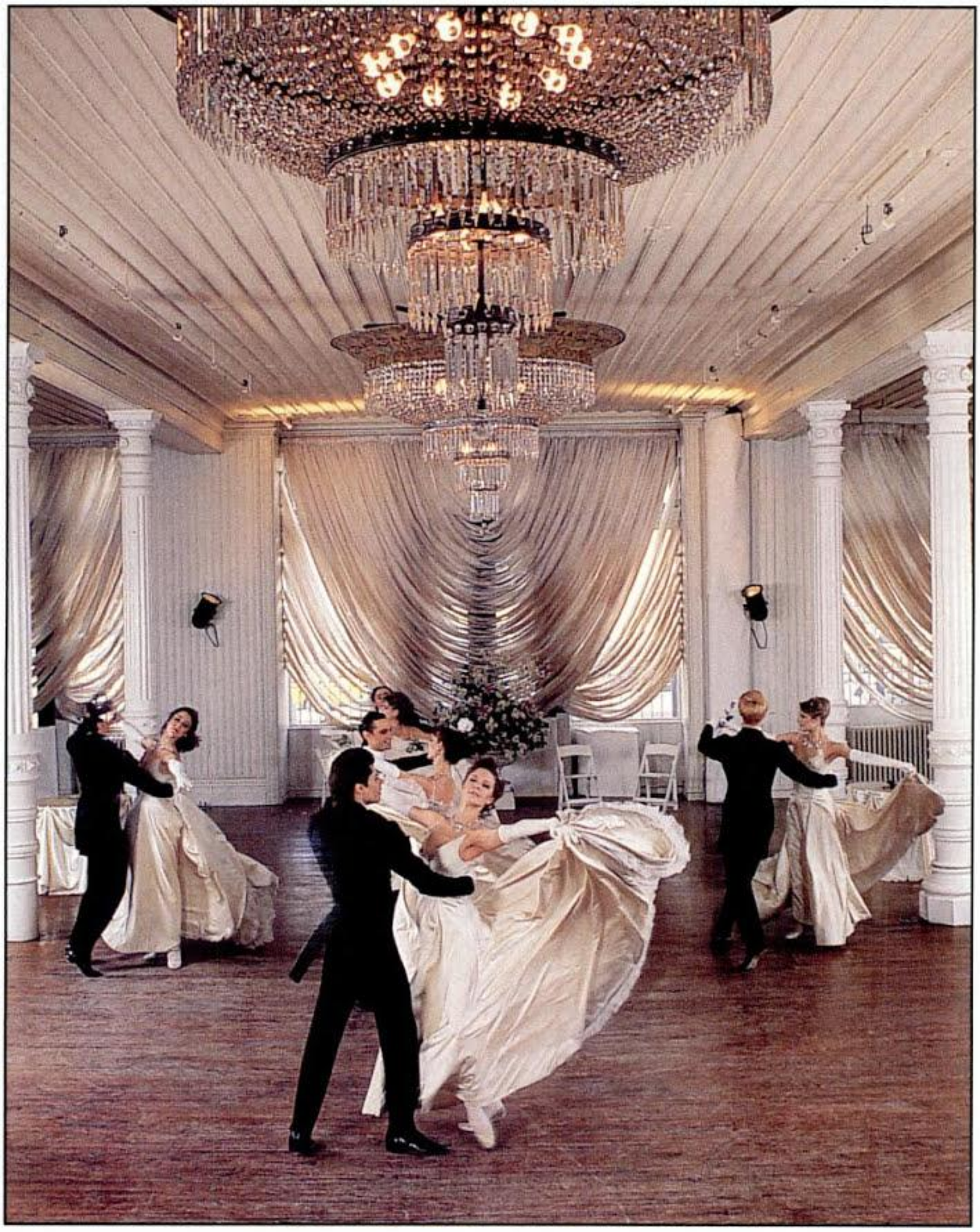
With so many choices, I decided to consult an expert. Although Baron Wayne had suggested that Scottish lairdships carry little weight outside Scotland, David Williamson of *DeBrett's* said that in his view, a lairdship was actually more attractive than a lordship of the manor costing a hundred times as much. As for the German barony, although it was considerably more prestigious, there remained the problem that Germany no longer really had an aristocracy, whereas Scotland sort of did. I instructed Baron Wayne to proceed.

The title arrived in its original mailing tube with U.S. stamps pasted over Scottish ones. Inside was a note from the baron and a deed on heavy stock granting "Walter Monheit of Brooklyn, USA now 'Laird' of the Heritage Estate and his executors and assignees...irredeemably All and Whole that plot or area of ground extending to one square foot...together with (one) the parts, privileges and pertinents; (two) the fittings and fixtures thereon and (three) our whole right, title and interest, present and future therein," plus a map of the area. Also included was a note from Highland Heritage & Souvenir Company, which counseled, "We hope you will find an opportunity to visit your new 'Estate' and as Land Owner or 'Laird,' you will soon feel at home."

As happy as I was, I sent off a huffy letter asking why Laird Monheit's title was described in quotes. While assuring me that Laird Monheit was, indeed, a true laird, Baron Wayne volunteered to forgive the second payment: "Mr. Monheit is indeed a Laird....He is as much a Laird as anyone in Scotland, regardless of the fact his estate is rather tiny....Since it seems Mr. Monheit is not as pleased with the title as he would have liked, we will accept his initial deposit as payment in full, with no additional funds required. We are happy to make this offer as an act of good will and we hope that you will contact us again on Mr. Monheit's behalf if the need for future titles arises." Thus we were able to pick up Laird Monheit's lairdship for a mere bagatelle, $225.

Not long after, I called the Heritage Estate to inquire about Walter's new privileges. The amiable salesman I reached, thrilled to speak to a satisfied customer, mentioned a marketing drive for lairdships he was about to begin in the United States. Then he said the words every commoner wants to hear: "Can I offer you a complimentary lairdship?" "Sure," I said. I plan to visit my Scottish subjects in the spring—just in time for golf season.

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The Puck Building

R.S.V.P. 274.8900

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by James Collins





Time Warp

Led Zeppelin, Goatees, Harry Connick, Film Noir, Go-go Boots, Disco, Plaid—Nostalgiamania Takes Us Into the Past! Now, How Do We Get Back?



SOMETIMES I HAVE STRANGE DREAMS. I have a dream in which I don't know what year it is. A band plays trippy music, and I am wearing a tie-dyed T-shirt—1967? But the band's name is the Stone Roses, and I don't remember them on the same bill as Moby Grape. A mesmerizing segregationist is running for governor in the South—okay, George Wallace, 1962—but he's called David Duke. And my hair is cut just like Sinatra's when he played the Paramount in '43. Only now he's called Harry Connick Jr. The beer I'm drinking is made in a tiny local brewery—just the way it was in 1890—but there's a golf-playing Republican president, a hero from World War II, who speaks in a confusing, hiccuppy dialect. 1955. Russia is undergoing civil war, and the latest trend in architecture is a highly conceptual and purposefully alienating effort to break all the rules and reject humanizing, traditional forms, so I guess it's 1919. But hold on, *Spartacus* has just been released—is it 1960?—and then I see a picture in *Vogue* of a model wearing Capri pants. 1953. No, no, no—*now* I realize that Jerry Brown is running for president! It must be 1975! It's horrible.

THERE ARE TWO FUNDAMENTAL AND practically universal complaints about modern life. One is that everything—relationships, neighborhoods, jobs—seems so impermanent, so unstable; the other is that Patrick Swayze exists. Thoughtful observers lament a lack of continuity in no area more than in our disposable culture: it's breakdancing one minute, *Beverly Hills 90210* the next; one day John Irving is a writer for the ages, then suddenly for all anyone knows Garp could be a Belgian soft drink. *Have we become a nation of Channel swimmers*, op-ed writers will ask, muddling the youthful idiom, *changing our values as easily as we push our*

REMEMBRANCE OF EVERYTHING PAST
Who and What Are Stuck in Which Bygone Eras

10,000 B.C.
Robert Bly



A.D. 900
the Middle East

1065
Margaret Thatcher

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1300
the Roman Catholic Church
Scotland
Venice (Italy)

1700
the Hasidim

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
Académie française
the Amish

ed

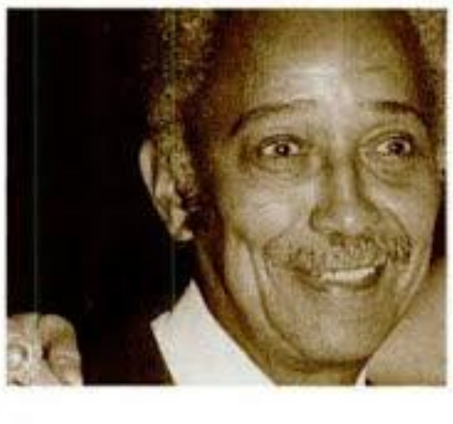
Appalachia
Ted Kennedy
Daniel Patrick Moynihan
Nancy Reagan
Switzerland



1860s
Ken Burns
the Mormons

Norman Schwarzkopf
South Africa

RECONSTRUCTION
David Dinkins



1890s
Anthony Haden-Guest
Robert Maxwell
mollusk-oriented restaurants
the Soviet republics

remotes? But as commonplace as the idea may be that we simply get rid of culture once we're done with it, the way we do razors, it is, in fact, completely wrong. Nowadays, *we can throw no cultural artifact away*. Cynics may be right when they say that even the nonmaterial products of our consumer culture are as cheap and lightweight as plastic, but they forget what every environmentally conscious person knows only too well: plastic lasts forever.

Indeed, far from being ephemeral, everything in our art and politics and haircuts is repeating itself endlessly, and now more than ever before do we seem to live in the past. What gesture or artifact of the last few years is truly and unabashedly new, as new as abstract expressionism and the forward pass and la nouvelle vague were, as new as Ezra Pound or pop art or la nouvelle cuisine? Rap, the only newish phenomenon we have, is more than a decade old—a new beat has never remained the new beat for so long—and its most daring innovation has been...sampling. At the Oscars, Madonna imitated Marilyn Monroe, and this was really not a reference to Marilyn Monroe but a reference to Madonna imitating Marilyn Monroe in her "Material Girl" video six years earlier. Supermodel Linda Evangelista has changed her hair color from platinum to red to achieve a 1950s, Rosalind-Russell-in-*Auntie-Mame* look. Birkenstocks have returned. The big splash in literature recently was A. S. Byatt's *Possession*—remarkable for its pastiche of nineteenth-century poetry. What is this year's most eagerly anticipated movie? *The Addams Family*. Coca-Cola tries to introduce New Coke; it ends up with Coke Classic. The most exciting new car to be introduced in years is the Miata, a dream version of a 1960s English sports car. The hottest fashion photographer of the moment is Steven Meisel, an unabashed imitator of Avedon's photographs from the 1950s. Even history seems to have run out of imagination. What happened in 1914? There were troubles with the Serbs, then a Russian Revolution and the death of tens of millions of people. You might think that after so much bloodshed the Serbia Question would have been settled, but in 1991 the Balkanization of the Balkans has returned—with all-new episodes!

We do not reject the past these days; rather, we reclaim it with relentless efficiency and thoroughness. We seek out tiny artifacts like Rosalind Russell's *Auntie Mame* period and Birkenstocks, then polish them up and reuse them. Nostalgia, revivalism, neo-this and neo-that, retro-whatever—time has always come in waves, one idea or event leading to the next, but all the ripples seem to have broken against the side of the tub; now they are rippling back.

NOWHERE HAS THE PAST WRAPPED ITSELF around current practice more entanglingly than in fashion. Since around 1987, all couture has looked as if it had been designed one spring day in the 1960s: miniskirts, baby-doll dresses, suits and hats that belong on stewardesses in the early jet era, psychedelic patterns, go-go boots, vinyl, cat suits, dresses with cutouts, Jackie O sunglasses, big daisy jewelry, shoes with square toes and thick heels. Correspondingly, street fashion has seen the return of the peasant blouse, more miniskirts, bangles, big earrings, peace symbols, bandanas, jeans patched with bandanas, bandanas worn as headgear, incongruous vests, Janis Joplin–esque hats—even fringe.

It is not only the 1960s that have had a fashion revival, however. Neo-beatniks in L.A. coffeehouses wear berets and goatees. *Details*, the *Mademoiselle* for boys, recently listed the best vintage-clothing stores in the country with a description of their wares—mostly in gabardine and rayon. The accompanying photographs showed a young man who apparently yearned to be a member of a bowling team in 1947. In a recent cover story, *Sassy*, the *Seventeen* for girls who are cool, told its readers how to create a 1940s look with their nails, makeup and hairstyle. This involves a lot of red, and *Sassy* mentioned that Revlon would be reintroducing its Super Lustrous Lipstick in Raven Red, which had first been launched in 1940. In *British Vogue*, the *Vogue* for English people, we find a

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1900s
Chinatown
McDermott and McGough
San Francisco

1910s
Louis Auchincloss
Germany
Ireland
poetry
Saratoga
the Village



1920s
Brooklyn Heights
Nell Campbell
Wynton Marsalis



Jay McInerney
Mike Milken
Miss America
Mark Morris
Prince Charles
the war on drugs

1930s
Danny Aiello
the American left
the Army Corps of Engineers
chewing gum
Vermont
Lew Wasserman



1940s
baseball
Kenneth Branagh
George Bush
Harry Connick Jr.
the daily tabloids



fire fighters
Joe Franklin
Murray Kempton
labor unions
the Navy
Oliver North
Jonathan Schwartz
smoking
the UN General Assembly
the West Side
Bruce Willis

spread devoted to "Movie-Star Glamour"—in other words, the 1930s.

Many people hold the belief that television and radio signals beamed into space will ultimately be received by aliens who will puzzle over what this entity Matlock is trying to communicate to them. One wonders whether some stray asteroid has not crossed the path of these transmissions and is bouncing them back to us. What other explanation is there for the presence of *Mr. Ed* on cable every night? Certainly the music on the radio sounds as if it were echoing from a different era, and once again that era is the 1960s and early '70s: stations playing "classic rock," like the Who or the Rolling Stones, crowd the FM dial. The soundtrack to *The Doors* went gold. The Grateful Dead have never been more popular. When music is not literally from the 1960s, it often seems as if it were: from the Black Crowes to Lenny Kravitz to Guns n' Roses, bands have been reviving different sixties sounds, sixties trappings, generally a sixties groove.

As is the case with fashion, however, music harks back not only to the 1960s but simultaneously to other eras as well. Natalie Cole rose to No. 1 on the *Billboard* charts singing numbers associated with her father, Nat "King" Cole. The CD-boxed-set phenomenon has resulted in a flood of grandiose reissues, in which a seventies travesty like Yes receives the same solemn treatment as the thirties Beethoven recordings of Artur Schnabel. (In fact, CDs in general, along with movie videos, have provided a technological reason for the revivalism glut—*everything* is reappearing.) House music, the music of affectless pop sophisticates like the Pet Shop Boys and all dance-mix music sound suspiciously like disco, and in 1989 the Beastie Boys—artsy blue-eyed rappers—released *Paul's Boutique*, a full-blown homage to the 1970s. Even punk is back: *Sassy*, my favorite magazine, quotes 20-year-old Ian (he may be 22; there is a controversy here) of the band Nation of Ulysses as saying, "[We're] against interpretive dancing, voguing, hippie dancing. We're into short, quick, energetic motions. And when you dance you should always fix your stare at some unknown object. Never at your partner." I have a suspicion that the members of Nation of Ulysses can't play their instruments and are proud of this.

Since the vast majority of its works were composed in previous centuries, classical music is inherently backward-looking—it wouldn't seem possible to make it any more revivalist than it already is. Well, conductors have found a way: they realized that although the repertory may have been old, the performance styles were contemporary, so now the ascendant movement is to use original instruments, tempi and pitches in order to play all those works composed in previous centuries with obsessive authenticity. Thus, Classical Classic is born.

Most movies are now genre pastiches: sci-fi, teen, horror, private-eye. Arnold Schwarzenegger is a well-paid Steve Reeves, the B-movie muscleman of the 1950s; *The Grifters* was bad film noir. In classy pictures, quoting old movies is dramatically self-conscious: *Barton Fink* replays Nathanael West via Welles and Kubrick, and *Dead Again* is by-the-numbers Hitchcock. In a parallel to the reissue of old music in CD boxed sets, pristine new prints of great old movies like *A Star Is Born* (the Garland-Mason version) and *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Citizen Kane* and *La Dolce Vita* have been struck, and the films have been re-released. Devolution is inevitable, however, and a new, *uncut* print of *A Star Is Born* (the Streisand-Kristofferson version) must be on its way.

Revivalism has had its most conscious and purest expression in postmodern architecture. A postmodern building represents pastiche raised from ornament or occasional witty indulgence to, well, the *point*. A postmodern building, in fact, does not really exist—it is only a willful collection of references, like footnotes without an essay. Recently, of course, the deconstructivists have rejected postmodernism and are instead designing structures that purport to quote nothing from the past. The warm, cozy postmodern pediments and clocks and stonework and shingles, they say, are reactionary and sentimental. Mies van der Winkle awakes! Along with architecture, design has spent the past few years simply mixing and matching. A Regency desk is called a Regency desk because it is dis-

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1950s
accountants
Cindy Adams
Anita Baker
book publishers
the Boy Scouts
the CIA
Joan Collins
the Friars Club
IBM, GE, USX, Westinghouse, Raytheon
Hilton Kramer
the mob



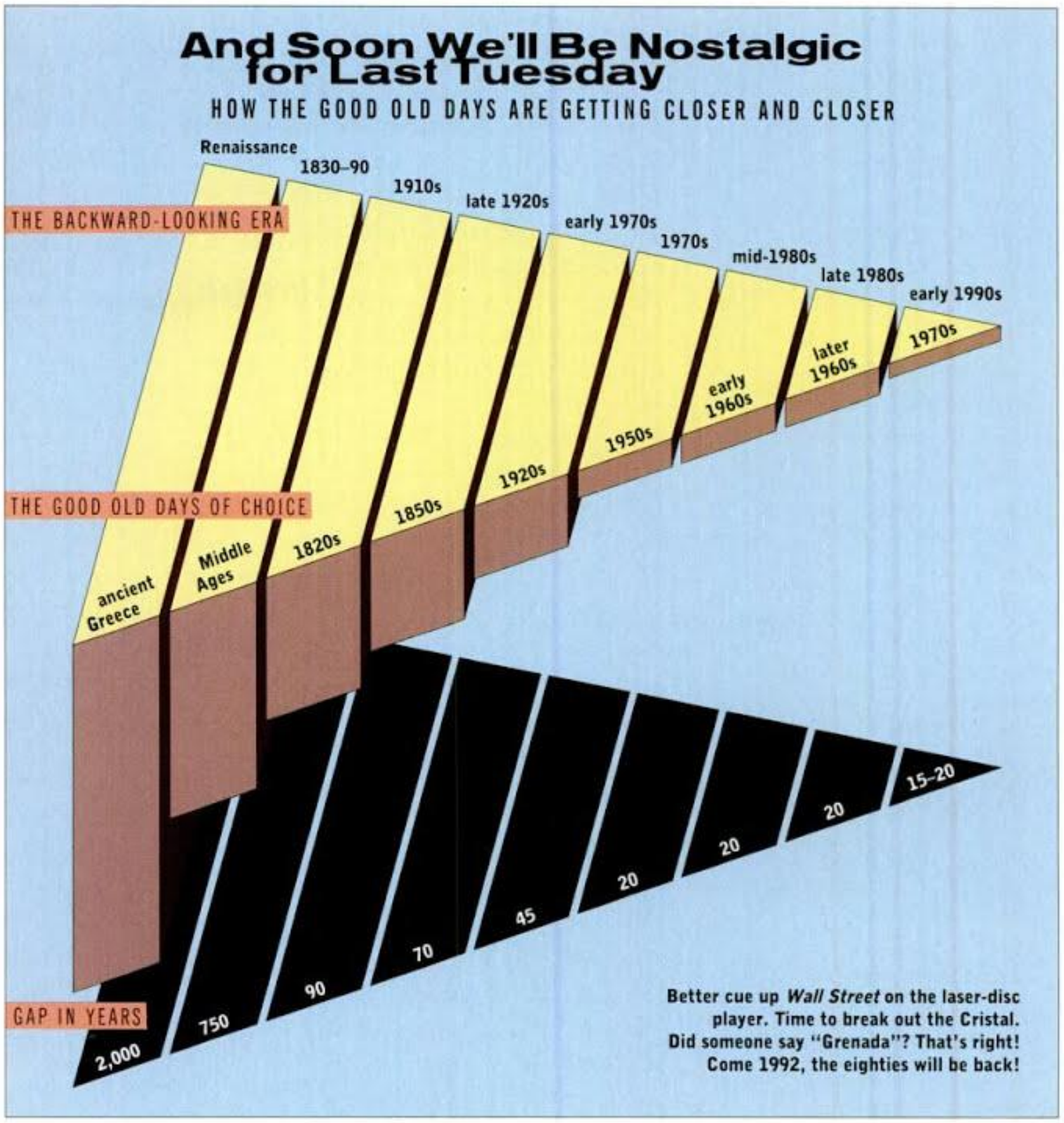
Regis Philbin
Dan Quayle
Ronald Reagan
Claudia Schiffer
Brooke Shields
Martin Short
Frank Sinatra
whiskey
Leon Wieseltier
Yorkville

1962
Helen Gurley Brown
Cuba
East 57th Street
***Esquire* under Lee Eisenberg**
Hugh Hefner
Mike Nichols
Diane Sawyer
Arthur Schlesinger Jr.
Liz Taylor
John Updike

1960s
that cabbie who still complains about John Lindsay
Channel 13
Deadheads
the Democrats
France
Vaclav Havel



NASA
the New York Mets
Oliver Stone
Trekkies
Gore Vidal



tinctly of the Regency period; the 1890s had art nouveau; the 1930s had art deco; the 1950s had modern. What is the signature design style of the 1980s and early '90s? Retro.

I hope those minimalist painters and sculptors of the 1960s and early '70s are proud of themselves. There they were, stripping everything down to almost nothing, and...*it worked*. After Donald Judd, there was nowhere to go but backward, and the minimalists were the last generation of artists who thought of themselves as nonallusive. Now we have neo-expressionism, neo-geo, a renewed interest in the figure. We also see the common tic of appropriating images from the past and sticking them into your paintings. A related—and for our purposes logically satisfying—strain of art-in-reverse is the Duchampian effort of some artists to deny that originality even exists. Sherrie Levine, for example, mounted an entire show—a *Sherrie Levine* show—consisting of Walker Evans photographs. Make that neo-Duchampian.

With everything that's happening on the world scene, you might think that politics has been transformed. Not exactly. To take this recent Soviet business, if there ever was a retro word for a political event, it is *putsch*. Meanwhile, Pat Buchanan has rediscovered isolationism and America First–ism. On the left, sort of, Douglas Wilder has his own America First message, reminiscent of an old-fashioned, hey-what-about-the-little-guy nativism.

Yes, the past is always with us. The road we have driven down has brought us to where we are. But who switched the A/C from VENT to RECIRCULATE?

TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION, WE MUST recall that nostalgia involves a sentimentalized recapturing of a past that one prefers, in some way, to one's own time. Notwithstanding its backward-looking nature, then, nostalgia has always been a revealing phenomenon of the present, reflecting as it does the longings of the

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1970s
Woody Allen
awards ceremonies
Bloomingdale's
Boston
Jerry Brown
Canada
Johnny Carson
Cher
Columbus Avenue
comedians
Kevin Costner
Linda Ellerbee
***Esquire* under Terry McDonell**
Las Vegas
Norman Lear
Lorne Michaels
Liza Minnelli



Marvin Mitchelson
neoconservatives
Newsweek
the New York Knicks
organized feminism
SoHo
Hunter S. Thompson
Donald Trump
Paul Tsongas
Ted Turner
the TV networks
***Vanity Fair* covers**
Vietnam
The Village Voice
Washington, D.C.
West Hollywood
WNEW-FM
Tom Wolfe



people experiencing it. The Romantics—following the Enlightenment—were nostalgic for the Middle Ages, a time of mystery. The wild success of *Gone With the Wind* was both a cause and an effect of nostalgia for antebellum America. In the 1930s, the fallen splendor and high romance of the Old South—as it was imagined—could easily be seen as an escape from the dreary present. Nostalgia defines the negative space of a period's self-portrait.

Except ours.

Contemporary nostalgia lacks any resonant harmony with previous eras; it is a haphazard agglomeration of styles. Fashion isn't satisfied with reviving only one decade; architects are proudly eclectic; pop groups gleefully mix sixties clothes with seventies music. The origins of modern, value-free nostalgia can be located with precision. The period is 1971 to '74. You remember: the Vietnam endgame, singer-songwriters, CB radios. Wonderful days! Fifties nostalgia—the first great postwar nostalgia, the nostalgia that defined nostalgia—appeared at this time, urged along by *American Graffiti* and sustaining itself on *Happy Days*. Fifties nostalgia must have been partially a reaction to the sixties, and also the inevitable result of one generation's becoming old enough to sentimentalize its past. But the strange thing about fifties nostalgia is that it became such a phenomenon in and of itself. The sock hops, the Fonz, the jukeboxes, the diners, persisted far beyond their usefulness as a restoration of Eisenhowerian calm. Fifties nostalgia had a life of its own, and modern nostalgia—*nostalgia for its own sake*—was born. The real connection to the past became more and more tenuous, while the fascination with the past's cultural knickknackery gathered momentum.

This rich period of the early 1970s saw the birth of nostalgia for other eras as well. Building preservation became a fad. The Museum of *Modern* Art had its Beaux Arts show in 1975. By the early 1970s, the force of minimalism was spent, and all of art history was suddenly ransackable. Even the sixties revival's tenderest shoots grew at this time. In 1973, Bryan Ferry—the hippest man of his time—released *These Foolish Things*, on which he covered Lesley Gore, Dylan, the Beatles, the Beach Boys and Motown. New wave and punk, just beginning in the early 1970s, revived the mods and rockers of the early 1960s.

Finally, in 1974, Robert Redford and Mia Farrow starred in *The Great Gatsby*, with Sam Waterston as "Nick." As it released the picture, Paramount aggressively promoted the 1920s, and those who lived through this may dimly recall the sudden appearance of round collars and cloches, of bars called Gatsby's. Of course, *Gatsby* nostalgia didn't take: the movie was a flop, the bars eventually changed their names to Dribbles or whatever, and there was no run on spats. The studio's assumption that the 1920s would speak meaningfully to the ticket-buying public of the 1970s was proved utterly false. And yet, and yet…there was a 1920s blip—or more than a blip, a brief but sustained reading—that had been created artificially. Twenties nostalgia, indeed, was a pure example of reviving an era just because it was there.

In the end, the nostalgia that the 1970s bequeathed us was a nostalgia without sentiment, revivalism without the nuclear fusion of past and present that generates more energy than it uses up. We are awash in sixties nostalgia, but it is passionless; despite its incredible ubiquity, it could not even be called a craze. What direction nostalgia does take can be attributed solely to a by-rote march through time. We started with the 1950s in the 1970s and have simply been marching our way forward; and as we go, we listlessly pick up and set down years as we come to them. That would be fine if we hadn't also by now arrived at some sort of end-of-history stagnation, without any particular defining mode of our own. Our nostalgia is really quite anemic, but nostalgia is all we've got.

Since we look to the past for so much but are not truly engaged by anything we find there, we are running through our cultural thrift shop awfully quickly. Back in the Renaissance, artists were nostalgic for ancient Greece and Rome—oh, about 1,500 years earlier—and that held them for a couple of hundred years. East Village artists of the 1980s revived Philip Guston, a cartoony painter of the 1960s. Edwardians were nostalgic for the wit, foppery and dissipation of the eighteenth century; we read Warhol's diaries

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Don't Look Back HOW HOLLYWOOD CAN'T GET IT RIGHT



THE DARK AGES: Errol Flynn (*The Adventures of Robin Hood*, 1938), Tony Curtis (*The Black Shield of Falworth*, 1954), Kevin Costner (*Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*, 1991)



THE WILD WEST: Elvis Presley (*Love Me Tender*, 1956), Julie Christie and Warren Beatty (*McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, 1971), Charlie Sheen and Emilio Estevez (*Young Guns*, 1988)

Movies seem like the perfect vehicle for nostalgia, so why does a film always bear the unmistakable stamp of the year it was made—whether the setting is Sherwood Forest or Carson City? (This is true even when Tony Curtis is *not* the star.) Compare the stills at left and notice the hairstyles (Kevin Costner as Robin Hood as Corbin Bernsen) and the clothes (Warren Beatty as McCabe as early-1970s-guy-in-Frye-boots-and-bell-bottoms).



SPECIAL BONUS PIC: What year is it, anyway? Michelle Pfeiffer in *Grease 2*—a 1982 sequel to a 1978 fifties-nostalgia movie. Pedal-pushers, shades, flats, a mock turtleneck, lank shoulder-length hair—Pfeiffer belongs in . . . *1991*.

1980s
Coors
Mario Cuomo
Eric Fischl
Mikhail Gorbachev



the Hamptons hoteliers
Robin Leach
David Lynch
MTV
Seventh Avenue
Martha Stewart



Anne Tyler
Van Halen
Vanity Fair
Venice (California)

and feel nostalgic for the sexy, druggy New York of 12 years ago. In the old days, reruns didn't begin until long after a television show was off the air—hence the fascination of *Bewitched*. Now, of course, reruns from previous seasons are shown while a program is still running on prime time, creating nostalgia with a lag of only a year or two. Then, last summer, as the nostalgia implosion accelerated, Nick at Nite started showing a rerun of a program—*Hi Honey, I'm Home*—broadcast on ABC just *three days* earlier, and the show itself *was a pastiche of early sitcoms*.

This last example brings us to the frightening subject of *remembered* nostalgia. Someday, someone who watched *Hi Honey, I'm Home* as a child will feel nostalgic for it and, at one remove, for Donna Reed. If I said I loved the early 1970s—you know, the foppish neo-Gatsby look, Tom Wolfe–wear—would I be nostalgic for the 1970s or the 1920s? And in fact, many of the stock figures of the 1920s—bartenders with handlebar mustaches, Irish beat cops—were nostalgic re-creations of stock characters of the 1890s. So where does that leave me? When someone someday revives 1980s postmodernism, what will he be reviving—Robert Stern or the Shingle-style houses Stern copied? Will Ralph Lauren's clothes themselves be considered "classics"? Was the Renaissance actually a *Hi Honey, I'm Home* for antiquity?

If things continue as they have, nostalgia will catch up with last year and then last month and then yesterday; with nostalgia still our main form of expression, we'll have no choice but to start all over again, this time with remembered nostalgia. And then? Remembered remembered nostalgia, of course, otherwise known as the 1999 Madonna-as-Marilyn revival, an experience that will taste as weak and tinny as tea made from thrice-boiled leaves. In this connection, it is useful to recall a profound remark made by Keith Richards during the Rolling Stones' latest tour. Richards was explaining to the crowd why the combo was playing songs off its new album, not just its old hits, and he said, "You can't have old songs if you don't have new songs." Very wise. Of course, the new numbers the band proceeded to play were just re-treads of their old hits—but the thought was nice.

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"The right equipment and the freshest food refine a family tradition."—Martha Stewart

YOUR VOLVO 740 GL WAGON IS AUTOMOTIVELY CORRECT. YOU GET YOUR NEWS FROM *MacNeil/Lehrer*. You have compassion for the homeless but feel it's time to get tough on taxes. The jingoism of the Gulf War gave you pause, but you've decided that for the nation as a whole it was cleansing. You refer to the poor as "income-impaired" and to criminals as "morally challenged" and no longer squint slightly when using the term "African American." While Meryl Streep's ghastly attempts at foreign accents grate on you like fingernails on a blackboard, you nonetheless feel she is an enormously talented actress. And culinarily, you have been correct for at least a decade.

Early in the eighties, you embraced ethnic cuisines from regions like Calabria, the Deccan and Ethiopia, whose native populations themselves had no food; you believed

Styled by Susan Byrnes

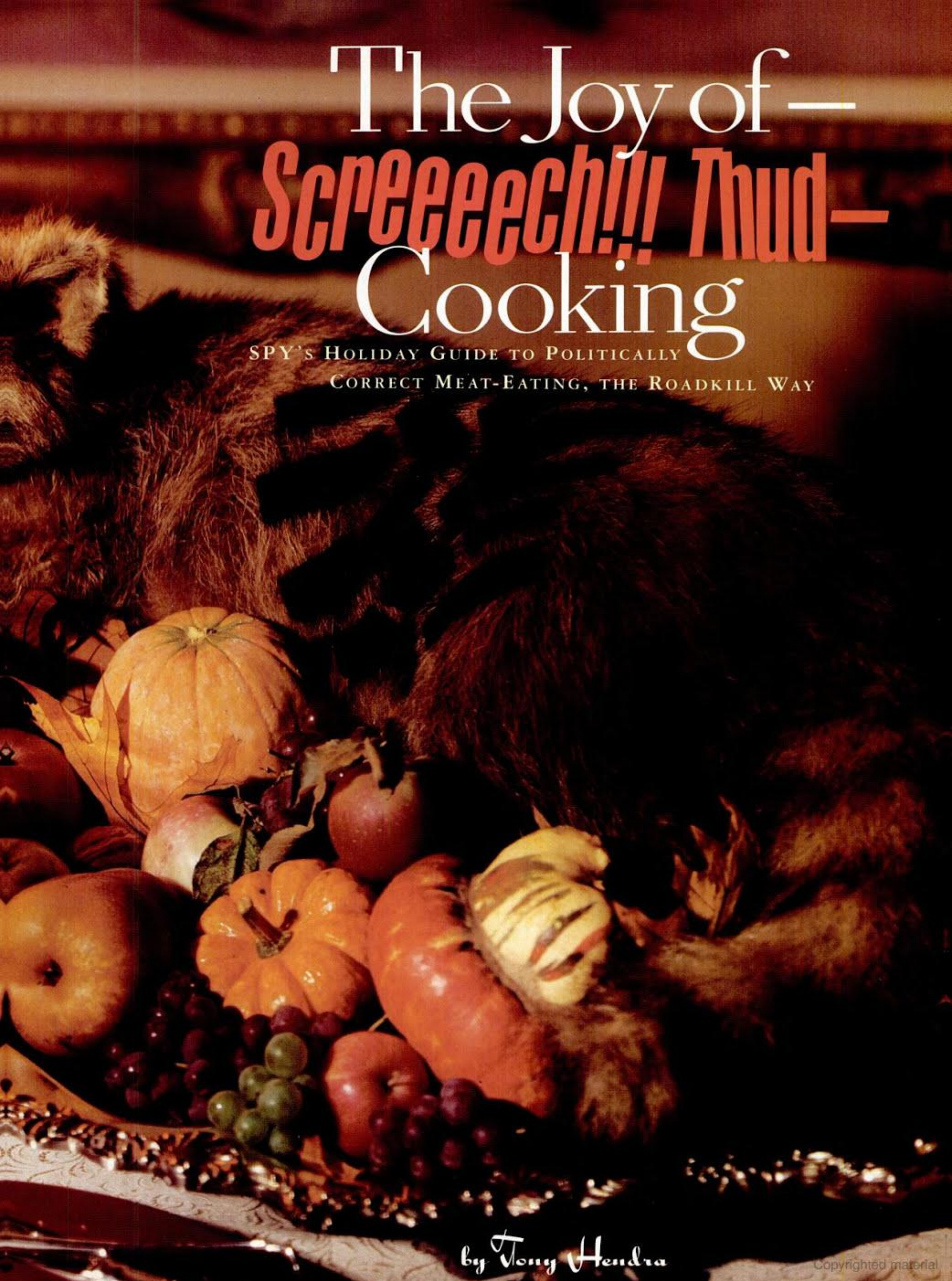
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER ARDITO

The Joy of—

Screeeech!!! Thud—

Cooking

SPY's Holiday Guide to Politically Correct Meat-Eating, the Roadkill Way



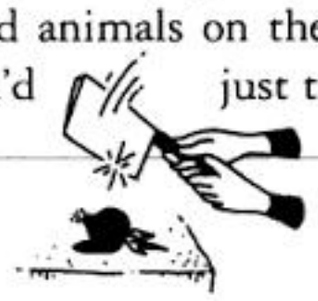
by Tony Hendra

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that in some obscure way they would benefit from your enthusiasm for baghari jhinga or tibs wot. A little later you discovered the pleasures of baby vegetables. You relished the thought that at a time when we had the oldest president ever, we were eating the youngest vegetables. It's been years now since you ordered a pizza with tomato and extra cheese: your taste in toppings runs more to shrimp-scallop boudin à l'estragon and sautéed radicchio. You feel quiet, patriotic pride over the fact that Californian cabs and zins are routinely being ordered in three-star restaurants in Lyons (by Frenchmen!), and over the spectacular rise of American regional cooking. In a way you have come full circle, since you're sure that Native Americans—who subsist largely on Wonder bread and Thunderbird—are somehow bucked up by your consumption of corn-cactus pudding with chipotle-chile béchamel.

But all this carefully and lovingly assembled correctness can evaporate as fast as Julia's love for Kiefer with the mention of one tiny word: *meat*.

Thanks to the efforts of animal-rights groups like PETA and assorted herds of New Age nutritionists, the cultural status of meat-eating is currently on a par with that of drunk driving and headed down toward pedophilia. Even in restaurants that offer dead animals on the menu, ordering one can cause the waitron to look at you as if you'd just tried to tell the one about the three gay guys in a hot tub.



The Rights of Vegetables

A growing number of rights activists are questioning whether there is any substantial difference between electrocuting a veal calf and, say, tearing an ear of corn from its parent, stripping it naked and plunging it into boiling water. Why, they ask, should prunes die to keep us regular? A peach may not have a face, but it certainly has skin, flesh and a mother. And given the inclusive quasi-Buddhist definitions of life used by organizations like PETA, it's even possible that the peach was once your aunt Helen.

The Roadkill Gourmet is not competent to judge the merits of these contentions but has avoided vegetable side dishes while the jury is still out.

The wines suggested here, however, have been selected with an eye to processes that cause the grapes the least pain—for example, wines made from "the noble rot" (grapes left to decompose on the vine prior to picking), or those made from the free-run technique (rather than the grapes' being mechanically crushed, their sheer weight in the vat produces juice). In both cases, carnivores and herbivores are relieved of moral responsibility in the vinification process: in the first, the grapes are already dead; in the second, they in effect kill one another.

And there is no appealing to reason here. Minds have been made up, another pillar added to the portico of conventional wisdom. It's pointless to argue that the animal-rights movement stems from an *ignorance* of animals, that it's the Disneyfication of nature; that thinking that animals are capable of human emotion because they have big, cute eyes isn't progressive but infantile; that the unpronounceable tag *speciesism* is sophistic, since every species on the planet survives by eating other species; that one's passion might be better directed to the 6 million American children who go to bed hungry than to the dying thoughts of Frank Perdue's chickens. And if you do present these arguments, there'll be no getting back in anyone's good graces—it'll be bootless to whine, as a once-adoring group backs away in disgusted silence, that you really like the music of k. d. lang.

You are a carnivore—a mad, rabid pariah feeding off the carrion of your innocent fellow travelers on Spaceship Earth.

Take heart: an answer to your problem lies no farther away than that Volvo. Cars provide us with a carnucopia of fresh, free-range, nonhormoned game. Meat any caring carnivore can bring to the table with an unblemished conscience. Meat, moreover, from which no slaughterhouse, packager or other culinarily incorrect middleman has made a penny. Known to the French as *nourriture de la route*—or, more colloquially, *la bouffe morte*—roadkill has long been recognized as a hearty addition to French country cooking. In many rural regions of the U.S. as well, it has been a mainstay of traditional local cuisines for as long as there have been beer coolers in pickup trucks.

The possibilities of sophisticated roadkill cooking are almost unlimited. There is absolutely no reason why the imprint of a snow tire (or a deeply embedded hood ornament) need mar the flavor of sumptuous Venaison de la Route Rôti; likewise, caring, loving cooking and a pair of pliers make the classic English dish Pheasant Under Broken Glass a memorable triumph. The recipe for Terrine de Groundhog that appears at right is just one of several for small-mammal pâté. And a fitting hors d'oeuvre it can be for hearty Civet de Possum, Navarin de Chipmunk, Beaver en Papillote or Rack of Raccoon, which is also described here.



They Can't Run but They Can Be Hide

A tremendous bonus for the Roadkill Gourmet is that he or she simultaneously acquires fur that can be worn with an entirely clear conscience. Removing the skin from its host is not always necessary: often a traffic-related impact has already separated the flesh from its natural covering. Where this has only partially occurred, the fur can usually be peeled from small mammals in much the same way one peels the skin from a mango. These strips or squares should be stretched on a piece of plywood for several days until dry, after which they can be sewn together to make garments. The table below gives the number of possum skins needed to make common articles of roadkill couture:

MEN'S JACKET.....40 POSSUMS
WOMEN'S JACKET.....30 POSSUMS
MINISKIRT.....6–11 POSSUMS
BEANIE.....½ POSSUM

TOOLS YOU'LL NEED







Illustrations by Ben Chase

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TERRINE DE GROUNDHOG

SERVES 6

The universal question with any pâté or terrine is, *how much fat?* The caring carnivore faces an additional problem: what *kind* of fat? The traditional resource, pork fat, is an obvious no-no, given that traffic-related deaths among pigs are, alas, practically nil.



COUNTRY ROADSIDES OFTEN MAKE FOR THE BEST AUTUMN HARVESTING.

Groundhogs are not, of course, hogs, but they are fatty. One solution, therefore, is to add a groundhog or two to your recipe, in order to achieve a 2:1 meat-to-fat ratio. An average-size groundhog will yield about 1½ pounds of meat, allowing for impact-related detritus; an extra groundhog in similar condition will yield about ¾ pound of fat. Voilà! You're in business with a hearty Thanksgiving treat, *plus* you have a generous portion of meat left over for a groundhog bolognese sauce or Swedish groundhogballs.



NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS WILL HELP WITH PRECISION GRAVEL EXTRACTION.

1½ lb groundhog
¾ lb groundhog fat
2 tbsp salt
1 tsp pepper
1 tbsp "quatre epices" (e.g., allspice, clove, nutmeg, thyme, blended according to taste)
1 clove garlic, pureed
2–3 tbsp Armagnac

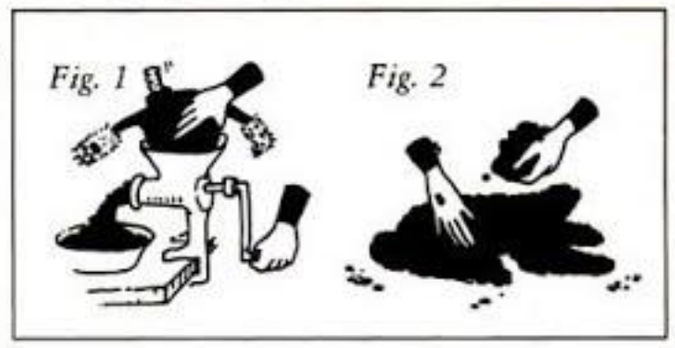
Preheat oven to 325°F. Divide the meat into rough thirds. Grind two thirds smoothly (*Fig. 1*, next page) and coarsely chop the other third. Coarse-chop the fat. Combine all ingredients in

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WHEN "CARVING," REMOVE THE "HEAD" AND "LIMBS" IN ONE SWIFT, FLUID MOTION.

a large bowl; mix thoroughly. Place mixture in the center of a large, heavy sheet of aluminum foil. As a tribute to the animals, shape the mixture into a reclining groundhog (*Fig. 2*). Cover tightly with ends of foil and bake on a large cookie sheet for 2 hours. Allow to cool for several hours, garnish with woodland mushrooms, crabapples and wild lettuce, and serve.



SUGGESTED WINES

Suncrest 1990 Muller Thurgaw (Washington State). As the back label says, this is a wine "as natural as the food you eat." Made from the free-run juice of organic grapes. A perfect mate for natural food, such as Terrine de Groundhog.

NV Colorado Cellars Cherry Wine. Made from a mixture of hand-picked and wind-dropped cherries, this is certifiably the most cruelty-free wine made in North America. A perfect sweet-and-sour foil for the groundhog's naturally fatty meat.

RACK OF RACCOON WITH BLACK-AND-WHITE SAUCE
(CARRÉ DE RACCOON AUX DEUX POIVRES)

SERVES 4

Raccoon is a splendidly American alternative to such tepid Gallic game as hare, combining the smoky muscularity of coyote with the succulence of squirrel. The ash-can bandido puts on a tux in this elegant recipe; he is perfectly suited to this dish, since enough of the rib cage nearly always survives a traffic-related incident.



THE FEWER FLIES CIRCLING YOUR ENTRÉE-TO-BE, THE FRESHER IT IS.

Once you have found one reasonably whole raccoon, remove the rack from the rib cage (*Fig. 3*). Chop remaining meat and bones into 3-inch sections. (If this comes to less than 2 lb, add a second, smaller raccoon.)





ACCOUTREMENTS SHOULDN'T ALTER DISH'S APPEARANCE DRAMATICALLY.

RACCOON STOCK

2½–3 lb chopped raccoon (meat and bones)
1 onion stuck with two cloves
1 bay leaf
Bouquet garni
1 carrot, sliced
1 medium tomato, whole, unpeeled
Salt, pepper

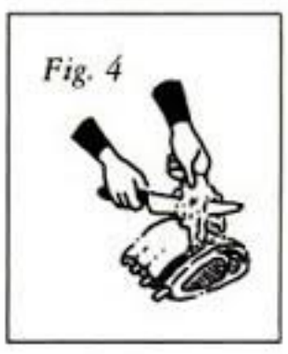


UN-FRENCHED RIBS (*LEFT*) WILL OVERWHELM THE SAUCE'S SUBTLE FLAVOR.

Brown meat and bones in a roasting pan at 450°F. Deglaze roasting pan. Combine all ingredients in a large saucepan, cover with water, and simmer for 3–4 hours. This will produce a fine, gamy stock. Strain, degrease and reduce by 50 percent. Set aside.

ROASTING THE RACK OF RACCOON

Unless you know a caring butcher, you must "French" the rack: remove all fat on both sides of the bones and between them, except for a thin layer over the eye meat (*Fig. 4*). Fold a double strip of foil over alternate ribs (this will make some of the ribs scorch and leave the others white, for a pleasing "coon-tail" effect). Place ½ cup water in a roasting pan, and roast the rack 10 minutes at 500° to sear, then another 20–25 minutes at 400°. Set aside.



BLACK-PEPPERCORN SAUCE

1½ tbsp butter
1½ tbsp flour
1½ cups reheated raccoon stock
1 tbsp coarsely ground black pepper
Soy sauce, to color

Use butter and flour to make roux (thickening agent). Stir in stock. Simmer 2 minutes or until thickened. Add pepper. Darken with dashes of soy sauce.

WHITE-PEPPERCORN SAUCE

1½ cups dry white wine
½ cup coarsely chopped shallots
1 tbsp coarse white pepper
⅔ cup crème fraîche
1 egg yolk
Dash nutmeg

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Combine the white wine, shallots and pepper. Reduce and strain to achieve 2 tbsp liquid. Whisk together crème fraîche and egg yolk. Whisk in strained, reduced liquid over a gentle heat until thickened. Add nutmeg.

Plate sauces in half-moons, garnishing each side with its opposite peppercorns (i.e., white peppercorns on black sauce and vice versa). Set two raccoon ribs, playfully intertwined, along the "seam."

SUGGESTED WINES

1989 William Wheeler RS Reserve. A rich and richly fruited dry red. Made from uncrushed grapes inoculated with yeast, then allowed to explode of their own volition during fermentation. A juicy partner for a juicy meat like raccoon.

Inglenook 1985 Gewurztraminer Late Harvest. A rich, smooth after-dinner complement to raccoon. Made from "noble rot" grapes, redolent of sun, earth and the natural cycle of life and death.



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Talk of the Town—*Not*

Family Feud Psychoanalyzed, *Barton Fink* Reviews Homogenized, and California Time Synchronized

by Humphrey Greddon

Since it goes way back to the 1950s, I suppose some readers are too young to recall the heyday of the great Manhattan supper clubs. A damn shame—for my money, you haven't really lived until you've jumped into your tux and run down to El Morocco to meet a Rheingold Girl for a highball. I only wish *I* had been around back then. Of course, every bit as important as the Stork Club and Mocambo and the other zebra-striped night spots were the newspaper columnists who wrote about them: Walter Winchell, Ed Sullivan (he was a columnist before his TV show), Leonard Lyons of "The Lyons Den" and Earl "the Midnight Earl" Wilson, to name a few. (Truman Capote excelled in the fiction division.) But what about today? Has the nightclub columnist gone the way of the cigarette holder? Actually, no. Michael Musto, who is funny, clever and inspiringly vulgar, and Stephen Saban, who's one flatfooted sport, cover our town's wanton high life for *The Village Voice* and *Details*, respectively, and they've been joined by a prominent newcomer—arriving at the party several years late, *The New Yorker* now has a literary descendant of Lyons and Wilson (Earl, not the Midnight Edmund) in its pages.

Where the fifties nightclubs had style—panache, I call it—Musto and Saban's 6:00 a.m. dispatches from Save the Robots indicate that today's clubs are home to sweaty excess. Thus, it is a bit strange that *The New Yorker* should decide to run a brief weekly column, unsigned, called Edge of Night Life that works the after-hours fabulousness beat, especially since the whole phenomenon has been in steep decline for years. One can't help but ask what the magazine's longtime subscribers, boarding-school assistant headmasters and intelligent ladies who sometimes write verse, think of the column. To take one recent passage: "All a popular 'girl' [at the transvestite bar Edelweiss] who can easily latch a john has to do is flick a forelock with dead aim over a cold shoulder in the direction of a less popular sister, and the wounded will immediately dash from one mirror to the next—adjusting a wig here, smoothing a skirt there—in hope that the ensuing reflection will suddenly reveal something worth strutting for." (The sexuality of the patrons at Edelweiss cannot be nearly as convoluted as that sentence.) I wonder if the same audience that shops at The Coach Store and L. L. Bean is really very interested in "trannies" and their "gentlemen callers," as they are termed. *The New Yorker*'s readers probably do like to be shocked, though, and

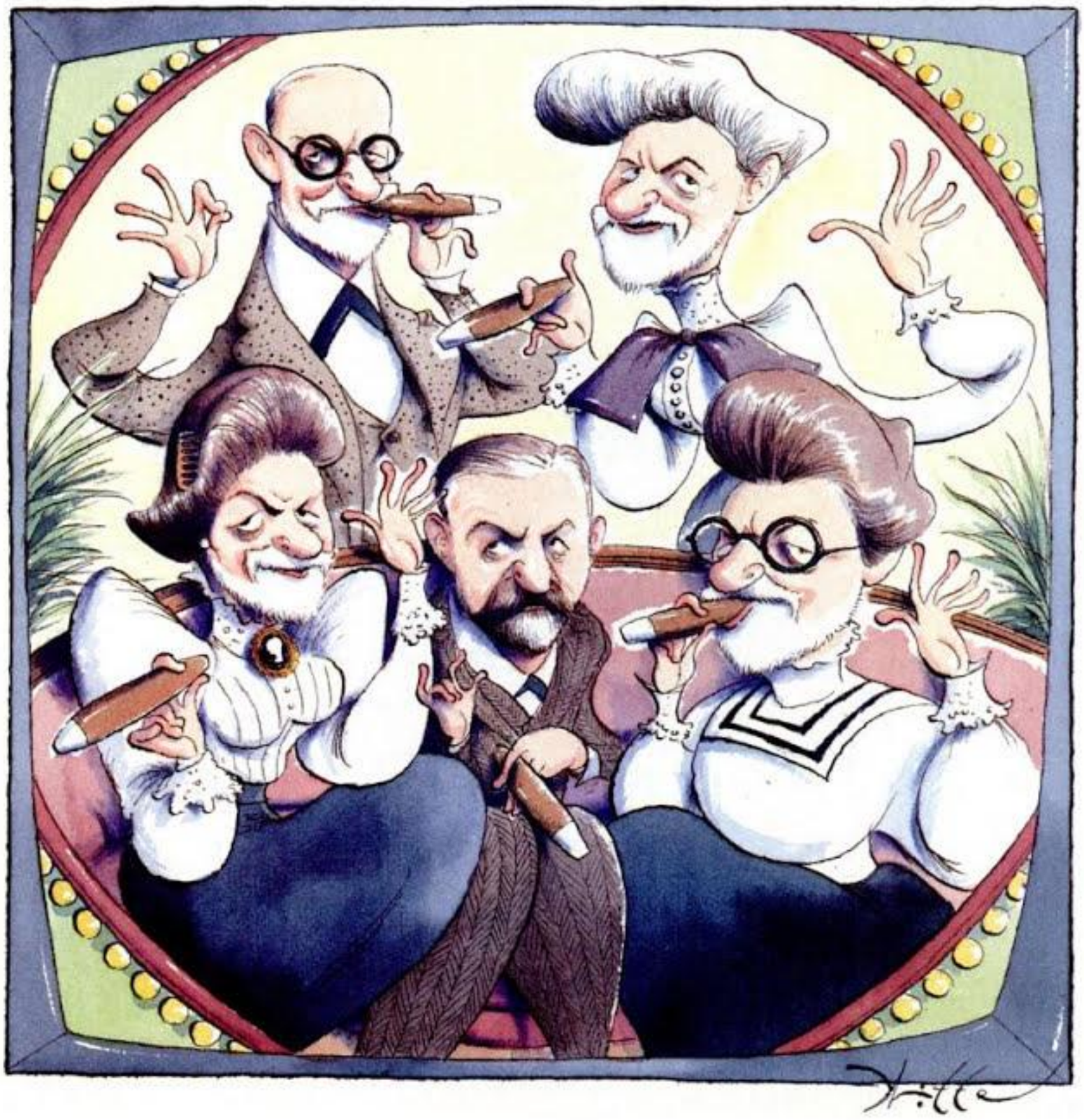


Illustration by Michael Witte

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the magazine lately has been trying to swing, so maybe the column is in the right place after all.

But not *too* shocked, not *too* swingy. This being *The New Yorker*, Hal Rubinstein, the anonymous author of Edge of Night Life, is not just a nightclub columnist but a *responsible* nightclub columnist. He ultimately finds Edelweiss "drastically unfunny." For him, transvestism must be associated with something worthy: Love Ball 2, say, which raised money for AIDS programs, or Boy Bar on St. Marks Place, which he admires for being "culturally, ethnically, economically, politically, and generationally diverse," like some noble planned community. There is a sense of strain when Edge of Night Life is supposed to be fun, as if the writer were a divinity student at a pot party (the club Amazon is "setting off glittered goosepimples" because it's a place where people can...talk); worse still, there is a sense of whimsy when the column is intended to be whimsical (a Manhattan boom box "was so loud that people going to bed in Negril were pestering international operators" to get it turned down). All this would be tolerable, perhaps, if the word *scribe* were not used so often, if hyphens were not so overindulged in (as in this phrase from a column on the Limelight—another urban-studies utopia: "No other dance hall has been nearly so rafter-packed, and with so wide, so racially-culturally-generationally-and-socially balanced, so sexually hard-to-read a mix of get-out-of-my-way-and-stop-staring-at-me-though-boy-I'm-horny partygoers"), and if the column had not so knowingly and edgily mocked the tourists—*tourists*—who had just come from *Les Miz* and "sheepishly braved their way" into the new, *über*hip, Philippe Starck–designed bar at the Paramount Hotel on West 46th Street: " 'They don't have seats like this at the Marriott,' Mom told the waitress. Then she asked her husband, 'It's like SoHo, isn't it?' " *Les Miz*! The Marriott! Mom! *Quels losers.*

Arriving at the party several years late, *The New Yorker* now has a literary descendant of Leonard Lyons and Earl Wilson

In humor, timing is everything. Take—*please*—Ken Tucker, the TV critic for *Entertainment Weekly*. (A small demonstration of the theory, ladies and gentlemen; no cause for alarm.) You don't want to rush things, especially if you're building to a real corker, so Tucker required two paragraphs to reach his punch line recently, discussing *Family Feud*. As if skillfully playing a trout, he lazily explained that he enjoys the show for the interactions among family members (he finds the questions a little dumb) and finally delivered the joke he must have been holding on to for weeks: "I tell you, if you play armchair psychologist with this show—turning it into *Family Freud*—you'll have a lot more fun." Anyway, Tucker's bold, ingenious notion surely never occurred to the show's creators. Next he'll probably be telling us—the kook!—that *The Newlywed Game* is really more enjoyable if, instead of concentrating so much on the questions, you closely watch the squabbling couples.

It is reassuring that all critics do not speak with the same voice—how else would we know whether it was Gene Siskel or Roger Ebert talking over the clip? If critics all said the same thing, the rich pageantry of opinion would suffer and we would need only one critic, wreaking havoc on our service-based economy. In the *New York Post*, Dan Aquilante wrote this about a concert by the Brand-New Heavies: "A few hammy rappers... took over the stage during the Heavies' encore....After such a fine show it was inconsiderate and rude to reduce a headline act during its New York debut to a back-up band." And here is Jon Pareles of *The New York Times* concluding his review of the same concert: "The set perked up only in the encore, when three rappers...relegated the Brand-New Heavies to the background." Well, in matters of taste there is no argument, you might say, except that that would mean we didn't need even *one* critic.

It is reassuring when critics say exactly the same thing. If they have real standards and expertise, they should—like doctors—reach the same conclusions. So here is Owen Gleiberman in *EW* on *Barton Fink*: "It's finally not about anything but itself." And here is Joan Juliet Buck on the same film in *Vogue*: "Ultimately, it is about nothing more than itself." Of course, putting it this way wasn't good enough for *The New Yorker*'s Terrence Rafferty—he criticized the movie for its "hermetic meaninglessness."

Finally, T. Coraghessan Boyle, the goateed, jokey-pretentious and astonishingly annoying novelist, wrote about his house in California for *Architectural Digest*. He began, "To live in Los Angeles is to be a prisoner of the light, eyes shrouded behind twin panels of smoked glass, ever denying the golden blister in the sky." So *this* is how Faulkner would have described Ray Bans. But "golden blister"? Gross. My favorite line of this mood-setting opening paragraph appears a few sentences farther down, after Boyle has explained that "you pray for the autumnal equinox, and then the light is...less ripe, less golden"—the antibiotics have helped, perhaps. Boyle continues with plaintive simplicity, "It gets dark at six, and then, with the expiration of daylight savings time, at five." Well, it would, wouldn't it? If it got dark at six and then at *3:45* after the time change, the light in California really *would* be spooky. And the next morning? *Then, at dawn, the sun comes up, ever in the eastern firmament.*

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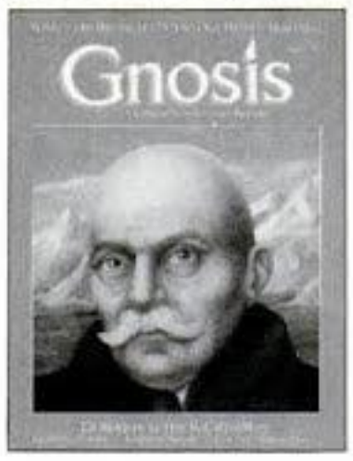
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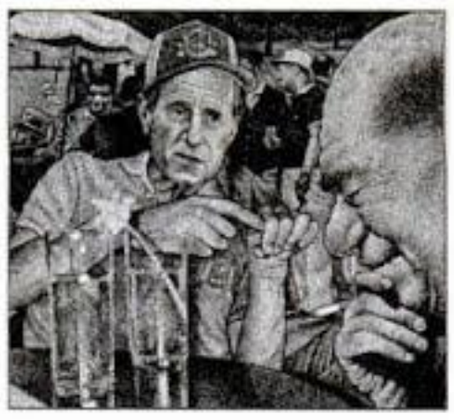
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Divorce

A Bride Stripped Bare

They Didn't Have Much of a Marriage, but Society Decorator John Saladino Tried to Get a Lot Out of It

by John Brodie

As marriages go, it was an improbable union from the start. He was John Saladino, the celebrated interior decorator, whose clients have included I. M. Pei and Norman Lear. She was Cecelia Neville Lord, called Holly, the owner of an upscale boutique. He was a self-made man, or, in some of the circles he aspired to join, an arriviste. She was from old money, though not particularly wealthy herself. His time was spent in the East, in Manhattan, where he lived in the former apartment of robber baron Jay Gould, and Norfolk, Connecticut, where he maintained a 27-room estate called Robin Hill.

She was firmly lodged in Santa Barbara. He was 51, a dark-haired widower who had been married for nearly 18 years—but who intimates suggest was in his heart a confirmed bachelor. She was 43 and blond, but not glamorous—a woman who had dated little in the ten years since her divorce. But improbability was obviously a hallmark of their union; indeed, his opening line when they met was, "You're a Leo, aren't you?...I am, too!" Before their marriage was over, Saladino would attempt to exploit her assets and connections so coldly that one might think—and this is not a hard thing to say about a marriage built on a mere five face-to-face encounters spread over six months—that there never really was very much love there at all.



The story begins in the summer of 1988, shortly after the death of Saladino's first wife, when the designer set his social and professional sights on wealthy Santa Barbara. While maintaining his business and residences in the East, he bought a small house, describing his new neighborhood, in a *Town & Country* pictorial, as "my Eden." He then began attracting clients. Though he had some success in Santa Barbara among newcomers (he remodeled a house for Paul Junger Witt, the executive producer of *Golden Girls*, for example), he lacked social entrée among the local WASP elite, whose acceptance is crucial to a designer's business.

Enter Holly Lord. The stepdaughter of Leonard Dalsemer, a retired New York executive and Montecito scion, Lord was well positioned to provide someone—say, a spouse—with access to exclusive Santa Barbara. They met in October 1988 at a wedding; Lord thought the pudgy fellow in the gray suit might be an "extraterrestrial," as she confided to a friend later. But the designer courted her zealously, sending her flowers and love notes and articles about himself.

Lord had never heard of Saladino before he delivered his Studio 54–vintage come-on. In fact, the couple were little more than acquainted when they wed, for their dates were mostly highly orchestrated dinners and parties. Lord would come to New York and stay at the Westbury; Saladino would take her to glamorous events and introduce her to well-known people. When he came to Montecito, they attended society functions. Saladino would enter a host's home, point at furnishings and say, *Wrong, wrong, wrong! But I can fix it for you.*

In August 1989 the couple went on a trip together. On the morning of Lord's birthday, in London en route to Venice, she opened a poached egg and found a diamond engagement ring; nobody said Saladino wasn't capable of a romantic gesture. They were married in Port Antonio, Jamaica, on New Year's Day 1990, and their first hours as husband and wife set the tone for their six months together: friends of Lord's claim that Saladino's teenage son welcomed his stepmother into the family with a drunken and highly insulting toast. Later, Saladino harshly criticized Lord's sons for being vegetarians.

The newlyweds spent their wedding night apart. In that regard, their first night was no different from any other night in their relationship. As Lord later told her attorney, "John and I never discussed his sexuality. I had a long period of questioning my own, because the man who loved me so much could never touch or kiss me. But the flood of compliments and love kept me mute, and the hypnotic energy of his personality won."

Had Lord bothered to do a bit of research on her betrothed, she would have discovered that he often aped the life-style of his extremely wealthy clients, even if his cash flow did not match his tastes. Lord would also have learned that many

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of the jobs taken on by the brilliant but Napoleonic Saladino ended in acrimony, if not litigation.

When a marriage that lasts only six months goes bad, it cannot be said to have soured gradually. Sources close to Lord claim that almost from the start, Saladino launched fault-finding missions against his wife, berating her unmercifully. Saladino would tell her what shoes to wear, what plastic surgery she should have performed and even not to wear nail polish because it made her "look Jewish."

Saladino told his wife not to wear nail polish because it made her "look Jewish"

For a man putatively in love, Saladino made a lot of very pragmatic demands of his bride. Rather than spend the customary year or so getting to know the members of Santa Barbara's exclusive Birnam Wood Golf Club as a guest of his wife's family, Saladino pushed Lord to get him in immediately. He was also very disappointed that membership in clubs in New York to which her stepfather belonged was not automatically bestowed upon him as part of her dowry.

Although theirs was a commuter marriage, he dismissed her $2.5-million adobe home as an unsuitable dwelling for the Saladinos and derided her western antiques as items fit only for "stockbrokers." He said he wanted to build his dream house. Against the advice of her accountant and attorney, Lord refinanced her house. This gave Saladino the $250,000 he said they would need as a down payment for $3 million worth of panoramic acreage in nearby Summerland. On that land, he said, they would build a 40,000-square-foot Italian villa.

Sources close to Lord suggest that Saladino promised he would take care of the monthly mortgage payments, but when it came time to sign a paper to such effect, the designer was in New York. Saladino, who would later claim that the mortgage payments were to be made "collectively," told Lord to sign the mortgage agreement anyway, promising to bring the appropriate paperwork on his next visit.

She never saw those documents. But then, she never saw most of her wedding presents either. They, like the supposed documents, were back east.

After he made mortgage payments of $62,000, Saladino's financial contribution to the marriage practically ceased, as did Lord's. Her friends claim that he never had his wallet with him, leaving Lord to pick up the tab for dinners, limousines and $50,000 worth of Venetian glass he wanted for his showroom in New York. The money, he once indicated to her, was just the cover charge for his personality.

Lord also alleges in California Superior Court documents that the designer may have taken antiques worth roughly $30,000 from Las Tejas, an estate he had refurbished in Montecito. According to sworn testimony, Saladino wondered aloud to his wife, who was at Las Tejas scrubbing floors in preparation for *Architectural Digest* and *HG* photo shoots, whether he should remove an antique urn and table. He claimed the client owed him money. The items later turned up among his possessions. Saladino, who subsequently returned the property, told SPY he blamed a caretaker who "inadvertently included" the antiques with his.

Once Lord's savings ran out—sources in Santa Barbara say she may have lost $600,000 on the Summerland property alone—the designer decided to separate from his wife. One of his last acts as a member of the family was to phone Lord's mother and brother and request a $1.5 million loan from each of them. They declined. Despite Saladino's efforts to sell it, the Summerland property went into foreclosure this past June. On the last day the couple spent together, in June 1990, he threw a tantrum because she had forgotten to chill wine for him, which left him only champagne to drink. Then he embarked on a lunch date with her credit cards, in her BMW. He stuck the car in a garage and flew east; he did not return.

Saladino's friends in Connecticut are quick to argue that Lord was no saint—in fact, they portray her as a cold-blooded philanderer who wanted nothing more than to be Mrs. John Saladino, but in name alone. Four months into the marriage, she took up with an electrical contractor who lived in the guesthouse at Las Tejas and worked for Saladino on that and other projects. Even before Saladino moved out, Lord had begun bringing the contractor to black-tie parties and not-at-all-ironically introducing him as "John's West Coast manager." Lord and the contractor have since gone their separate ways. One friend of Saladino's summarized the marriage by saying, "Poor little rich girl is fine if you have the money to back it up. And John, well, he felt he could meet some people he could acquire as clients. It's a mess, and they deserve each other."

Back at home, Saladino, a hopeless romantic, has escorted a prominent design editor around town and written letters ("I'll be there soon," one says. "Reach out to me") to another. Both women are in key positions to advance his career by publishing his work. Meanwhile, negotiations on the Saladinos' divorce settlement proceed. His attorney says the designer views the marriage as "an unfortunate mistake." Lord too seems sadly accepting of the experience. "I do not feel too bad that I was fired as a wife," she now says of her marriage to the man who had her hypnotized. "In that same six-month period John fired several clients."

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Crime

Cowabunga, Officer!

How the Feds Came to Own a Piece of the Turtles

by Rich Cohen



It was tough enough explaining the Pee-wee unpleasantness to kids. How do you tell them the crime-fighting Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles are a front for illegal drug money?

In a coordinated effort that unfolded early one August morning and spanned four boroughs of New York City, the Drug Enforcement Agency and the New York State and City police arrested Eric Millan-Colon, leader of the Blue Thunder drug ring, and 29 of his confidants, suppliers and "mid-level managers," thereby disbanding a cartel that had kept the city well stocked in heroin for five years. Forty million dollars' worth of his gang's assets were also seized the day he was indicted on drug-trafficking charges. The point of such forfeitures, according to Federal Marshal Bill Licatovich, is "to penalize drug traffickers by taking away their profit motive." In this case, that meant taking away their homes, taking away their cars and, yes—because Millan-Colon had used heroin proceeds to purchase the Argentinean rights to a certain quartet of famous reptiles—taking away their Turtles. For the time being, the U.S. government is in the Ninja Turtle business.

"Personal feelings have nothing to do with this," says Dietrich Snell, an assistant U.S. Attorney prosecuting the case.

Millan-Colon held the Ninja Turtles' rights through his company Ejay Enterprises, which allegedly promoted international concerts (such as Bob Dylan's recent South American tour) by day and laundered drug money by night. No longer. The company's West 58th Street headquarters is at present under federal lock and key; to passersby, no more of the sixth-floor office is visible than a bolted steel door and a large U.S. MARSHALS sticker.

A doorman at the building says he had always thought Ejay Enterprises was fishy: "They looked like rock 'n' rollers or drug dealers; I always figured drug dealers. No clients ever showed up, and the hours they kept were not exactly nine to five. The only thing I can't figure," he adds, "is why they didn't give us Christmas gifts. You'd figure with all the money going through there, they could afford a few pens or something."

Once Ejay's corporate records fell into government hands, it became clear that in the war between light and darkness, the Ninja Turtles had been caught in the shadows. It's a standard plot: the good guy falls on hard times and flirts with evil—Luke Skywalker associating with Darth Vader, Greg Brady smoking a cigarette. Surge Licensing Inc., the caretaker of the Ninja Turtle copyright worldwide, fails to appreciate the poetic beauty in all of this. "The

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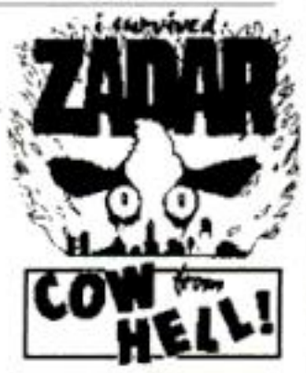
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Turtles have always had an antidrug message," says Roger Ardanowski, a Surge spokesman. "They're crime *fighters*! Any kid can tell you that. Millan-Colon in no way reflects on the integrity of the Ninja Turtles."

The 29-year-old Millan-Colon, who grew up in a Lower East Side housing project, had been suspected of drug dealing since the early 1980s. His funds were handled so cleverly, though, that he'd until now avoided arrest, let alone indictment. The $1.1 million purchase of a piece of the Turtles in April—which Millan-Colon discussed in court-ordered wiretaps of his cellular-phone conversations—was a purchase well beyond his legitimate financial means as a concert promoter, and it was a highly visible one. Why did the drug dealer make such a foolish move? Maybe, like Bugsy Siegel, he found the glamour irresistible. Or maybe he identified with the Turtles. Like them, he is part of a grotty, shadowy urban underground. And like them, he favors colorful nicknames—Crazy Mike, Evil, Klepper Duche and Black José (some of Millan-Colon's Blue Thunder associates) may not have the cachet of Raphael, Donatello, Michelangelo and Leonardo, but never mind.

Surge Licensing, of course, plays down any and all such similarities. The company released a statement asserting that Millan-Colon is in no way involved with Turtle merchandise. If that's so, one wonders about all the Turtle nunchakus, Turtle battle masks and Turtle posters found by police in the Ejay office. Surge officials dismiss this, maintaining that the promotional rights sold to Millan-Colon were limited in time and so narrow in scope (only Argentina) as to be negligible.

In any event, the timing of the incident alone was a PR nightmare. The same week that Millan-Colon was followed by a caravan of agents from the DEA and New York City and State police—a chase that extended from the Upper West Side to a curb-jumping apprehension in Westchester County—Surge was proudly faxing news of the Turtles' participation in the Partnership for a Drug-Free America: "The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles will emerge from the sewers to help reach into America's 130,000 schools with a message to help kids stay off drugs."

But the alleged heroin lord's Tortugas Ninjas can do no more PR damage—they're now safely in the custody of the U.S. Marshals. Marshal Licatovich regards the fate of the Turtles with the sympathy of a sheriff for a deputy gone wrong: "If Millan-Colon is acquitted, he can pick up his Turtles at the door. If he's found guilty, they'll probably be sold in a public auction; but if we find out that the rights expire in less than two years, we may ask for a court order that lets us sell them before the verdict is reached. There's no point in hanging on to them until they're worthless."

It is the obligation of the Marshals to maintain the value of any seized property; in the Turtles' case, this means auctioning the rights before they expire. Forfeiture auctions are announced every third Wednesday in *USA Today*.

Surge Licensing won't be checking the listings that carefully: according to spokesman Brian Dobson, any contract that involves the Turtles also includes a clause that prohibits behavior detrimental to their reputation. "The recent events can certainly be seen as harmful to that image," he says. "Ejay's rights—if they still own any—can therefore be voided before there's any such public auction."

The Marshals find their newest charge a bit bewildering. "We've seized ostriches in Texas and a casino in California, but this is the first time we've gotten hold of something like this," says Licatovich. Then he goes anthropomorphic: "These Turtles are like us—they're crime fighters. But they were owned by an alleged drug dealer. It's kind of ironic."

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Live White Male

Inalienably Wrong

Still Not Ready After All These Years

by Roy Blount Jr.



Since predictable liberalism is grody to the max, I can't always be saying to women and gays and African Americans, "You are right." And since centrist Democrats are going nowhere, I can't say, "You are right, but we can't afford it." And since I belong to no category of people that is either socially unconscious (Republican) or disadvantaged enough to assert self-interest, politics for me is a constant struggle.

When *Thelma & Louise* came out, I told my women friends (friends who happen to be women), "Hey, it didn't bother me one bit to watch Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis shooting men or locking them in car trunks or blowing up their fuel tanks; sumbitches had it coming. And it just this minute hit me that *sumbitch* is sexist."

Then, when it turned out that most of my women friends didn't like *Thelma & Louise*, I went to my fallback position:

That's what was wrong with the movie—that I liked it. The men were all such caricatures, why *would* it bother me to see them shot? In a good movie, the women would've shot men I could identify with.

There can, of course, be no defensible male opinion on date rape, but—let me say hurriedly that there should be no buts about it; however, since consensuality is, after all, a difficult *legal* question...It should be against the law, *whatever happens*, for the man not to call the woman the next day. Phone company keeps records, right? No gray areas there.

With regard to gay people, I used to say live and let live, but AIDS has made that sound sardonic. So I say it's good to know there is one segment of the population whose instincts are too healthy to permit them to embrace Jesse Helms.

With regard to African Americans—for one thing, do I have to start saying "African Americans"? That sounds like a term white people would make up. Then there's the whole question of black conservatives. What if all African Americans had Clarence Thomas's background? White parents would be telling their children, "Well, maybe black people *do* seem a bit stodgy sometimes, but you have to remember that they were originally brought to this country by strict but supportive grandparents and nuns. And if it weren't for African Americans, we wouldn't have that music you enjoy so much, that rock 'n' Rotary."

Back in the mid-1960s, when I was a young liberal newspaper columnist in Atlanta, a man named Bob Arnold, a middle-aged Negro (the correct term then), gave me a hard time for focusing on integration, civil disobedience and "so-called Negro leaders," as he put it.

There shouldn't be any such thing as Negro leaders, he argued. There should just be civic leaders, business leaders. The only reason we had "negative Negroes in a positive America," he said, was that Negroes had to go into their neighborhood grocery and "buy two eggs for 15 cents." This was when eggs in a white-neighborhood supermarket were maybe 35 cents a dozen. "And at that same store, we borrow $3 till Friday and have to pay back $3.75."

Well, I said, wasn't that because ours was a racist society?

He looked at me in disappointment. "You're not ready," he sighed. "I thought you were ready." But I would never be ready, Bob maintained, until I recognized that the Negro's problem was, he was undercapitalized.

Now, 25 years later, that is pretty much the human condition. The Third World is undercapitalized by (our) definition, the former Soviet bloc is undercapitalized thanks to corrupt Marxism, and the U.S. is undercapitalized because we have overcapitalized on our capital.

I didn't get off on talking to Bob. He sounded too much like my father. I preferred arguing with Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee organizers at riot scenes. They wore roomy overalls and sandals, Bob a synthetic shirt and tie. He was trying to make a living, they were carrying the cutting edge beyond nonviolence.

I was going to tell Bob about my sympathetic but measured response to one of these organizers, who gave his name as Little Malcolm. I began to quote some of the things Little Malcolm had said: "I didn't see Patrick Henry coming up with no nonviolent statements. A honky supposed to die tonight—"

"Two eggs for 15 cents," Bob cut in.

Illustration by Mark Matcho

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Dental Work of the Rich and Famous
This month: Madonna, Jackie Onassis and Gilbert Gottfried





Party POOP

Good News, Bad News Professional weirdo David Lynch, white-lip-gloss pioneer Mary Quant and talented zillionaire Giorgio Armani were happy to receive honorary degrees at Britain's Royal College of Art this year. They were less than happy, however, about having to dress up like characters in *The Canterbury Tales*.





Truth, Justice and Freebies During his whirlwind tour of New York, a reasonably sober Boris Yeltsin got an up-close look at how the American system runs—on nifty perks! (**1**,**2**) At NYU, the tanned, luxuriantly pomaded Russian president was thrilled to get a real letter jacket embroidered with his first name (*Dude!*), and (**3**) at a Washington dinner, he smiled gamely as Marilyn Quayle, displaying entirely uncharacteristic coquettishness, adjusted a giveaway star-spangled necktie.

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Old Kennedy clan rule: Always put at least one arm's length between yourself and the most recently disgraced member of the family.

Having received a sterling-silver tray from New York City mayor David Dinkins, rug-wearing musical colonialist Paul Simon holds it up high above his head so normal-size people can see it.



Time-Lapse Photography, the Celebrity Version

At a party for *Mobsters* (aka *Godfather Babies*), Bob Guccione, having evidently borrowed Burt Reynolds's hairpiece for the evening, discusses important topics with his wife and business partner, Kathy Keeton; meanwhile, the big, not-at-all-artificial blond hair of significantly more youthful *Penthouse* Pet Amy Lynn begins to hover into view.



Turning his back on Keeton, Guccione listens intently as Lynn performs Ophelia's madness speech...



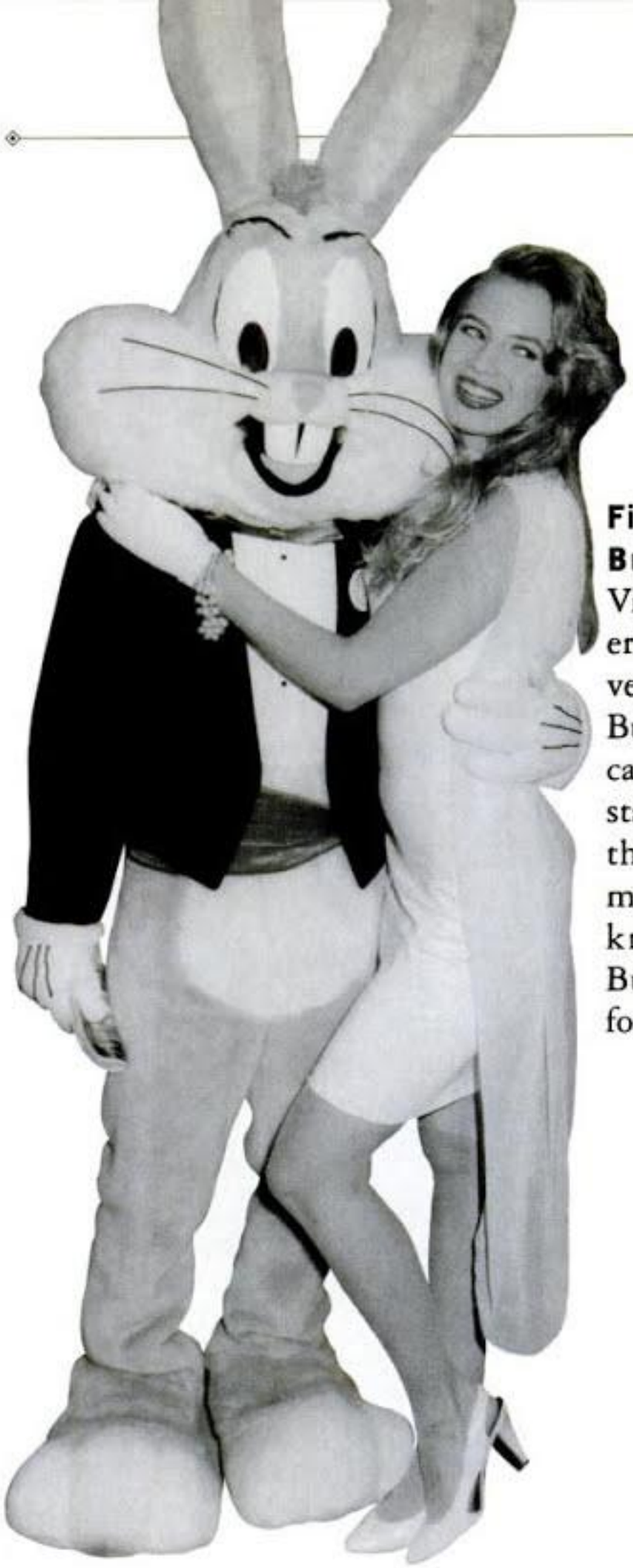
...and, knowing him to be an antique-jewelry enthusiast, urges him to examine her pendant.



Keeton, meanwhile, enjoys a talk with an imaginary friend.



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First Pee-wee, Now Bugs At the 1991 Video Software Dealers Association Convention, an actor in a Bugs Bunny suit was caught groping porn star Traci Lords (note the disheveled cummerbund). Now you know why Bugs Bunny doesn't work for Disney.



Renaissance Man He's done the TV weather thing, and now socialite–war criminal Henry Kissinger is pursuing his newest vocational fantasy—spending a day as a greeter at a well-known midtown restaurant!



Why Famous People Wear Sunglasses As Michelle Pfeiffer and Al Pacino demonstrate on the set of *Frankie and Johnny* (the movie in which they are both supposed to portray unattractive diner workers), sunglasses permit celebrities to make sure they're looking their best even when no mirrors or reflective store windows are at hand.



New York's stupid U.S. senator, Al D'Amato, demonstrating his famed knack for nuanced political rhetoric, discusses big issues with recycled Borscht Belter Jackie Mason and one of our boys.



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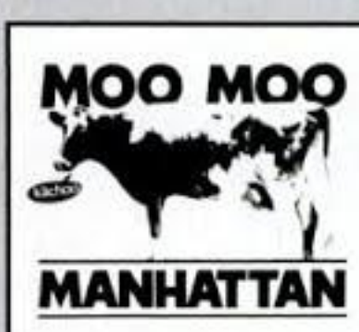
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Oval Office Diary

Notes Toward a Nonfiction Novel

TRANSCRIPTION OF GHWB DICTAPHONE RECORDING 021-0991

Dear Dictaphone.

This on? Testing. How about those Democrats? Testing.

Now, I'm a guy that likes vacating as much as the next guy--especially if the guy next to me's my predecessor at the Casa Blanca, who incidentally I'm taller than, which not many people realize. It's true. Reagan, yea high. But Bush, yea high. And I don't have that spare tire. . . . Where was I? Right--vacation. Kennebunkport, important locale for me, in my life, so it bothers me that every darn time I set foot on Walker's Point all hell breaks loose. Last summer it was Saddam, this time Gorby. Gee, I am glad the coup people screwed it up, though. And dealing with Yeltsin, well, we'll do it, although you gotta remember never to leave him alone with the keys to the liquor cabinet.

Thought Labor Day'd never come. Trying to line up a putt and all I hear is camera cases banging into microphones. Had to hold a press conference every other minute, including that awful one where the fly kept crawling over my face and I couldn't swat or wave it away because--well, because I'm not the kinda guy that gets bothered by flies on TV. Which led to that whole thing with Bar, where she said I looked like this fella Barton Fink, and I said, Barton who? I don't know Barton anybody. And she said, Don't you ever read the paper? And I said, I have an aide who does that, shows me the highlights. And she goes off about how unrounded I am, and if it's not foreign affairs it's some stupid croquet game, and don't I ever read anything about the arts? And then Bob. Bob, the hurricane. I headed right down to Washington for historical reasons (like, if the Soviet Union collapsed, I wouldn't get caught sitting in a golf cart fiddling with the zipper on my windbreaker). And Bar--she was off this Barton thing by then--I thought we'd have to airlift Bar inland, but Sununu had left us a car after all.

And then I thought Labor Day'd never end, with the ACTING-UP crowd over in town, more disruptiveness, ruining sales for these hardworking local people with shops, these people that I have taken so many pains to develop the appearance of a rapport with over the course of my life. (And these are lifelong friends. Call 'em up whenever I want, all hours, punch the numbers myself. And they answer.) Those so-called protesters cost me a whole day on the links. Is that the way to get your message across? Is that fair? Now, I've tried to explain my position on this, that it's a behavioral thing that deserves a certain amount of funding, a significant amount, for appropriate research and so forth. And we're doing plenty. Doing plenty. But after all, AIDS is a life-style choice, like Cigarette-boating. Like Weejuns. You can choose not to get AIDS. You can choose not to wear Weejuns. What's important--and I have said this--is compassion, and anyone can tell you that I am always happy to talk about that.

Tell ya, it was like a movie all month, like Lampoon's Presidential Vacation, one of those things we watch on the V. See, Bar? Arts.

September 1991
GHWB:gk

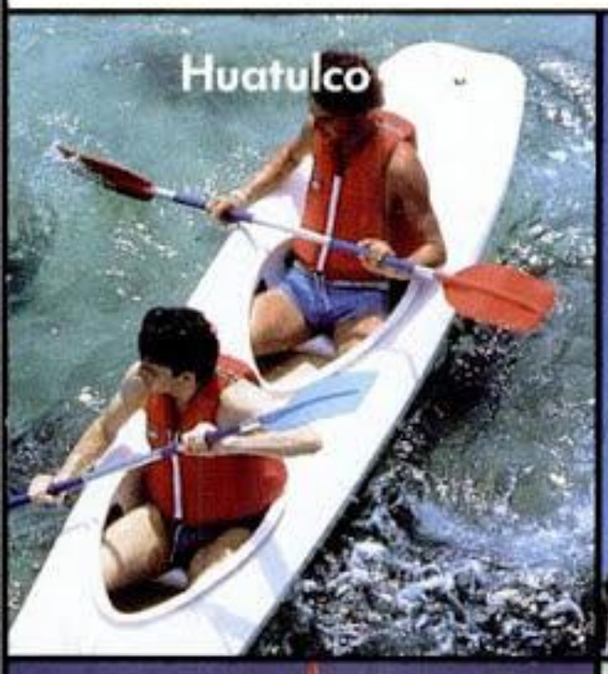
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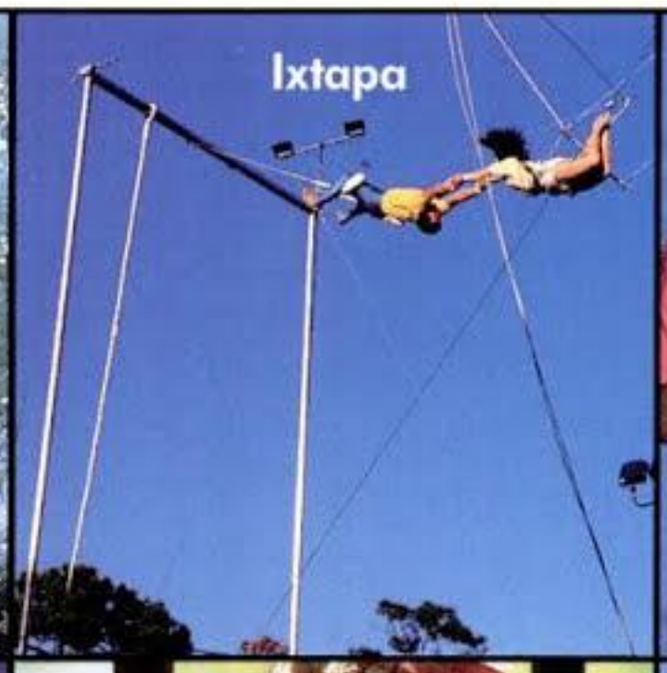
Like the perfect gown or a well-tailored suit, a Club Med vacation has to fit.

At Club Med, vacations come in different sizes and styles. Some cater to couples, others to singles. Some offer families a week of kids' activities so parents can enjoy a week of their own. There are vacations that focus on water sports. Others on tennis and horseback riding. Some for exploring the oceans via intensive scuba programs. Another that lets you cruise the Caribbean aboard the world's largest sailing ship, the Club Med 1. The question, of course, is *which* Club Med will give you precisely the vacation you're looking for? Fortunately, the answer is as simple as asking your travel agent, or calling **1-800-CLUB-MED.** No squeezing big vacation plans into a one-size-fits-all package. No altering your schedule to suit someone else's itinerary. As long as you have a vacation in mind, Club Med has a vacation you'll long remember. Somehow, it seems fitting.

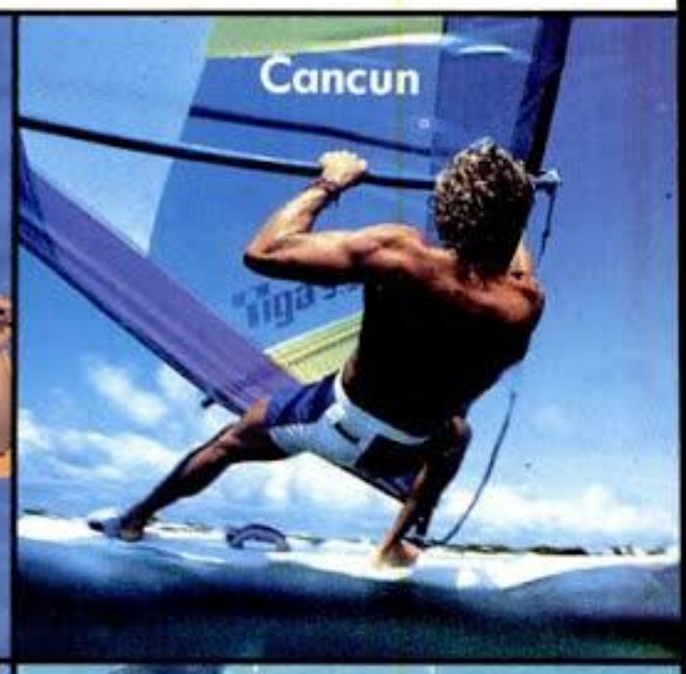
Club Med
The antidote for civilization.

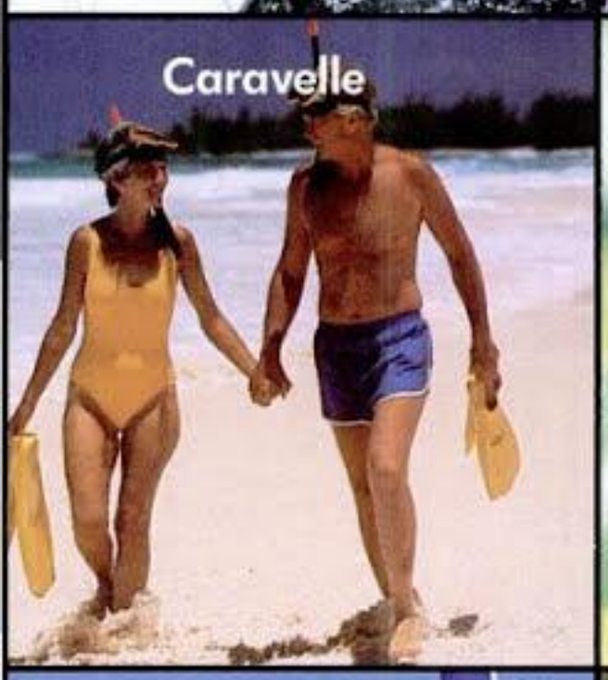
This year, take home a Club Med vacation.

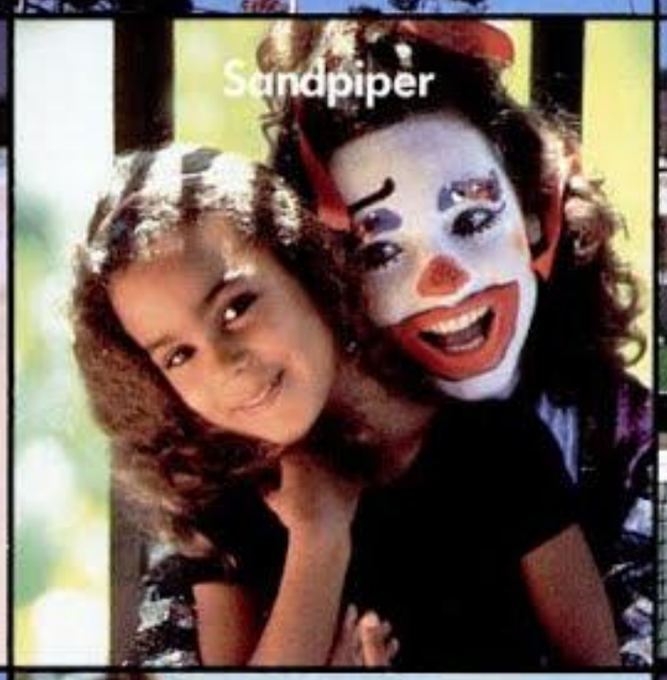


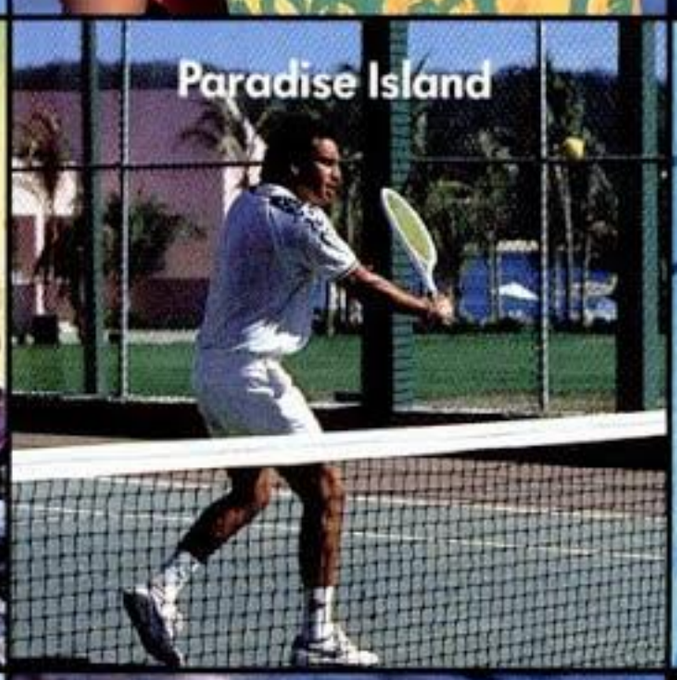


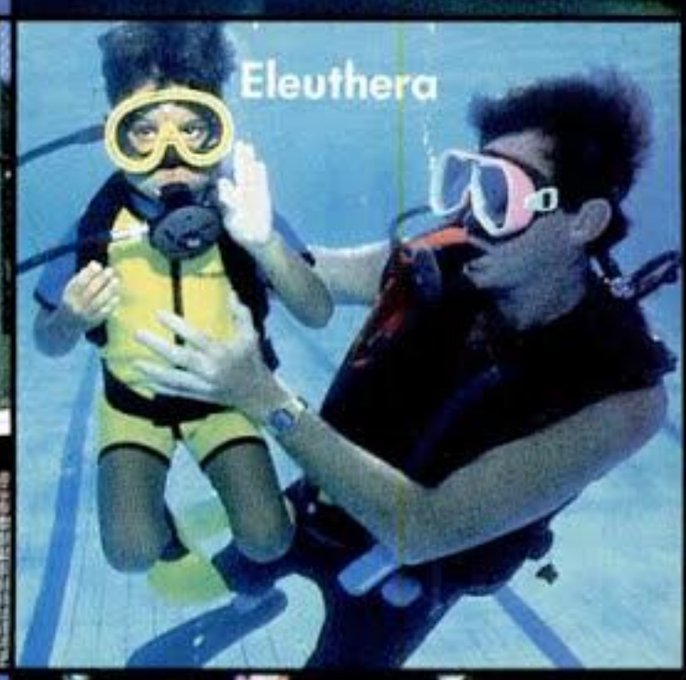


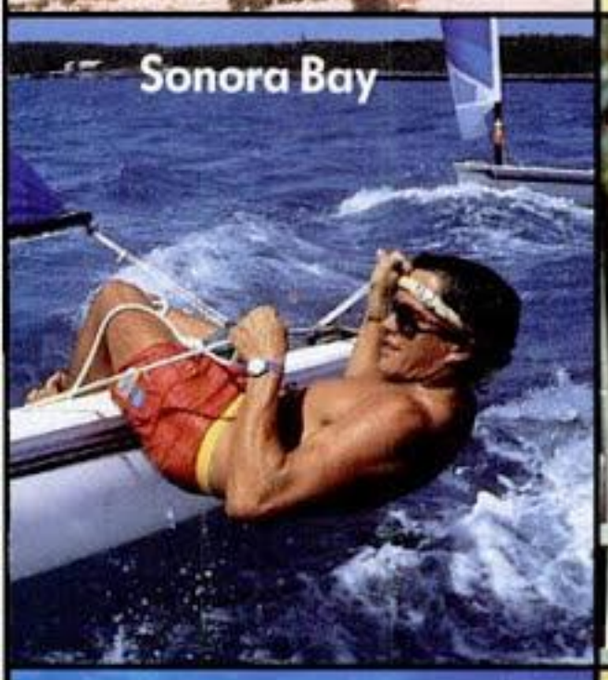


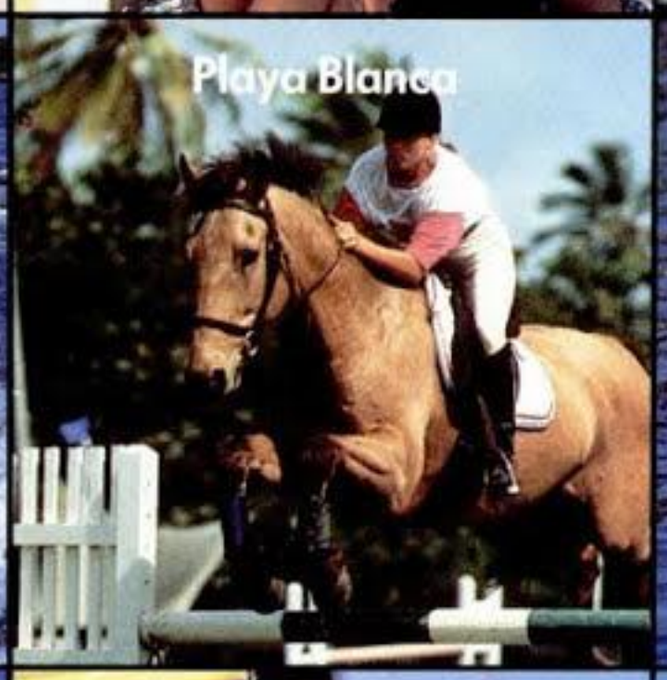


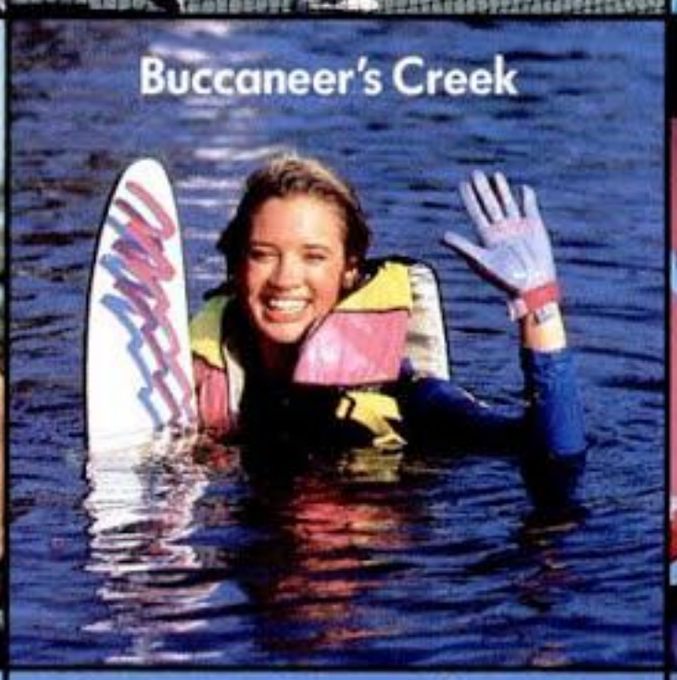


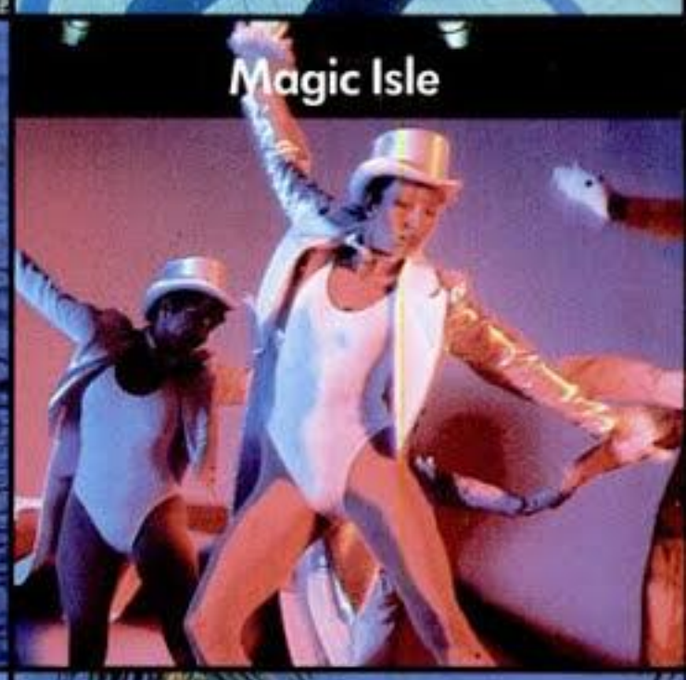


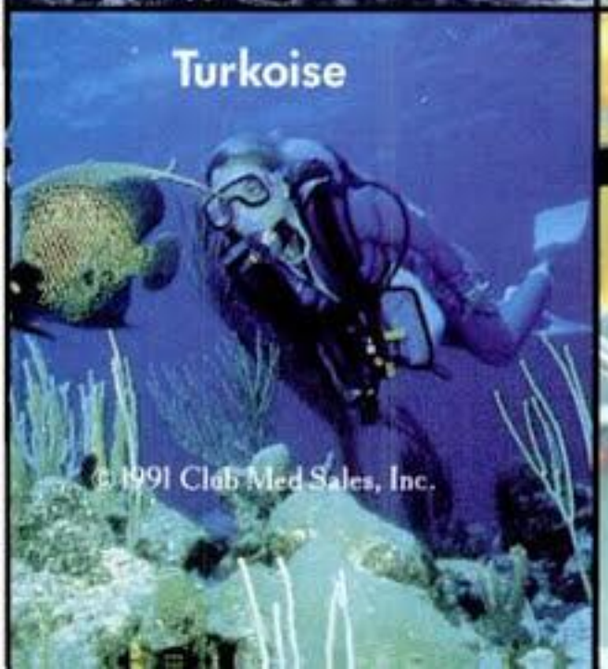


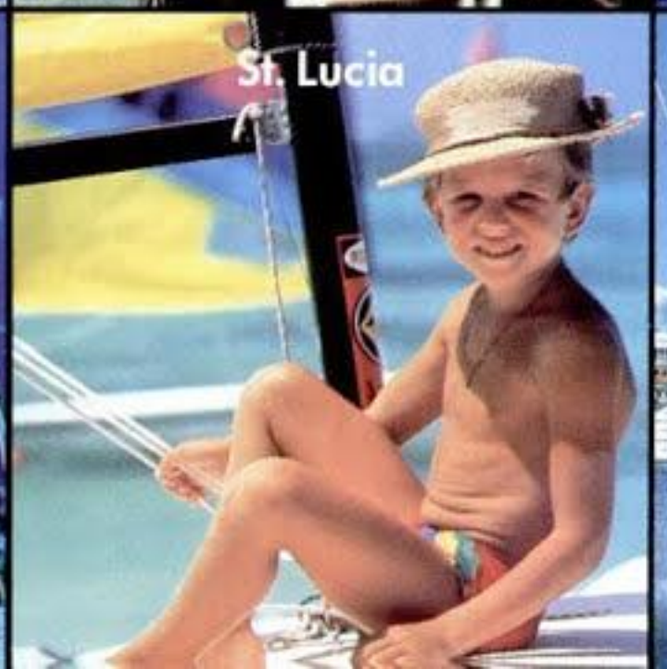


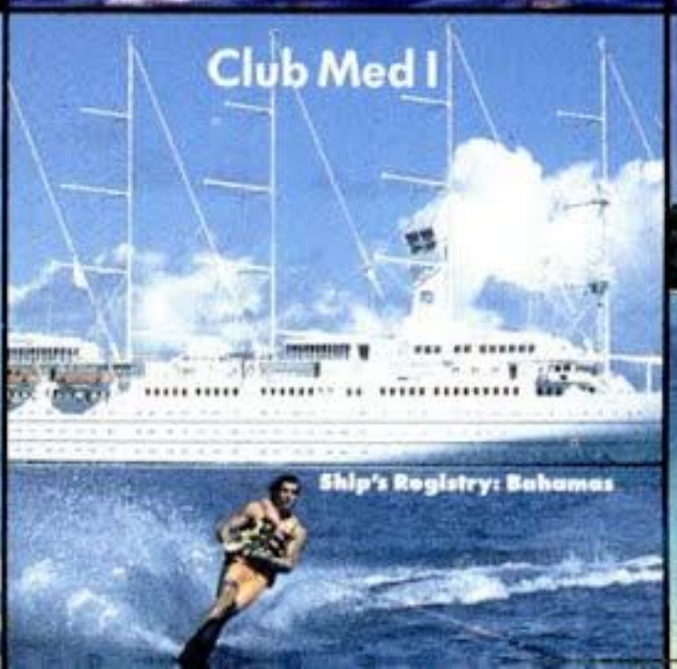


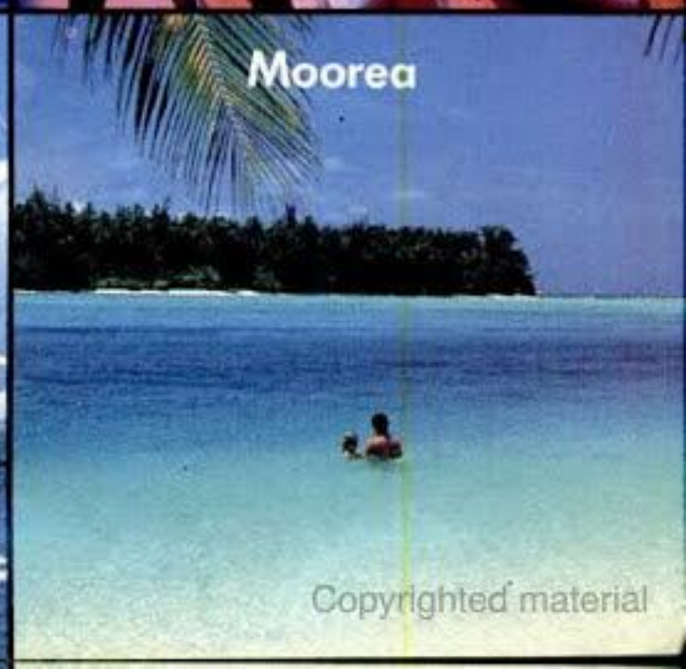




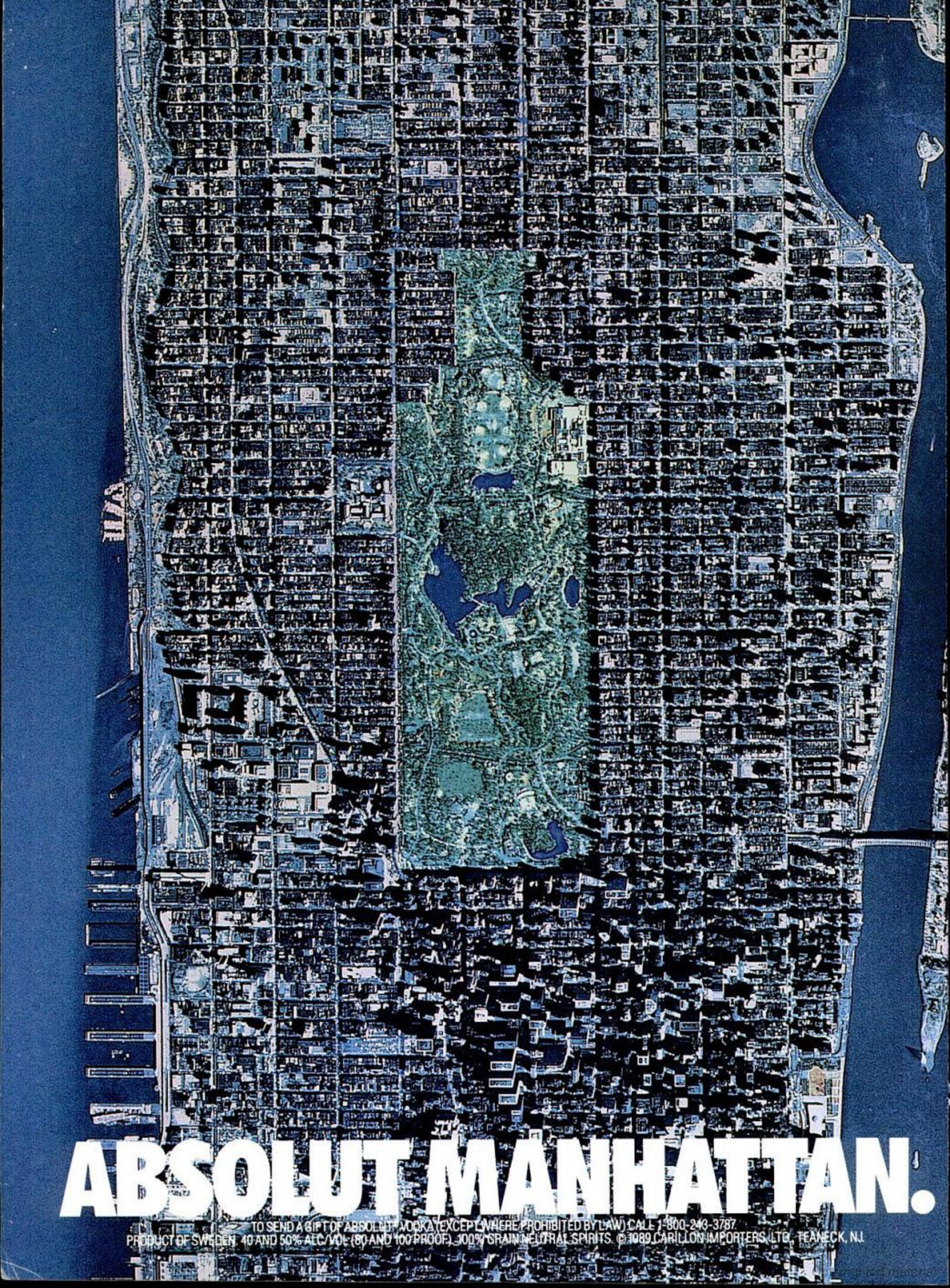








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